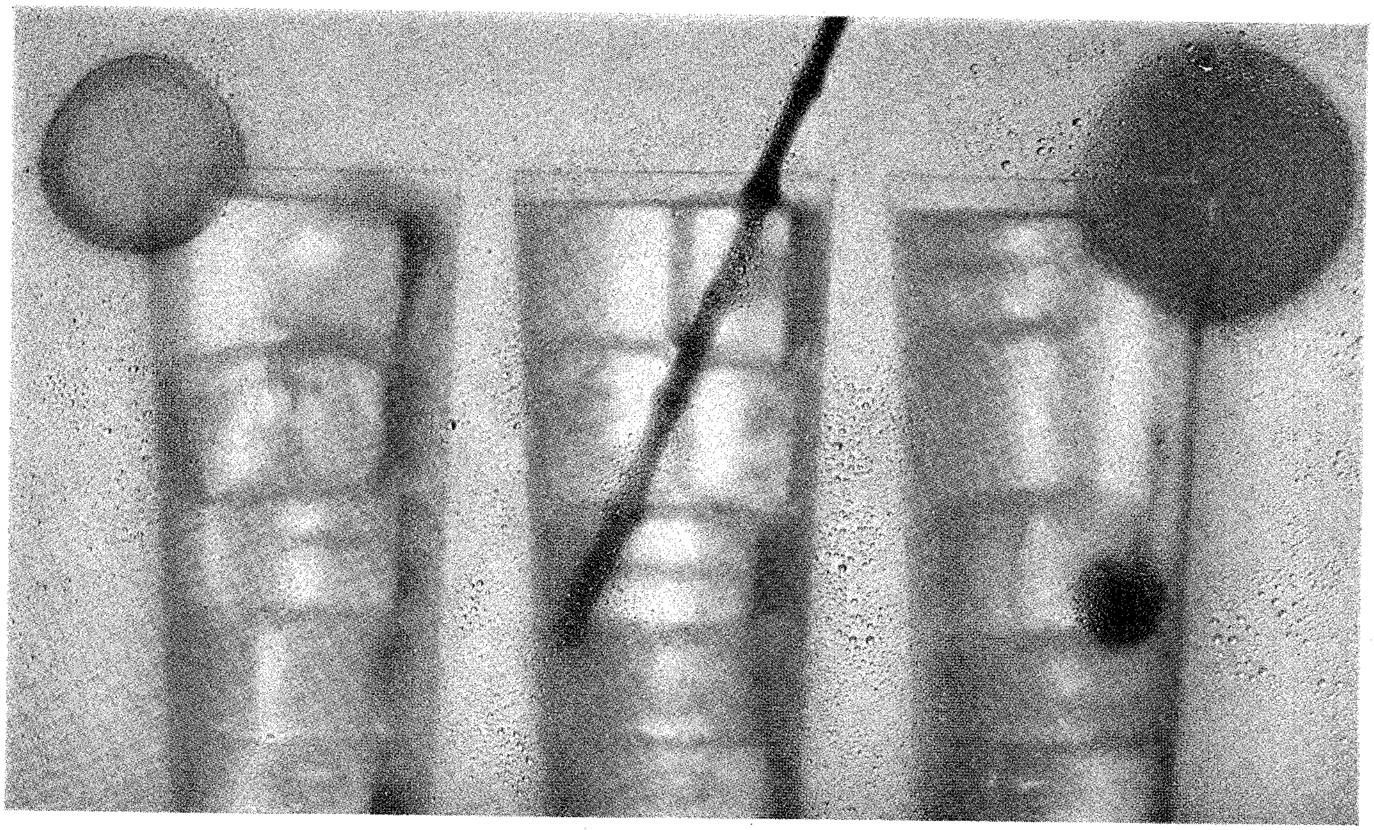
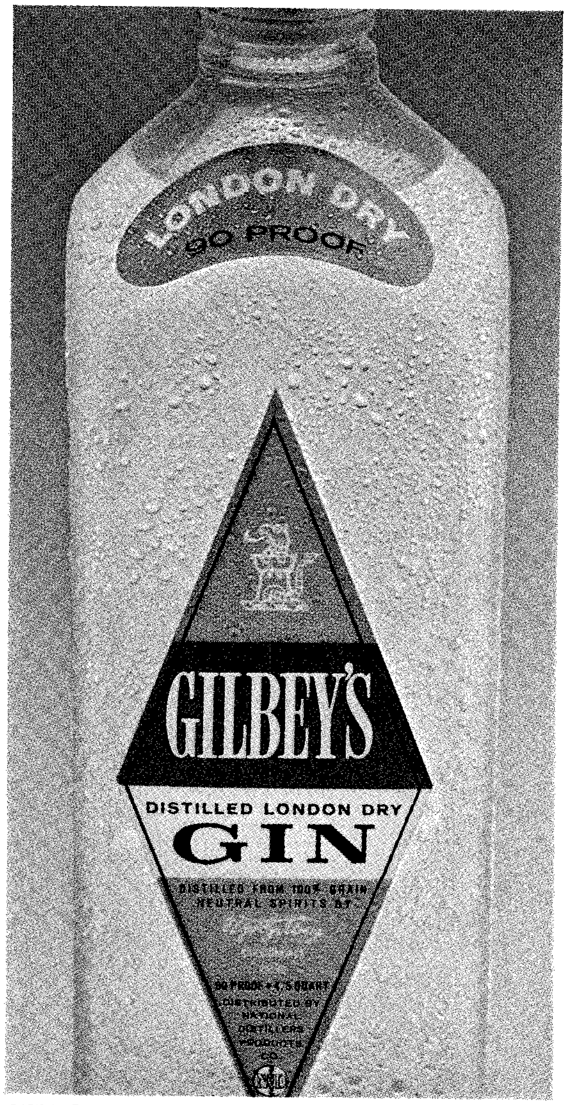
July 9, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents

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Gilbey's famous frosty bottle pours the crispest, coolingest Dick, Harry or Tom Collins

If the famous frosty bottle makes your taste buds tingle, wait till you sip the gin. Gilbey's London Dry was born in England in 1872, the unique creation of brothers Walter and Alfred Gilbey. Gin with a dry, subtle, balanced taste such as the world had never known before, (Or since.) Gilbey's is still made to the secret family recipe. Why not let yourself in on our family secret?

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, July 7, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

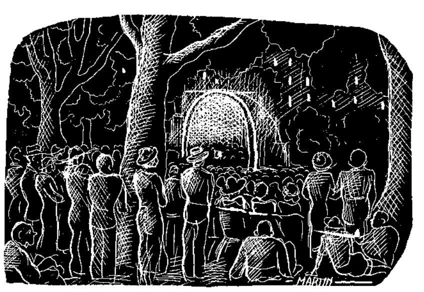
Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. Reopens Monday, July 11, after a week's vacation. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—The book of this rehash of a comic strip of a couple of decades ago is short on ingenuity, but its music, by Charles Strouse, and its lyrics, by Lee Adams, are not without merit. The cast—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among those most prominent—is a fetching group. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Mame—In a season that hasn't been too well off for musicals, this version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear comes as something of a relief. It has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. She will be replaced by Helen Gallagher for two weeks starting Monday, July 11. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Dick Kallman in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 16.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Lucrezia Borgia. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**, with Ethel Merman, is the first of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 9.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 7-8, at 8:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 3 and 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 3 and 7:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 12-13, at 8:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 16, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson.

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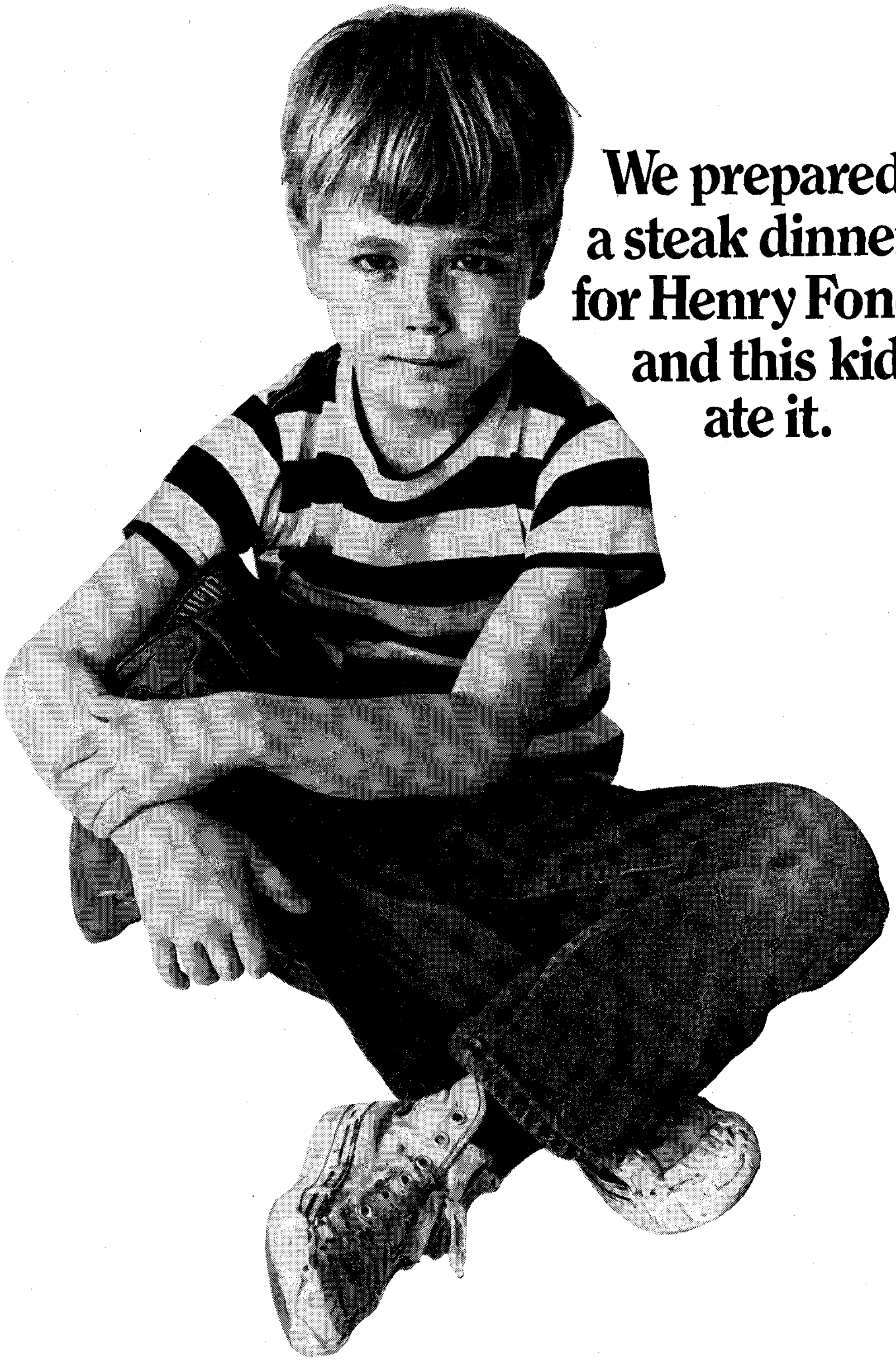
We prepared a steak dinner for Henry Fonda and this kid ate it.



We weren't thinking of the kid when we set up the menu.

(We loved having him aboard. We just weren't thinking of him to start with.)

We were thinking of people like Fonda.

A Henry Fonda buys up to 50 tickets a year.

And setting up an airline to get customers like this takes a "tight ship."

Sidewalk check-in service. Quick baggage delivery. Fan-jets. (Seasoned fliers want the shortest take-offs they can get.)

And steaks that are *steaks*. Serve these people a piece of gristle and you lose more business than we like to think about.

Anyhow, the kid turned up for a flight to his grandmother's and stuffed himself. (A travel agent put him on the airline we built for Henry Fonda. He got the service Fonda gets.)

This is one of those little discoveries that a lot of vacationists have made lately.

But in case you didn't know there *was* an airline like this, we thought we'd run some ads.

American built an airline for professional travellers.

American Airlines

(Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Until the Monkey Comes. . .—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 7, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of MEASURE FOR MEASURE, with Shepperd Strudwick and Barbara Baxley. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, MARDI GRAS!, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Reopens for the second season on Friday, July 8. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Dinner and supper in the Royal Box are the times to hear Buddy Greco, who does lots of pop tunes lots of good turns, and Charlie Manna, a humorist quite knowledgeable about his trade. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evenings sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The music goes on from nine to two during the week and from nine to three on Saturdays. Sundays are silent.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The indoor sport of dancing can be indulged in from eight to one or two in the restaurant, which is sort of stately. Cliff Hall's small group is the band. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Jean Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan are on both the dinner and supper menus on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is their hour the rest of the week. Plenty of dance music is decanted by Mark Monte's revellers and Milt Shaw's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte*, water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

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Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (CHomp 6-5800)—The great fountain comes up like thunder, and a small dance band comes up like a summer breeze on the floor of this sunken garden. The music runs from nine to one every night but Sunday, and the kitchen of the English Grill stays open late, too.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Les and Larry Elgart's band is the current naval architect, and complex indeed are the devices it employs. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of all who climb this pinnacle. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band ply their merry trade without surcease from eight to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The starlight under which the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) is sometimes provided only by planes hopefully looking for Kennedy or LaGuardia, but even so it's a great way to get people outdoors.

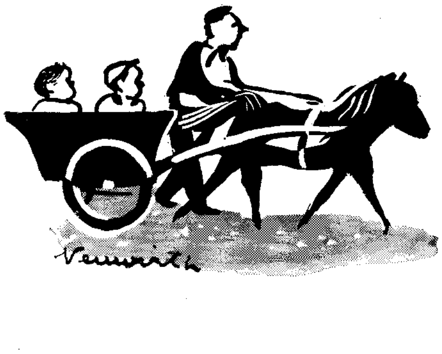
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays, is right up Peacock's Alley. A trio provides dance music from eight to one on Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Town house in Firenze with cookery, tenory, and sopranory to match. Right now, the words and music are from "Otello." Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week, there is at-your-leisure dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **CHARLIE BATES**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Ernie Kemm's piano, and the choral work of a group called the Dirty Shames, sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, his piano, and his songs are for the dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays.



Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race named the Brotherly Loves (Tuesdays through Thursdays), the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Because the walls of this hotel are soon to come tumbling down, Friday, July 8, is the final night for the august Café Ambassador, where there is piano from seven to one, and for Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to one, to the accompaniment of Hans Hansberg's zither. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday. Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on approximately the same running time, except on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 9.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Tillotson, a youthful troubadour, is the leading man now; Dick Lord supplies the humor. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The population of the new extravaganza, "Oriental Phantasy," certainly hails from farther east than Amagansett. Among other things, there are the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers, who are famous for their snail's-pace *de deux*, and Nai Bonet, who enjoys throwing her weight around (like all belly dancers). Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting and the music, both of them live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, going back to the days of our collective childhood and of Le Ruban Bleu, is re-creating that *hors concours* variety show, with the aid of himself (as interlocutor), Charlotte Rae (as sportive *diseuse*), Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra (those nimble and nutty Cantabrigians), and others of the sort. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Roberto Iglesias and his Ballet Español explode like so many firecrackers, and they're all on a very short fuse. Dancing. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The revue called "Below the Belt," is made up of material from the past three Upstairs revues. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-the-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The piano of Bill Evans, sublime and subliminal, decorates a threesome; Coleman Hawkins, ancient of days but tireless, is heading up a foursome. Their last night is Sunday, July 10. On Tuesday, July 12, Thelonious Monk's quartet and Mose Allison's trio will arrive. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a below-stairs cave. Up top, late every evening but Monday, there is the glitter-glitter of the Dave Pike trio and Bobby Timmons' piano. Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Odetta, a Pieran spring of folk music; Chad Mitchell, who is also interested in folk tunes; and the four-man squad of Roland Kirk very fully occupy the big stage. On Tuesday, July 12, they will yield place to the octet of Herbie Mann, the indefatigable fifeman; the Muddy Waters Blues Band; and singer Lou Rawls. Every Monday, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. The quartet belonging to Jimmy Giuffre is now prevailing. On Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, Cannonball Adderley's posse will be around, too. The Giuffres will be succeeded on Tuesday, July 12, by the quintet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and usually of the folk song, which at the moment is represented by the One and Two-Thirds and Jake Holmes. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers. On Wednesday, July 13, Jessica James, rhythm-and-blues singer, will replace the One and Two-Thirds. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Walter Bishop's foursome is making the music now, and Irene Reid is doing the singing. Mondays, visiting groups do all the sounding-off. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Ray Bryant, and Ruby Braff. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together by the Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine trio. On Tuesday, July 12, the Blue Mitchell quartet will take over. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Emile Bernard and Emile Schuffenecker—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus three tapestries by Bernard; through July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Thon, Nathan Hale, Robert Vickrey, and other artists regularly associated with the gallery; through Friday, July 8.... **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Ernest Lawson, Aaron Bohrod, and Luigi Lucioni are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 29.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **marlborough-gerson**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 29.... **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of French posters, ranging from a religious one done in 1749 to Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon; through Saturday, July 16. (Open Saturdays.)... **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through July 29. (Closed Mondays.)... **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Boudin; through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," an exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs dealing with the westward expansion in America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

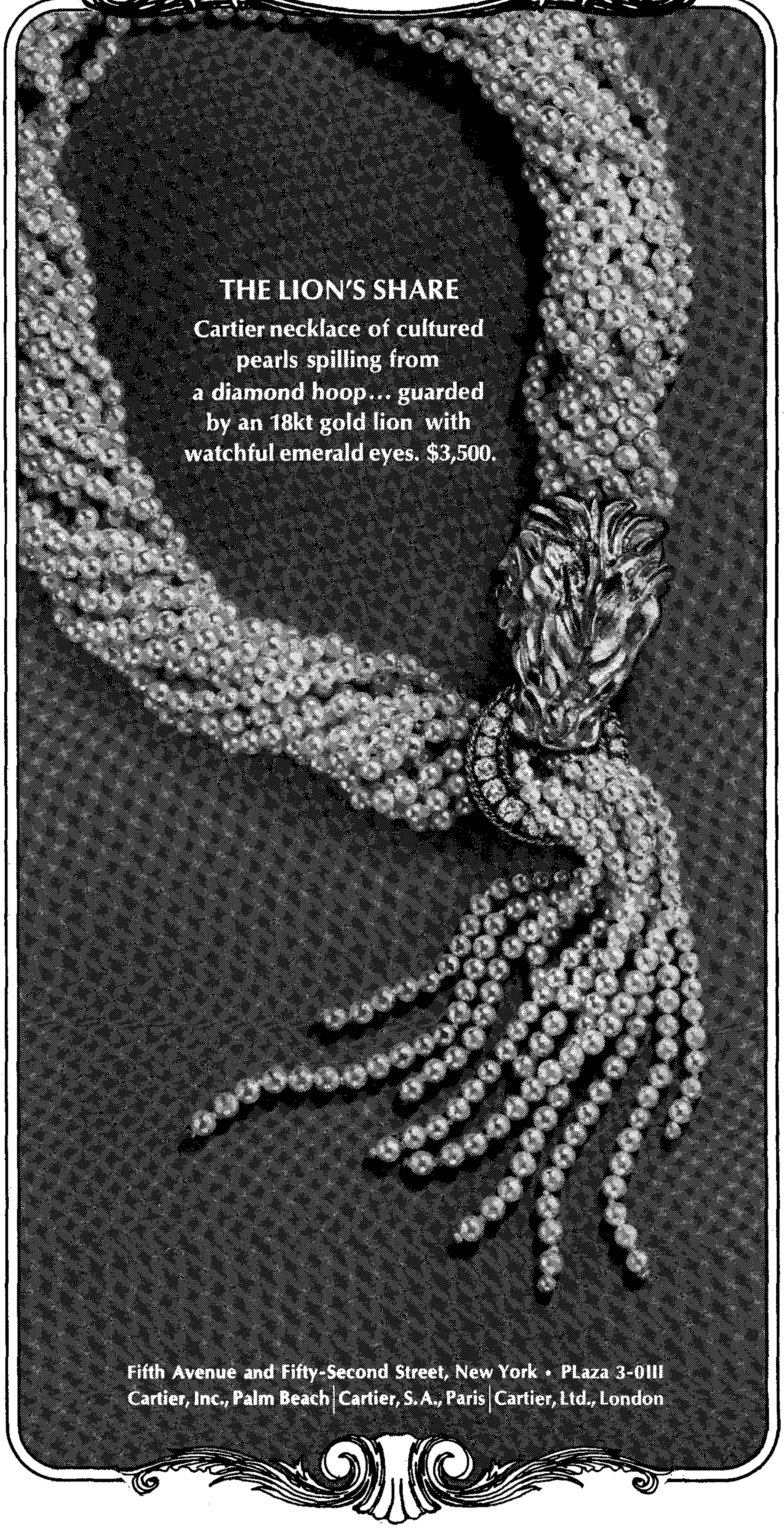
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," consisting of oils and works on paper by Gauguin, supplemented by works of artists influenced by him—Vuillard, Matisse, Kandinsky, and Braque, to mention several; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art, dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings, from 1735 to the present, by such artists as Goya, Rouault, George Grosz, and William Gropper; through Oct. 9.... ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art—The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection, including works by Monet, Evergood, Tinguely, and Lichtenstein; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, large welded steel sculptures by Alexander Liberman, who is better known for his paintings; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29. . . . ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

STRAVINSKY FESTIVAL AT PHILHARMONIC HALL—A three-week season of orchestral and chamber-music concerts. Thursday, July 7: Lukas Foss directing the New York Philharmonic in "Stravinsky and the 18th Century," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9, and Tuesday, July 12: Ernest Ansermet directing the orchestra in "Stravinsky and French Music," with Yvette Mimieux, narrator; Mr. Simoneau; Pierre Cochereau, organ; and the Camerata Singers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13: Mme. Schwarzkopf in a solo recital, "Stravinsky and Song.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, and Saturday, July 16: Kiril Kondrashin conducting the orchestra in "Stravinsky and Russian Music," with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15: "Stravinsky and the Dance," performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Jesse Levine, viola; Ralph Votapek, piano; and a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo and Lukas Foss. Also involved in the evening's potpourri will be Aaron Copland, narrating a dramatic passage performed by John Cage and Elliott Carter, and Suzanne Farrell and Arthur Mitchell, dancers. (Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, July 23.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM**: Friday, July 8: Joseph Rosenstock directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Don Giovanni" in concert form, with Beverly Sills, Mary Ellen Pracht, and Loretta Di Franco, sopranos; Gene Boucher, baritone; and Justino Díaz and Fernando Corena, basses. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 9: Victor Borge conducting the orchestra and playing the piano, with Leonid Hambro, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12: Judy Collins, Odetta, Tom Paxton, and the Pennywhistlers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13: Pete Seeger, the Beers Family, and the Yomo Toro Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15: Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Miles Davis quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Clark Terry, Illinois Jacquet, Frank Foster, Wes Montgomery, and Milt Buckner. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.). . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL**: Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.). . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, July

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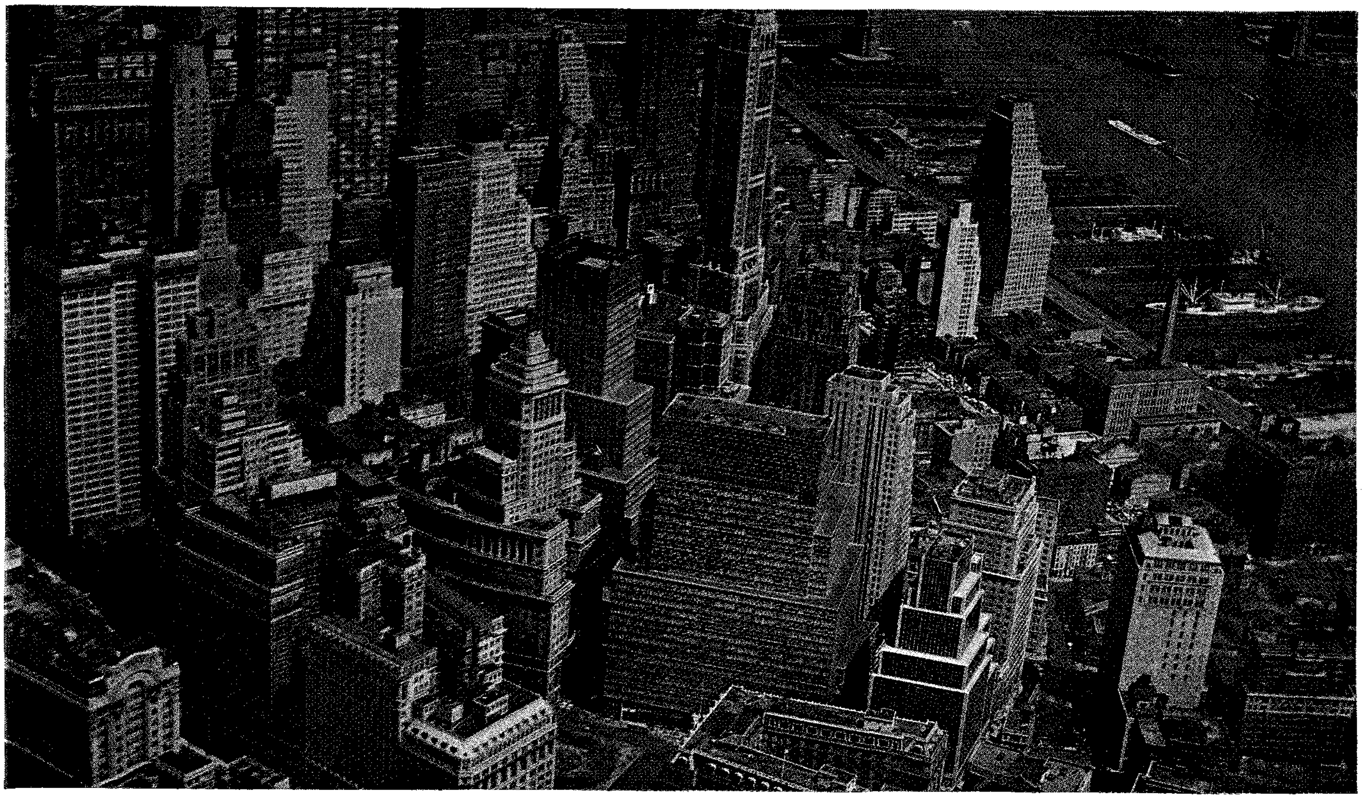

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . Tuesday, July 12: "Andrea Chénier." . . . Thursday, July 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Evenings at 8.) . . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, *jazz;* Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; Saturdays at 8:30, pop music; and Sundays at 6:30, musical salutes to various nations. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.) . . . **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 7, at 8:30: The Lee Konitz quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: The Dollar Brand quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 8, at 7: An all-Mozart program performed by Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano, and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Three all-Mozart programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 8, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. . . . Saturday, July 9, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Mr. Frank. . . . Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Sir Adrian Boult conducting, with Mr. Frager. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony playing two Bach Brandenburg Concertos. . . . ¶ Three all-Bach programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 15, at 9: Szymon Goldberg conducting and acting as violin soloist. . . . Saturday, July 16, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of "The St. John Passion," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Walter Carringer and Ernst Haefliger, tenors; Thomas Paul and Norman Treigle, bass-baritones; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with the Misses Curtin and Wolff, the Messrs. Haefliger and Treigle, and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.)

Newport Metropolitan Opera Festival—Tuesday, July 12, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Lillian Sukis, soprano, and Charles Anthony, tenor. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12, at 8:30: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "La Bohème" in concert form, with Licia Albanese and Laurel Hurley, sopranos, and Barry Morell, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with an excerpt from Douglas Moore's "The Ballad of Baby Doe," sung by Loretta Di Franco, soprano, and Gene Boucher, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13, at 8:30: Robert La Marchina directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Carmen" in concert form, with Regina Resnik and Mary Ellen Pracht, sopranos; James McCracken, tenor; and Robert Merrill, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Gail Robinson, soprano; Vicky Powers, mezzo-soprano; and Sean Barker, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: "Great Moments in Opera." . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Mary Ellen Pracht and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 8:30: Silvio Varviso directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jan Peerce and Charles Anthony, tenors; and Sherrill Milnes, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Gail Robinson, Vicky Powers, and Sean Barker. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Silvio Varviso directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Aïda" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken; Robert Merrill; and John Macurdy, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17: Rain date. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 9, at 3:30: Josh White. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton's band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 3: Pete Seeger with Len Chandler. (Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the New York City Ballet of a three-week season that ends on Sunday, July 31. Friday, July 8 (benefit preview), through Sunday, July 10: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 12: "Divertimento No. 15," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Variations," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday, July 15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Variations," and "Ballet Imperial." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," and "Western Symphony." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 9: Glen Tetley and his company (with Carmen de Lavallade), and Pauline Koner. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 12-16: The San Diego Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, July 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 8, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 10, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, July 16, at 2:15.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Joey Archer, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, July 13. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Trials for American entries in the World Rowing Championships, to be held in September at Bled, Yugoslavia. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, at 11.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 7-10.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 13, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 16. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 16. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 7-8, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 16.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"Greenwich Village I," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 10, at 2:30. Meets at Jackson Square, 13th St. and 8th Ave. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.

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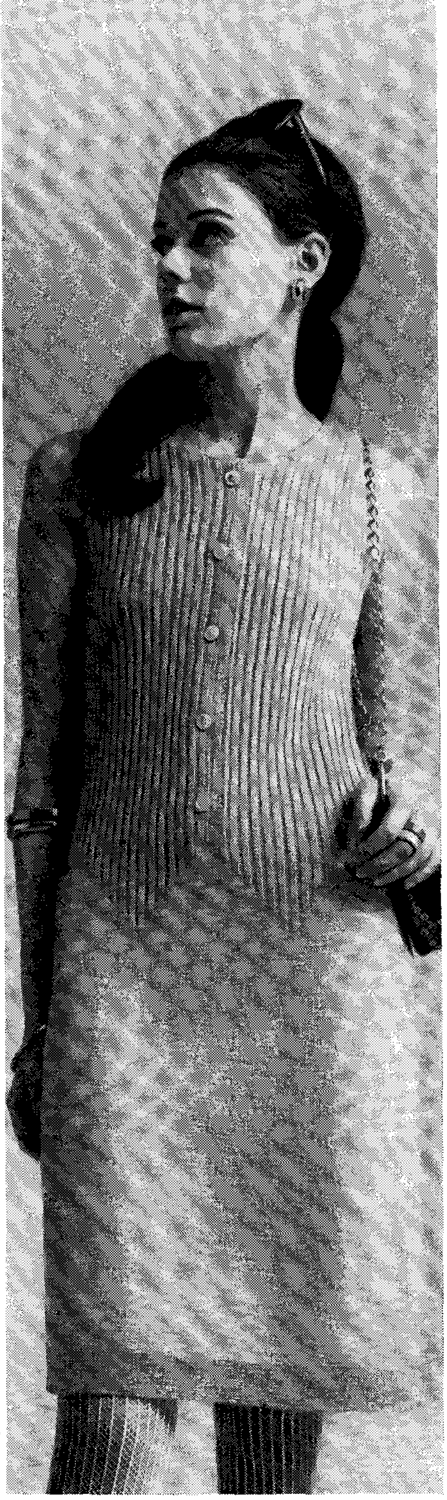

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Le Bonheur—A picture small in scale, delightful in tone, and less romantic than it looks at first glance, the subject being happiness. Written and directed with great intelligence by Agnès Varda and starring Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife, and two small children. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Engagement Italiano—Alfredo Giannetti, the scriptwriter of "Divorce—Italian Style," presents another sardonic view of the mores of his countrymen, this time functioning as both director and writer. Rossano Brazzi plays an aging Roman Rover Boy, and Annie Girardot the girl he has kept dangling for six years. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Fine Madness—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting July 13.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman, in a comedy that the director, Peter Ustinov, evidently doesn't expect us to believe, perhaps because he wrote the witty, flimsy screenplay. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lord Love a Duck—A wild and woolly contemporary comedy, written and directed by George Axelrod and starring Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 13.)

Mandragola—A light, unpretentious, and very decorative satire set in Florence in 1500 and based on a bawdy comedy by Machiavelli. Among the targets, each of which is hit squarely, are cuckoldry, complacency, chastity, and corruption. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde at his all-around best in Africa. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 13.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 13.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 12.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; July 12.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9-11.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 13.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 12.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 12.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel. With Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 8-11.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 11-12.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 11-12.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 9-11.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; July 8-10.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through July 8.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 8.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 10.)

Shane (1953)—How the evil cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 12, tentative.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; July 11-13.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 12.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through July 8. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 12.)

The Troublemaker (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

12 Angry Men (1957)—A group of jurors have to decide the fate of an eighteen-year-old accused of patricide. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 8-11.)

Yanco (1964)—A picture about a Mexican boy whose boundless love of music ironically destroys him. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—July 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and July 8 at 2 and 5:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ July 9 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and July 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Struggle" (1931), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ July 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Morocco" (1930), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney and Joan Blondell. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—July 7-9 at 3 and 5:30 and July 10 at 2 and 4: "The Barbershop" (1933), "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (1933), "The Pharmacist" (1933), and "The Dentist" (1932), all with W. C. Fields. . . . ¶ July 12 at 3 and July 13 at 3 and 5:30: A program of excerpts from films produced by Joe Pasternak. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A FINE MADNESS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Glass Bottom Boat," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through July 12: "Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2 and also Saturday and Sunday at 5. Reserved seats only.)
From July 13 at 8:30: "Khartoum," Charlton Heston, Laurence Olivier. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
CAMILLE, revival; and **NINOTCHKA,** revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 12: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES,** revival.
From July 13: **THE GROUP;** and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
A FINE MADNESS.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
LE BONHEUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MORGAN!

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 10: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.
July 11-12: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT,** revival; and **HELP!,** revival.
From July 13: **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and **CAT BALLOU,** revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 10: "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From July 11: "The Alphabet Murders," Tony Randall, Anita Ekberg.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 12 (tentative): **SHANE,** revival; and "The Guns of Navarone," revival, Gregory Peck, David Niven.
From July 13 (tentative): "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
MY FAIR LADY.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 12: "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh.
From July 13: "Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.," Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 8: **THE TRIAL,** revival; **NIGHT AND FOG,** revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
July 9-11: **M** (in German), revival; **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and "Day in the Country" (in French), revival.
From July 12: **DAY OF WRATH** (in Danish), revival; **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
July 7: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
July 8-10: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
July 11-13: **A TASTE OF HONEY,** revival; and "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MY FAIR LADY.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 12: **TO DIE IN MADRID;** and "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.
From July 13: "A Tout Prendre" (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 11: "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!," Bob Hope, Elke Sommer; and "Secret Agent Fireball," Richard Harrison.
July 12: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From July 13: "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh; and "Hercules vs. the Moon Men."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
A FINE MADNESS.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323).
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through July 13 (tentative): "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders; and "Children of the Damned," revival, Ian Hendry.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
ENGAGEMENT ITALIANO (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Sweet Light in a Dark Room," a Czechoslovakian film.

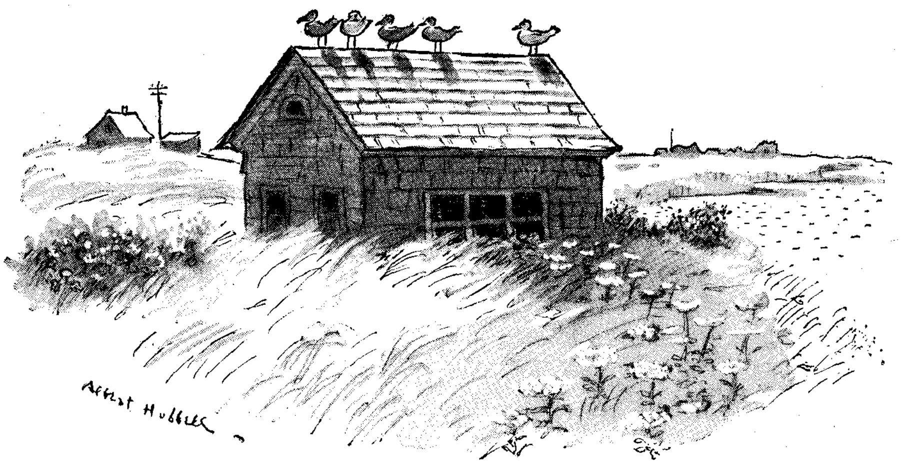
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through the afternoon of July 12: "Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.
From July 12 at 8:30: "A Man and a Woman" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 7: "Young Mr. Lincoln," revival, Henry Fonda; and "The Fugitive," revival, Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio.
July 8-11: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH,** revival; and **12 ANGRY MEN,** revival.
July 12-13: "The Farmer Takes a Wife," revival, Henry Fonda; and "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 12: "Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!," Bob Hope, Elke Sommer; and "Do Not Disturb," Doris Day, Rod Taylor.
From July 13: **LORD LOVE A DUCK;** and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 7: "Kanal" (in Polish), revival; and "My Name Is Ivan" (in Russian), revival, Kolya Burlaiev.
July 8: **NOTHING BUT A MAN,** revival; and **THE DEVIL'S EYE** (in Swedish), revival.
July 9: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
July 10: **YANCO,** revival, a Mexican film; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
July 11: **THE TRIAL,** revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
July 12: **THE TROUBLEMAKER,** revival; and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.
July 13: A program of nine short films on the dance—"Swan Lake," "Graduation Ball," and others.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.



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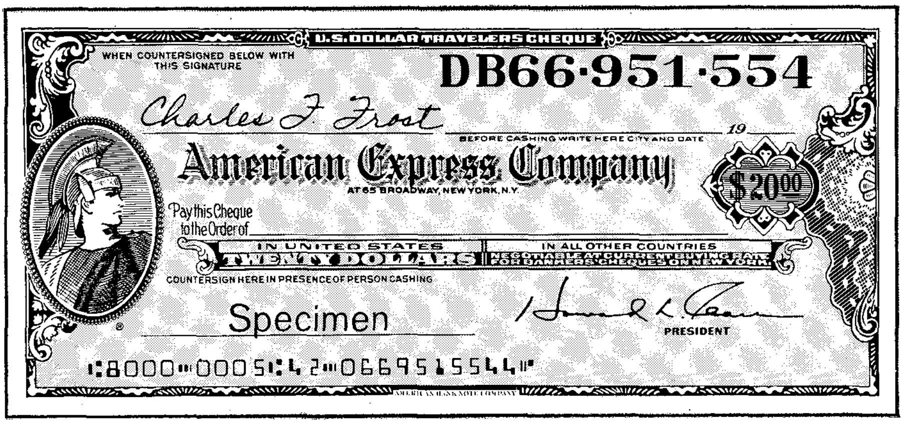

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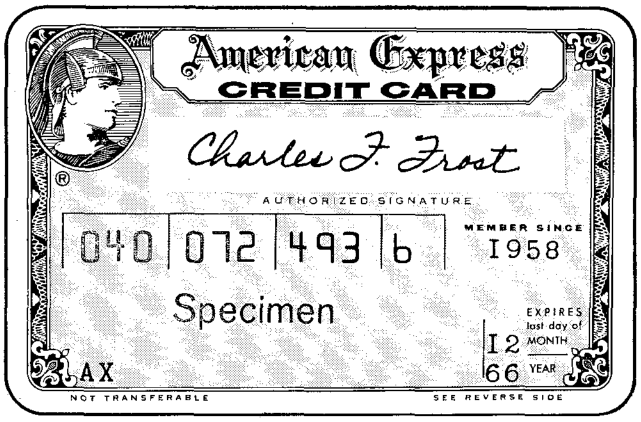

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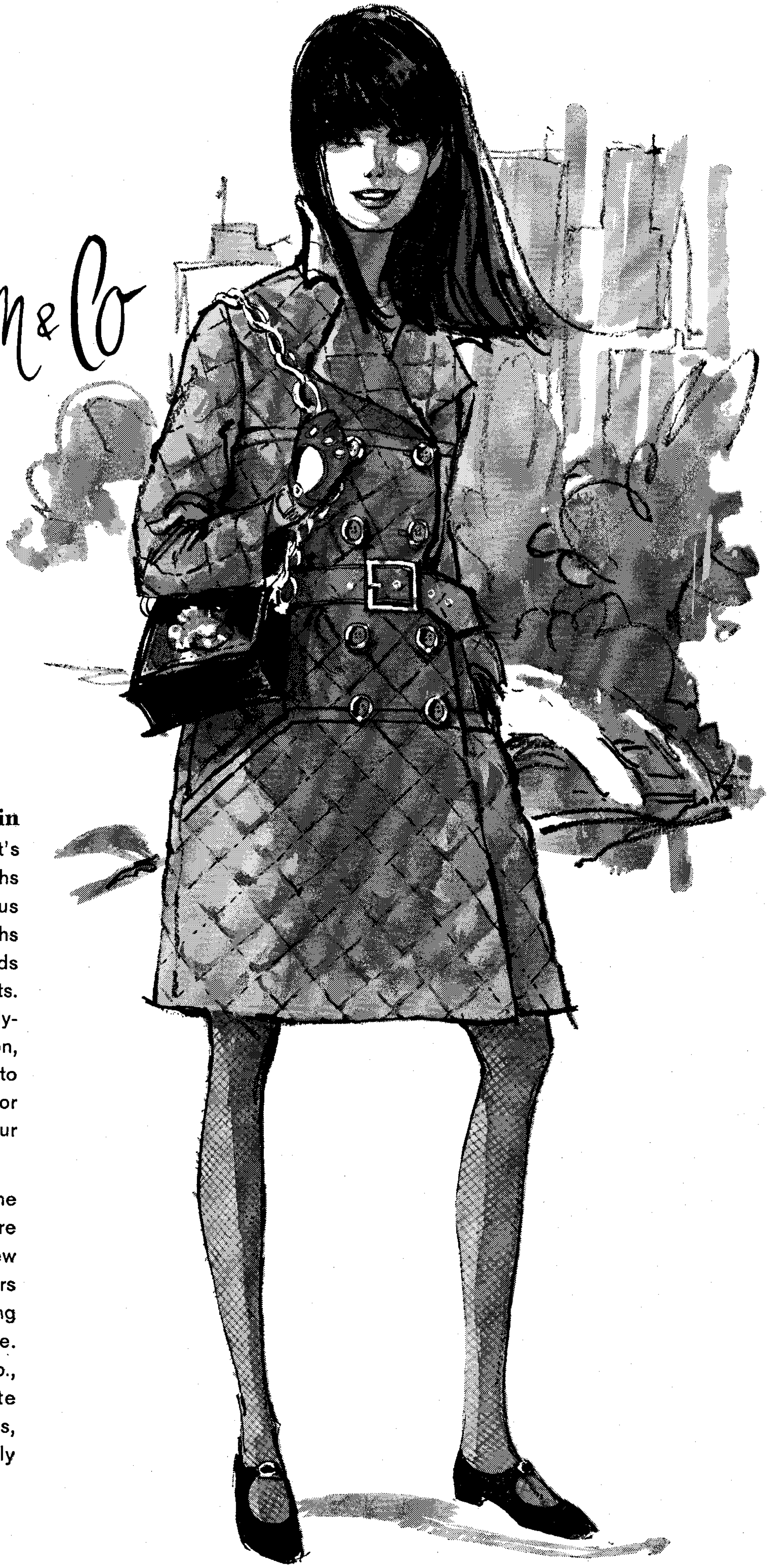

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

VISTA NOTE: Neither the Riverview East Room nor the Riverview West Room of the Sheraton Motor Inn, on Twelfth Avenue, has windows.

On the Way to Gladstone

WE happen to know that a 1965 census of wild bears in New Jersey showed that there were twenty-two bears in the state at that time. A bear census in a place like Saskatchewan or Montana would be a complicated procedure, but in New Jersey the field personnel of the Department of Conservation and Economic Development outnumber the bears almost a hundred to one, so their reports to headquarters, in Trenton, provide what is probably an accurate annual count. This is particularly true if snow falls early, as it did last fall, and bear tracks can be noted before the bears go into hibernation. Since so few bears are walking around in the snow, every bearprint is distinguishable from every other bearprint, and an experienced observer can read the size, character, and itinerary of a New Jersey bear in its tracks. When a New Jersey bear dies, the event is, in a sense, a death in the family. Therefore, we felt sympathy, as well as surprise, when we read in a newspaper recently that a bear had been shot and killed in Fair Lawn, ten miles from Manhattan, and we experienced something like distress when we read, even more recently, that another bear had been shot and killed in New Jersey—this one in Pottersville, which is about thirty-three miles west of the Lincoln Tunnel. Moved by a strong hands-across-the-Hudson feeling, we went down to Trenton to see Lester MacNamara, director of the New Jersey Conservation and Economic Development Department's Division of Fish and Game.

Mr. MacNamara is a big man, who seems uncomfortable behind a desk, and his face is creased and windburned from a lifetime spent largely in the open air. He was born in the San Joaquin Valley, in California, and he has worked for New Jersey for the past thirty years, because he finds its wilderness areas, in the southern and northwestern parts of the state, more interesting and appealing than the country he hunted in when he was a boy. He told us that he didn't mind very much about the bear that had been shot in Fair Lawn. "It was a Himalayan bear—an exotic," he said. "They're sometimes called Russian bears. Two policemen shot him—with pistols, I guess. He must have got out of a circus or a carnival, and he probably went into somebody's apiary, or something like that, and so no one claimed him, because they might have had to pay damages. I'm not concerned about that bear, but I am plenty concerned about the other one, because he was a resident. He was a New Jersey bear."

A few days before the resident bear died, it was seen in Mount Olive, and then in Chester, where it had climbed into a tree. (Bears climb trees when they are frightened.) A small crowd collected, MacNamara told us, and a milkman coaxed the bear out of the tree by offering it a large container of cottage cheese and three quarts of milk. "Hell, that wasn't a dangerous animal," MacNamara said. "That was no grizzly bear or polar bear or big brown bear. That was a black bear—our common bear in this country, and the smallest bear in the bear family. Black bears are generally considered harmless unless provoked. This one was two years old, and he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds." After the bear drank its milk and ate its cheese, in Chester, it wandered off. MacNamara sent word to field personnel in Morris and Hunterdon Counties to be on the watch, telling them that the bear would probably turn up next in Gladstone, just south of the Morris-Hunterdon line.

We asked MacNamara how he knew that the bear would head in a southerly direction.

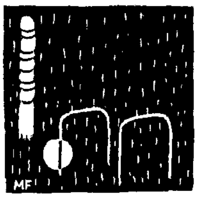
"They usually go that way," he said. "We kept track of one a few years ago that went all the way down to the Sourland Mountains, just outside of Princeton. He stayed right there for a couple of years, and he never got into any trouble. But this one, last week, never even got to Gladstone."

The bear was shot by a Pottersville farmer. After it had been hit once, with No. 5 shot, it climbed into a tree in the farmer's front yard. The farmer fired at it enough additional times to knock it out of the tree, dead. "We arrested the farmer," MacNamara said. "We'll hear from the agricultural organizations, but I don't care. You have to draw the line somewhere. You can't just shoot an animal like that because you think it can do harm. The bear was doing no damage. He was a threat to no one. All the man had to do was pick up a phone and call a conservation officer. We have specialists—biologists—who shoot tranquillizers into bears with a dart gun; then we can move them. We wanted to move this one up into the Kittatinny Mountains. It's a shame. The species is not overabundant in New Jersey. We have only twenty-two bears—" He stopped and corrected himself, saying "Twenty-one."

Fountains

FEW things look drier than a dry fountain. This fact became depressingly clear over the past year, when, because of the drought, almost all the city's ornamental fountains were caused to stand egregiously still, their statues and fixtures presiding over empty basins and bits of debris. Fortunately, the city's reservoirs are closer to normal levels now than they were a year ago, and on May 24th—three hundred and seventy days after a water-conservation order had turned New York's fountains into interesting but functionless curiosa—Mayor Lindsay announced that the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity had rescinded the order and permitted the fountains' water to flow again. In celebration of this event (one can almost hear music in the background—an appropriate selection from Handel, say, or Respighi), we have learned something about the fountains of Manhattan, and we present our findings here, in the hope that the city's many jets, sprays, and fanciful water displays will never again go dry.

The fountains of Manhattan can be divided into two groups—the older ones, many of which date from the nineteenth century and quite a few of which center on statuary, and the newer ones, built during the last thirty years or so, which may include abstract sculpture but tend to stress water more than ornamentation. Several of Manhattan's older fountains have disappeared over the years; one, commemorating Civic Virtue, which used to stand in front of City Hall, was banished to Queens after Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia declared that he could no longer stand the sight of it. Probably the most imposing of the thirty or forty older fountains that remain in Manhattan is the Bethesda Fountain, in Central Park, whose bronze statues of a winged female figure and four children were designed by Emma Stebbins and were installed in 1873. Its water cascades in widening circles into a large bluestone-and-granite basin. Somewhat similar in outline, though not in spirit, is the Pulitzer Memorial Fountain, in the Grand Army Plaza, whose central ornament is a bronze female nude holding a cornucopia.



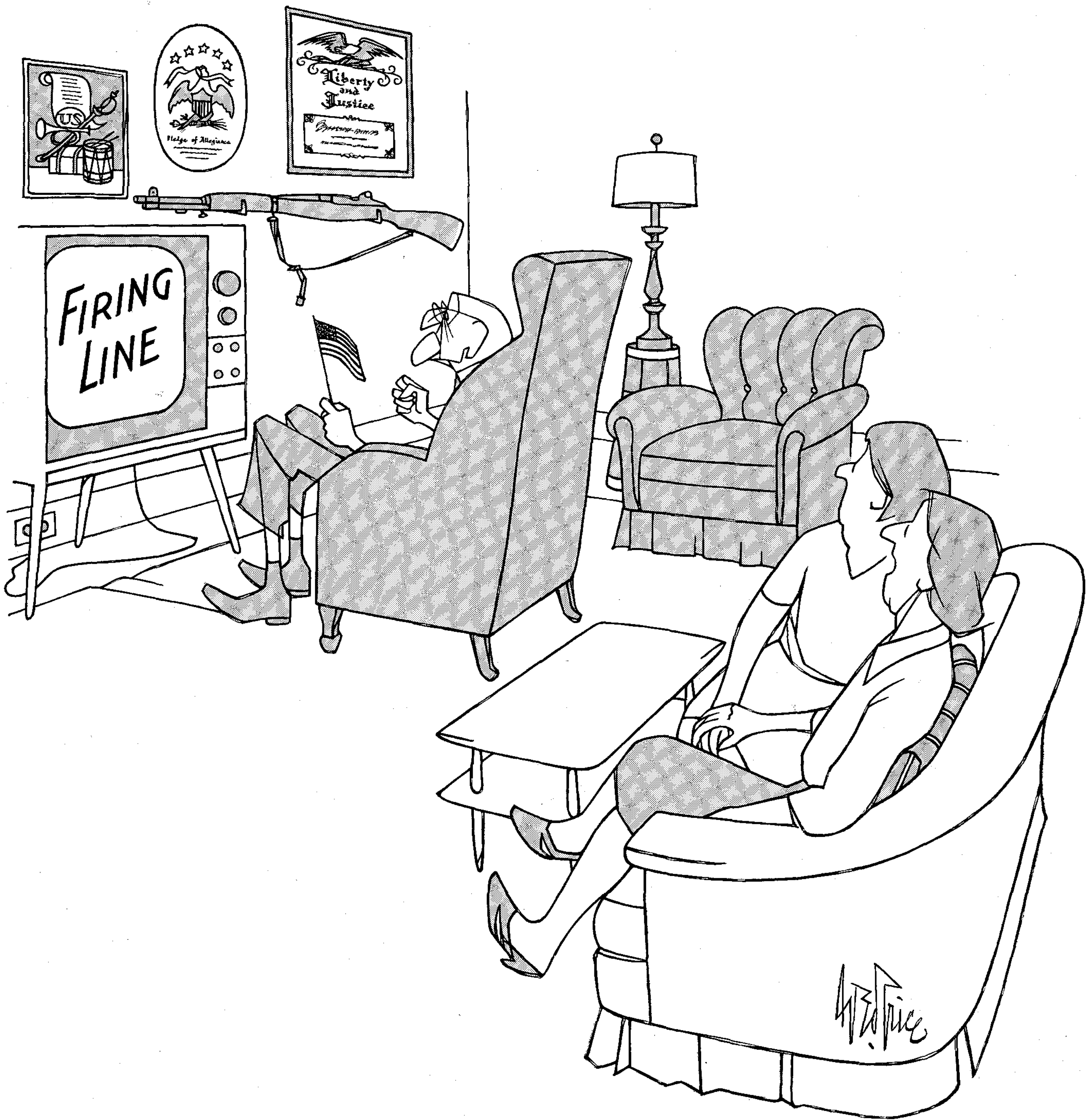
Some of Manhattan's older fountains are basically statues or monuments, with a little water added for good measure. In Union Square, there is a heroic bronze group, by the German sculptor Karl Adolf Donndorf, that depicts a woman with two children. In Riverside Park, at Seventy-sixth Street, there is the Hamilton Fountain, which is topped by a granite eagle. At Riverside Drive and 100th Street, there is the Firemen's Memorial, which looks rather like a great marble slab left over from the Second Empire (it was actually erected in 1912) and has statues at the sides representing Duty and Courage. The Straus Memorial, at Broadway and 106th Street, is a long, low affair involving an exedra and a reclining bronze female figure. The Maine Monument, on the periphery of Columbus Circle, has three inconspicuous pools at its base. Flanking the main entrance of the Public Library are two huge figures, Truth and Beauty, below which water runs into a series of stone basins. The Manhattan fountain with the smallest water capacity may be the bronze Bear and Faun Fountain, in Morningside Park, whose basin holds about a quart.

What used to be one of the most functional fountains in Manhattan is the Hooper Fountain, at the corner of Edgecombe Avenue and 155th Street. It hasn't run for thirty years or more, but when it was built, in 1894, it provided water for human beings, for horses, and for dogs and cats from three basins near its base and illumination from a gas-lighted globe twenty feet above, at the top of its shaft. The simplest fountains are round bowls or basins, and Manhattan has its share of these, some of them simpler than others. They include the Lowell Memorial, in Bryant Park; the Jacob H. Schiff Fountain, in Seward Park; the Wireless Operators' Fountain, in Battery Park; the Horseshoe Fountain, south of the Central Park Lake; a scalloped circle in the Conservatory Garden, in Central Park; a granite circle in Madison Square; and the much frequented basin in Washington Square.

Among some ornate privately owned fountains in Manhattan are two green-enamelled cast-iron structures in the courtyard of the Dakota Apartments, at Seventy-second Street and Central Park West. Each fountain is adorned with metal fixtures in the shape of calla lilies. In the garden court of the Frick Collection is a delicate fountain of beige marble. In the court of an apartment building at 29 Washington Square West is a little old fountain, now in a state of disrepair, that is decorated with colored tiles depicting scenes from "Don Quixote." Nearby, inside a panelled conference room of New York University's Hayden Residence Hall, is a fountain that was originally in the Holley Hotel, which Hayden Hall displaced in 1955; a small statue of Pan stands above a pool.

Only a few of the older fountains in New York have recirculating pumps, but all the newer ones have them. The first modern fountains to go up in Manhattan were those in the Lower Plaza of Rockefeller Center, which began flowing in 1934, and the largest of which flings a curtain of water behind Paul Manship's golden statue of Prometheus. In 1936, the W.P.A. constructed a round fountain in the sunken court beneath the traffic circle near the Seventy-ninth Street Boat Basin. In 1955, the Fountain of the Muses, which includes bronze figures representing the arts, was installed in the restaurant of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The seven fountains that began flowing outside the Time & Life Building in 1960 are rectangular pools within which water spurts up in flowerlike patterns. In front of the United Nations Secretariat is a large circular basin paved partly with black stones that were gathered by women and children of the Island of Rhodes. Two years ago, in fulfillment of a wish of the late Dag Hammarskjöld, an abstract sculpture by Barbara Hepworth was placed within the fountain.

The sculptor Isamu Noguchi has devised two watery creations for Manhattan—he calls them "works of total sculpture" rather than fountains. The first, in the arcade of the Tishman Building, at 666 Fifth Avenue, is a wall of sculptured stainless steel down which water tumbles. The second is at the bottom of a glass-walled shaft in Chase Manhattan Plaza and consists mainly of seven rocks. The architect Philip Johnson has said, "The best thing to do with water is to use a lot of it," and he has used a lot of it in the fountains he has designed here. His two rectangular pools in front of the Seagram Building, dating from 1957, toss water upward in plumelike jets. When the Museum of Modern Art was being renovated a couple of years ago, the two long pools in the Museum's sculpture garden were equipped with jets designed by Mr. Johnson. His latest local fountain, the one in the Lincoln Center Plaza, has what is probably the most complex array of pipes and nozzles in New York. Its basin is simple—a ring of polished Canadian black granite—but its water display is controlled by an electronic "reader" underneath the plaza and can be varied almost endlessly. Last October, the city's newest fountain was completed—a ring of thirty-six jets at the base of the Columbus Monument, in Columbus Circle. The fountain that was best suited to the drought may be a small, octagonal



"Sh-h-h! It's that William F. Buckley, Jr., show."

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granite basin at Riverside Drive and 156th Street. Begun more than thirty years ago, with private funds, it was never provided with a fixture and has never played at all.

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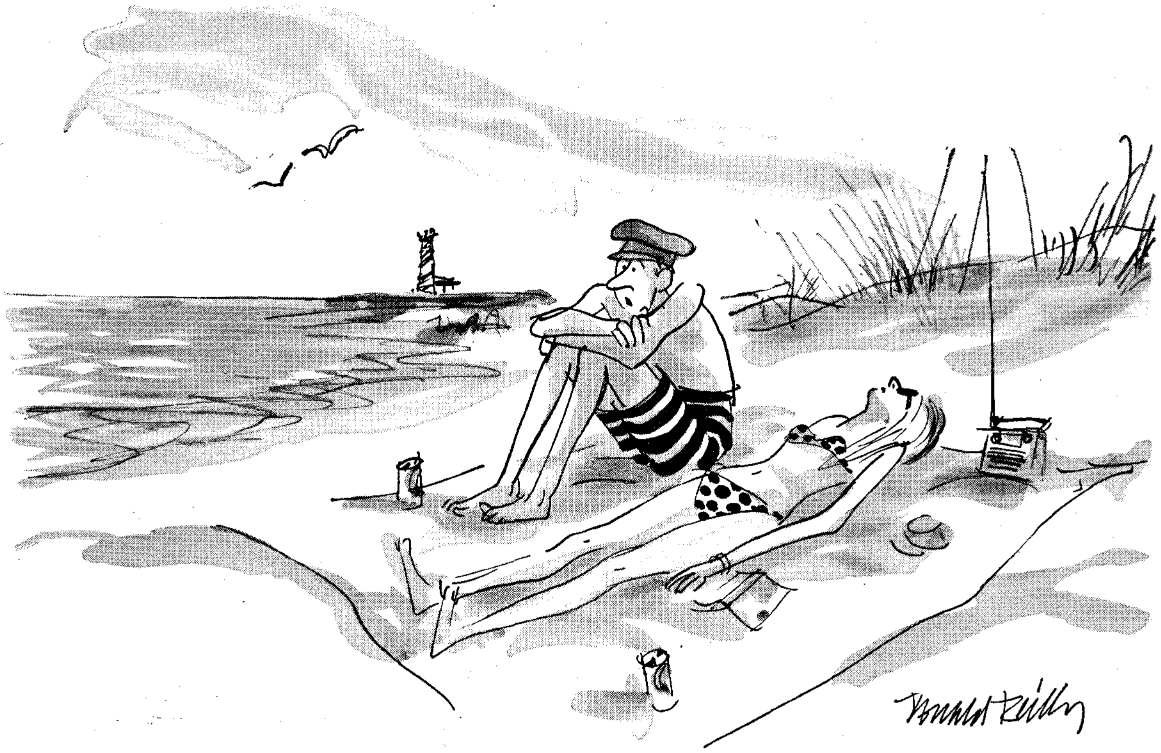
OVERHEARD outside a plush East Side cinema, downcast matron to coeval: "Why do they always make it the mother's fault?"

Kennedy on Africa

SENATOR and Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy walked down the steps of Pan American Flight 111 (Rome to New York) on a rainy afternoon, smiled, waved to photographers ("Hey, Mr. Kennedy! Wave again, will you? Wave over here!" Kennedy: "You wave to me and I'll wave back!"), crossed the field, and entered a small room, just past Customs, where the press was waiting to ask the Senator about his trip to Africa. Mrs. Kennedy stood against a wall—all the chairs were taken—and Kennedy, wearing a dark suit and tie, mounted a low platform and faced the hot television lights. "Everybody in Africa," he announced as the room quieted, "was very interested in Sam Silverman." There was a burst of laughter. Then, after denying that he intended to run for anything but reëlection as senator in 1970 ("I'm supporting President Johnson all the way"), he answered questions about Africa.

"I found in South Africa a substantial body of opinion concerned with equality, and, particularly among the young people, there was interest in having a dialogue," he said. "But among a large portion of the people there is alienation from society, alienation from the rule of law as we know it, alienation from government, and alienation from God—because the policies of the government have been portrayed as being supported by the Church, and they feel



"Maybe it's an impossible dream, but I'd like to serve mankind and *get a slice of the pie."*

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God doesn't have anything to do with them. All these policies cause alienation of South Africa from the rest of Africa, and from the world. Africa is an ignored continent. There has to be greater interest, not only because of our moral responsibility but from our self-interest. They look to us for leadership, for education, and for medical services they need so desperately. We should show greater concern."

Someone asked about United States activities in Africa.

"I'm concerned about the effect of the 'Voice of America' there," Kennedy said. "I think we could do much better. The Peace Corps workers I met felt that the 'Voice of America' offered contrived propaganda rather than facts, and there was a lack of interesting matter. They told me they preferred to listen to the Chinese radio."

Was that because the Red China news was more factual, a reporter asked.

"No," Kennedy said, with a smile. "Better music. The Peace Corps is the most effective operation we have in Africa. What we stand for, basically, is the Peace Corps."

He was asked about his talk with Pope Paul.

"We discussed the reports he'd received from Africa from the Catholic Church, and we also discussed Vietnam for a considerable period," he said. He went on to say that in Africa the Anglican Church has made a major effort, and some Catholic bishops and priests have done much. "But there are others, who have been less stalwart and less courageous," he added. "A substantial portion of the other churches in South Africa support apartheid."

What did the Africans think about Vietnam?

"I was always asked about Vietnam; I would think they have serious reservations."

Did the trip come up to expectations?

"Yes." He paused. "It is heartrending on a massive scale. I saw a great potential, but I also saw human beings treated in a way one wouldn't want oneself to be treated. For knowledge and feeling, it was a more productive trip than I had imagined."

A reporter mentioned that Senator Morse had stated earlier in the day that he would support Kennedy for the Presidency in 1968.

Kennedy again denied interest in anything except the Senate. "But I'm grateful for any kind words that were said about me by anyone while I was gone," he added, and everyone laughed.

When the press conference ended, Senator and Mrs. Kennedy left the room, and were quickly spotted by a number of people who were waiting near Customs. A crowd gathered, needing handshakes and autographs, and the Kennedys obliged. Breaking free at last, they went back out onto the field and boarded the family two-engine plane, the Caroline. It taxied out onto a distant runway, then sat and waited in line behind nine other planes, of various sizes, and, after half an hour, took off—into a bleak, drizzling sky—for Washington.

Three days later, Senator Kennedy spoke again on Africa—this time before a gathering of the Committee at Large of the Liberal Party, in the Hotel Astor. When he walked into the Astor, at eight-forty-five, Kennedy, who was heavily engaged in the Silverman for Surrogate battle, had already spoken that day at a rally on Fourteenth Street (5:15), addressed a Uniformed Sanitation Men's Meeting of Shop Stewards at Cliff Street (6:30), met Puerto Rican leaders at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue (7:15), and spoken at another rally, on Twenty-seventh Street (7:45). Two more meetings—a reception for the Lenox Hill Democrats and one for the Murray Hill Democratic Club—were scheduled for nine-thirty and nine-forty-five. He stepped up onto the dais of the Astor's Victorian Ballroom, greeted David Dubinsky, Alex Rose, Timothy Costello, and others, and began to speak. "What strikes one immediately in South Africa is that as your plane approaches the country, a little card is passed, and you have to identify yourself as 'Black,' 'White,' or 'Other.' I didn't fill out the card, and while I was there I never saw any government officials. 'Other' really means seventy per cent of the world's population; it includes Asians, Latin Americans. In South Africa, there are three categories: Colored, White, and African. Neither the Colored nor the African can participate in any way. For an African, it means you must be in your house at night; you can't move from one job to another; your children can go to school but are permitted to learn English only as a second language. The government decides arbitrarily what tribe a man comes from—like Zulu—and that is the language the children speak in all their classes. The Africans are almost seventy per cent of the population; thirteen per cent of the land has been set aside for them. They are going to be taken from the cities and put in these isolated places. A man's family cannot live with him where he works. Women have to get special permission to stay with their husbands for seventy-two hours, and then must return to those places that have been set aside for them. By and large, in the Christian churches the black people cannot pray with White persons. They cannot participate in the political processes of the country; they cannot belong to any organization whatsoever. Anyone who speaks out in South Africa can be officially labelled a Communist, without any kind of hearing, and can be put under five years' detention. Ian Robertson, the student who invited me, was put under five years' detention just before I arrived. Now he can never meet more than one person at a time; he's followed wherever he goes; he can't even go to a movie. He's twenty years old, and his life is destroyed. I met Chief Albert J. Luthuli. He lives in a small house on an African reserve in Natal Province. He has the most dignity, the most presence, of almost anyone I've met anywhere in the world. He still has tolerance and understanding, and compassion for the white man. Just before I left, his son-in-law was shipped off for a hundred and eighty days as a Communist. No trial. I saw so many people willing to stand up. Clergymen—some. Businessmen—some. But particularly students. I remember one student who spoke at a meeting. It was very easy for me to go there and speak of principles, and then leave, but that young man was going to stay."

The Senator spoke of East Africa. "In Tanzania, when they gained independence, five years ago, only five hundred people had graduated from high school. There is sixty per cent illiteracy. They need our assistance and guidance. In Ethiopia, there is ninety-five per cent illiteracy, and the average annual income is forty-five dollars. The gross national product of Africa as a whole is forty-two billion dollars; the United States' is seven hundred billion. When we give seven million dollars to Tanzania, sixty per cent of it is for milk. In Africa, six out of ten children die before they are one. The life expectancy for surviving adults in Ethiopia is thirty years. People look to us, and I think we should help. Last year, we gave three hundred and twenty million dollars to Africa; that's about one dollar per person. All of us have a responsibility; we must give moral leadership and financial leadership. We become complacent and self-satisfied, but these problems exist."

Kennedy asked for questions from the floor.

A man asked, "Is there any hope that the government of South Africa will be moved to change?"

Kennedy thought not. "But we should make an effort to keep a dialogue up, and to show there's no animosity toward the people. We must criticize apartheid, but we want to talk to them. It's not a bright future, but it's worthwhile to try to make the effort."

"How can we help them when we're spending all our money on armaments?" another man asked.

Kennedy acknowledged the difficulty. "Vietnam is costing fifteen billion dollars a year," he said. "We spend about eight days of that amount in all Africa. In Kenya, we spend six hours of that. We gave Tanzania seven million; that's nine per cent of their entire budget. Now, if that were increased by three or four million, it would be very helpful."

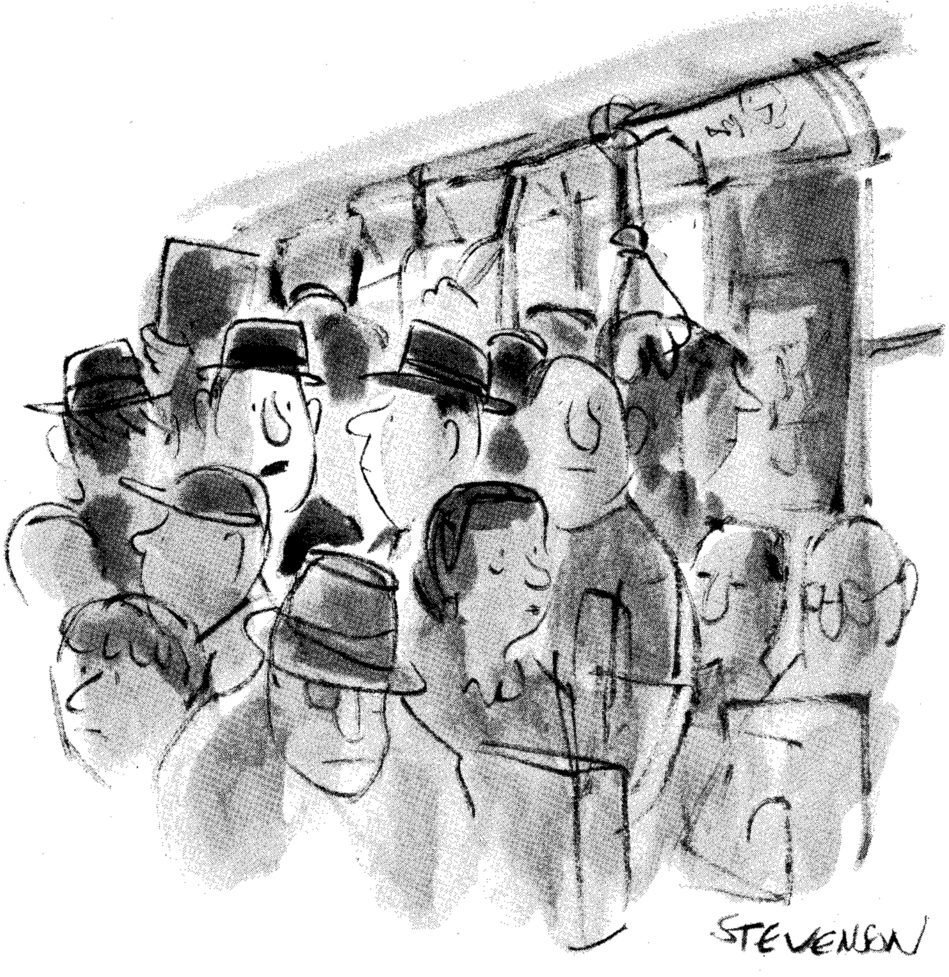
"Are you opposed to economic pressure on South Africa?" someone asked.

"I wouldn't be in favor of cutting off all our relationships," Kennedy replied. "No one I met there felt that we should do that. It's not going to solve the problem. The people who would suffer most would be the black Africans." He said he had talked with labor officials—there are a hundred and eighty thousand labor-union members there, he said—and had been told that the unions are having a very difficult time. "Any kind of support they can receive would be very helpful," he said. "I met with the Ladies Garment Workers, and—"

David Dubinsky interrupted from the far end of the dais. "They're all over, eh?" he called cheerfully, and the audience laughed.

"An African who shows any ability for organizing gets picked up and sent away," Kennedy continued. "We flew over Robbins Island on the way. Three thousand political prisoners are being held there."

Kennedy was already late for his meeting with the Lenox Hill Democrats. A final question and answer followed, then a round of applause. Kennedy shook hands with everyone, and a moment later he was on his way.



"This may be worth fifteen cents, but it's not worth twenty-five."

AN UNCOMPLETED INVESTIGATION

I TELL my father, Mr. Jack S. Bloch, of my intention to write about him, and that I expect him to hold still for an interview.

“You’ll have to hurry, Malcolm,” he says.

Uh-oh, he’s back with death again.

“You’re only sixty-nine,” I say.

“Mother and I are going on a cruise the eighteenth instant,” he says, delving into his pocket and handing me a carbon of his itinerary done on onionskin.

When I complain it is too faint to make out, he says I never even send them a postcard.

I fear he will die at sea and, wrapped in the flag he loves, be tipped over the rail between one illegible island and another.

We are sitting in the park by the shuffleboard courts. I detect that my father has been imperceptibly turning, like an hour hand, in order that the sun’s rays might smite him flush on the forehead.

I ask, “Do you think we look at all alike?”

“You have the stronger chin,” he says. “If you’d only stand up straight. Would you like me to run through my life?”

I ceremoniously open my notebook.

“I was born in Lutzin, in Latvia,” he says. “It has another name now. I have four memories of this little town. The first is walking with somebody by a fence behind which gooseberries are growing. I pick several and proceed to eat them, and they are like nectar. My second memory is it is a very cold winter’s day. I have done something or other. I am being kept in. Am I being punished? I recall my mother coming, covered in shawls. My third memory is that I am at my grandfather’s house. Behind his bench—he is a cobbler—is a high window. I walk through it into a garden, in which tall sunflowers are growing, from which I pick the seeds—”

“If they are tall, how can you reach the seeds?” I ask.

“How can I?” he says. “I forget my fourth memory. I knew it last year, I feel certain. I have five memories of coming to America. My first memory is the train to Libau stopping in a forest and my sister getting off, for a reason which escapes me. I don’t see her get on, and when the train starts I am worried that she has been left behind. My second memory occurs in Liverpool, where I see a sign advertising oranges nine for a penny—”

“But surely you can’t read English?”

“I am afraid I am mistaken then,” he says. “My third memory is having a little playmate on the ship, and my impression that he is going back to Europe at the same time I am going to America. My fourth memory is riding away from Castle Garden in an open cart. It is my sixth birthday. In the streets are innumerable shouting people, and I believe they have all gathered to celebrate my birthday.”

“But they are calling you ‘greenhorn’ and so forth,” I say.

“I am inclined to agree,” he says.

I am leaning against my father’s shoulder, and he has his arm about me.

“Why haven’t you told me the fifth memory?” I ask.

“I did,” he says, “but you had fallen asleep.”

SEVERAL days later, I call my father up and ask him if I may continue the interview.

“Was that good stuff I gave you?” he asks.

I assure him it was. I suspect he is in the foyer, in his voluminous pajamas; above his bowed head is an engraving of the Bridge of Sighs. If I don’t ask my questions at once, he’ll miss the eleven-o’clock news, which is the last news broadcast he listens to—but I falter.

He prompts me: “Do you want me to go on in the same vein?”

“Today I would appreciate it if you would tell me how you regard yourself.”

“I am inclined to be roguish,” he says.

“No baloney,” I say.

“You don’t know me in my extraparental guise,” he says. “I’m quick at repartee. I’m known for that. I have a way with language. I’ve developed a capacity in English superior to most of my circle—a wider vocabulary, an easier flow. On a couple of occasions, fellow-attorneys have asked me, ‘Are you a Harvard man?’ Are you in fact putting down everything I say?”

“I am, but I’m going to change it.”

“But who could possibly be interested?”

“That’s not the point.”

“My life is inherently ordinary.”

“I didn’t marry a nobody.” This is my mother speaking.

“She listens on the extension,” says my father.

She is unlit rooms away, in her bed; upon the headboard are painted roses.

“I won’t interrupt further,” she says, “but I just want to say that once, in a corridor of the New York County Courthouse, an attorney of no small repute stopped your father and told him, ‘You’re a formidable opponent.’ That’s all I’ve got to say.”

“I can hold my own with most of the boys,” my father says. “I know I’ve done a first-rate job in the representation of people. Lately, however, I don’t feel like working as hard as heretofore. You feel like easing up. Only yesterday, emerging from the subway en route to the office, I found myself saying to myself, ‘Good God, this is the same pattern.’ ”

“He is unswerving,” says my mother. “Oops. Pardon me.”

“I am a well-organized human being,” my father says. “Curiously, many years ago, Mother and I were at some seashore, walking along the boardwalk. We met a fellow-stroller—perhaps it was that Mother was acquainted with his wife (sh-h-h, permit me to finish)—who read character. Straight off, he told me I was well organized. I was astonished at the accuracy. No doubt, he divined my nature by the way I was dressed, my physiognomy.”

“I thought I told you we set it up beforehand,” my mother says. “It was a joke.”

“Is that right?” my father says. “I was on the point of saying that life has gone along in a successful pattern. I have never suffered any deprivation. Mother hasn’t been denied anything to think of.”

“A house in the country,” says my mother.

“I have accumulated reserves, which is a great comfort,” my father goes on. “Furthermore—”

“Lawns.”

“—I think I’ve been a worthwhile member of society in that—”

“A flower garden.”

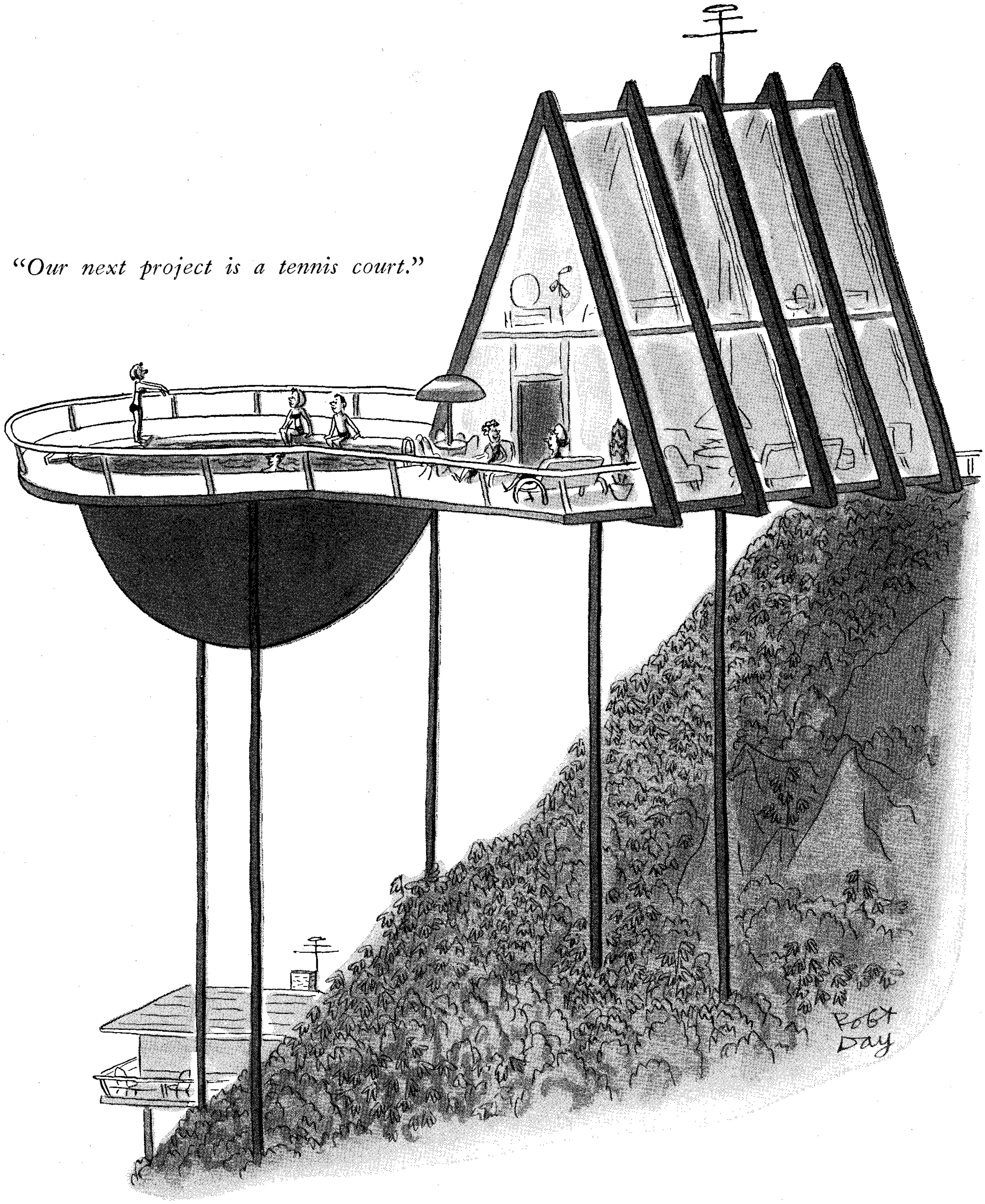
“—I haven’t solely devoted myself to my own affairs—”

“Badminton.”

My mother, much younger, stands on one foot like Mercury, her racket raised. A hit? A miss? Presumably, my father is on the other side of the net; at least, I imagine it is he whom I hear chuckling in the dusk.

“—and well-being. I’ve done something to justify my place as a human being. As I look it over, I find my life has been a rewarding one. I’m satisfied, or, more precisely, I’m not dissatisfied.”

"Our next project is a tennis court."



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"What he's trying to say is that he's not greedy," says my mother.

"I'm an amiable person," says my father.

"He thinks the cup's half full; I think it's half empty."

"You're a gloomy romantic," says my father.

"I'm unrealistic. He keeps me realistic. He doesn't allow me to express myself."

"Ah," says my father.

"You see," says my mother.

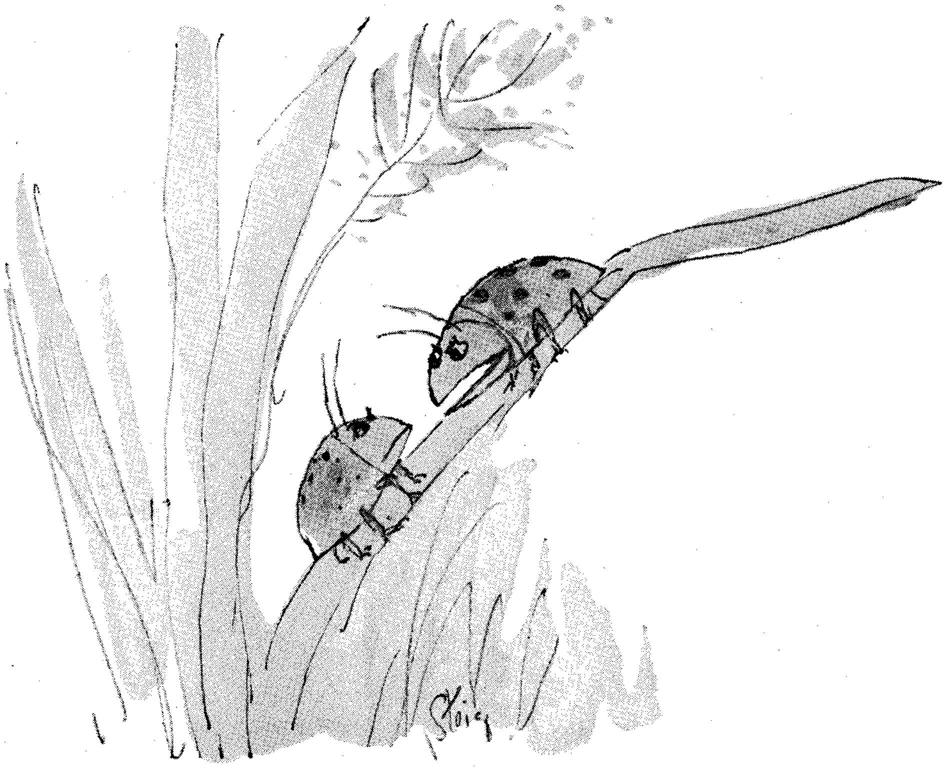
"I've missed the news," says my father.

"Don't blame me," I say.

"You may blame me, if you wish," my mother says.

My father murmurs, "I'll never smile again."

In a while, we hang up. I imagine my father feeling his way along the dark, crooked halls to the bedroom and getting into his bed next to my mother's. Together they spontaneously pull the little beaded chains that turn out their lights and, as is their habit,



"Just who do you think you are?"

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shake hands across the abyss that separates the beds.

I WRITE my father a letter at sea:

DEAR DAD:

Here are some more questions:

1. Are you obedient to a moral code?

2. Do you dream? If so, how much? Are your dreams disquieting? Do they have any great themes?

3. When was the last time you shed tears?

4. What do you regret?

5. What are the kindest words a stranger ever addressed to you?

6. Eight years ago last December, I am nearly positive I saw you at the bar of the Woodstock in the company of a woman wearing a black suit, whose partly revealed bosom you were steadfastly regarding. Please comment.

Love,
MALCOLM

My father's reply, postmarked Fort-de-France, Martinique, reaches me two days after my parents' return:

DEAR SON:

In re your queries:

1. I believe in a world of law, but I realize man's infirmities. I dislike ruthlessness, unkindness, and dishonesty. What I do, I do to the utmost of my ability. I am considerate within limits. Never regard me as a paragon.

2. I dream incessantly. The majority of my dreams are peaceable, and they are mostly topical.

3. I don't usually surrender to emotions. The last occasion I wept must have been in a movie house.

4. The few times I spanked you, I felt so guilty. It was cruel, and I have never got rid of this great sense of remorse.

5. Once, on a flight from Indianapolis, where I had gone to address a United Cerebral Palsy meeting, I sat next to a six-year-old boy, with whom I had a conversation. Luncheon was served, and I cut up his chicken for him. When we parted at the airport, this little shaver said to me, "You're a good man, Jack Black." (You notice he didn't get our name quite right. Don't you think that made it all the more affecting? Mother, who has good instincts, doesn't.)

6. I have never been in the Hotel Woodstock.

Love,
DAD

P.S. Thanks for the mystery. Alas, I find I no longer care who kills whom, much less why.

P.P.S. Did I ever tell you that my father, whom you never met, wrote, too? I don't know what, but I think it was poetry. Otherwise, you are dissimilar. You were hovered over during the first part of your life, and have all the stigmata of the artist: essentially self-centered, forbidding, a nonconformist. You were not a friendly child, and smiled rarely, but when you did it lit up your face so. My father was a very decent, gentle, literate human being who was ground down by economic pressures. He was slightly built and never considered strong, but I remember him carrying me in his arms when I fell in the wagon shop on Cherry Street.

MY father sits in his undershirt, his head in the sink. My mother stands above him, washing his long, distinguished white hair. I lounge against the tiles, taking notes. Oh, boy, this is it.

My mother, rubbing the steam off the medicine-cabinet mirror, discovers me at work.

"I thought you were done with him weeks ago," she says.

"I've dreamed up some more questions," I say.

"He's at it again," my mother says in my father's ear, over the running water.

"Who's at what?"

"Malcolm's here, gathering material for the biography."

"It's not going to be true," I say.

"Enunciate," says my father.

"Oh," says my mother.

"First of all, may I ask you what sort of a marriage you two have had?" I shout.

"Beautiful," my father mutters from the depths of the sink.

"But you're entirely different."

"Compromise," my father says.

"For your father I forsook my career on the legitimate stage," my mother says.

"I've developed a great tolerance and understanding," my father says.

"I've found out how to deal with him, too," my mother says, gently pushing my father's face underwater. I hear him gurgling and sputtering.

"What's he saying, Ma?"

"That he's always loved me, that he'll love me till the day he dies," she says, letting go.

IT is 11:20 P.M., the news is over, and the lights are extinguished. My mother and father lie in their beds, the covers up to their chins. I am sitting in the dark at my father's feet.

"Dad," I am saying, "remember when you used to push me in my stroller along the river and sing to me about the crocodile? How did it go?"

My father makes no reply.

"He must be in dreamland," my mother says. "Has he told you about the time I was appearing in 'Aloma of the South Seas' and he would be waiting for me every night at the stage door, even when it was raining? Once, he gave me a spray of little green orchids."

My father sings faintly:

"Croc, croc, croc, crocodile . . ."

"Oh, we thought you were fast asleep," my mother says.

"Croc, croc, croc, crocodile,
Swimming in the shining Nile . . ."

—GILBERT ROGIN

OXENHOPE

As unfailingly as one knows that the sensation of Venice is called Venice, of Ávila, Ávila, William knew that the sensation of Oxenhope was called Oxen-hope. He had not been back since he was seventeen. Now he was sixty-four, and during the interval he had certainly never heard the name spoken, or spoken it himself except when he said to Isabel they might go there for their honeymoon (they went to Aix-en-Provence). He had stayed at Oxenhope for a month. Since then his life in the Consular Service had made him almost a resident in many different places; and Isabel was dead, and Isabelita married and settled in Canada, and a typhoid fever had mauled and telescoped his memories, and recovery had left him feeling like a castaway on the remainder of what life was left to him. But he could still remember every fibre of the sensation that was called Oxenhope.

The typhoid fever was not his first experience of brain-mauling. On the heels of winning a university scholarship, he discovered that all the facts he had grouped so tidily had dissolved into a broth stirred by an idiot. Evading his parents' thankful delight, he slunk away on the pretext of a walking tour. At the station in his Midland town, suddenly repossessing the name Hawick, he bought a ticket for Hawick. At Hawick he got out onto a platform raised like a bridge above a river and saw a rise of ground beyond factory chimneys. He aimed for this, and presently he was walking up a long steep hill, where there was meadowsweet growing in the ditches beside the road. As he had never known its name, he looked at it with pleasure. Some time after this an evening sky became a night sky. Unable to remember the name of a single constellation, he lay down among some heather and fell asleep. All the next day he walked, and a sensation like pleasure hovered somewhere behind his appalling consciousness of guilt, like the sun behind a fog. That afternoon, following a narrow road that wound beside a river, he saw a farmhouse on the side of a hill, and went to the door and asked for a glass of milk. He was taken into a parlor, where he sat down on a horsehair chair. The woman who brought the milk in a heavy cut-glass tumbler looked at him in silence, then went away and returned with a plate of scones. It struck him that her expression showed concern. Perhaps she was afraid of thunder. For the room had suddenly grown cold and dark, and he remembered how heavy the air had been during the last few miles and how leaden the river had lain between its green banks. He got up, thanking her, shouldering his pack and feeling for his money. "None of that," she said. "If you were a dog you shouldn't go out from here with such a storm gathering." Before he could answer, a blaze of lightning cut between them.

Like old friends they stood in the doorway watching the storm drive down the valley. Beneath it, the hills seemed shapeless and weltering as waves—those hills he was soon to know by their names, climbing them one after another and looking from their summits to other hills beyond.

All night the rain sang in the gutter pipes and clattered on the corrugated-iron roofs of the farm buildings; and sometimes another kick of lightning lit the wall where there hung a crayon copy of "The Stag at Eve." He lay in a narrow bed in an innocent room with a large white chamber pot under the table that held a ewer and basin, a painted deal chest of drawers with a crochet-edged towel laid across the top, and a small swinging mirror on a mahogany stand. Eating his supper among strangers, put to bed in a strange room, he registered nothing except his hostess's calm, large-boned face, which he saw as something irrevocably known, as though immortalized by that first lightning flash. For the rest, there was a husband, a daughter called Maggy, two sons younger than she, and three or four farm servants eating at the same table. The farm, he learned, was called Oxenhope, and behind it, deep-set in the hill, was the Oxenhope Burn.

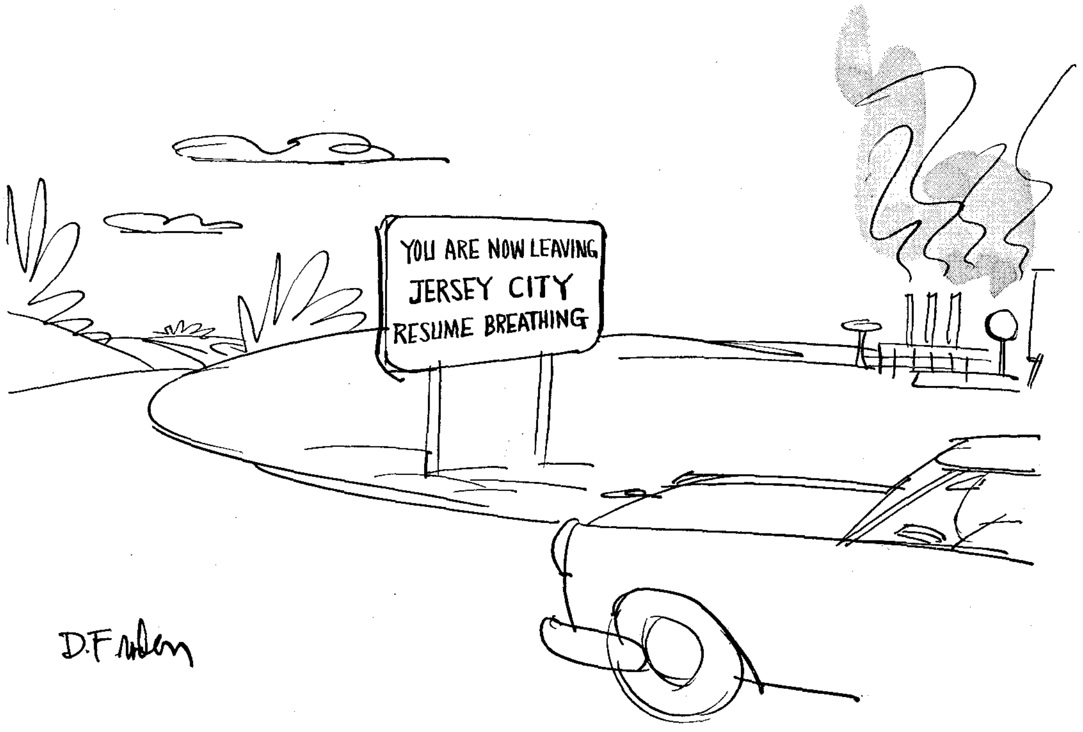
Next morning, the woman was looking down on his awakening. He began to thank her, to apologize for having overslept. She said, "And where were you thinking of going on to?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular. Just on. I'm on a walking tour."

"A walking tour," she repeated. "Ah well, you'll be staying here for the present."

For the first few days, she organized him, telling him to write to his mother, and how to get to the post office, and how to address the postmistress, who was a bit deaf but didn't like to be reminded of it, and where to ford the river, and where to avoid the bull, and not to trust the plank bridge, and where to skirt the hornets' nest. And she gave him odd jobs to settle him—potatoes to scrape, rowanberries to pick for jelly making, knives to sharpen, peats to fetch in. When she judged him able to stand alone, she loosed him to go as he pleased.

If he had been that dog she spoke of, he would have stayed at Oxenhope for the rest of his life. He stayed for a month, bathing in the infinity of time and space. Then he went south, pleased



and excited to be going to Cambridge with the scholarship he would soon outgrow as the swallow outgrows the nest. For his wits had come back to him and he was no longer intimidated by his learning.

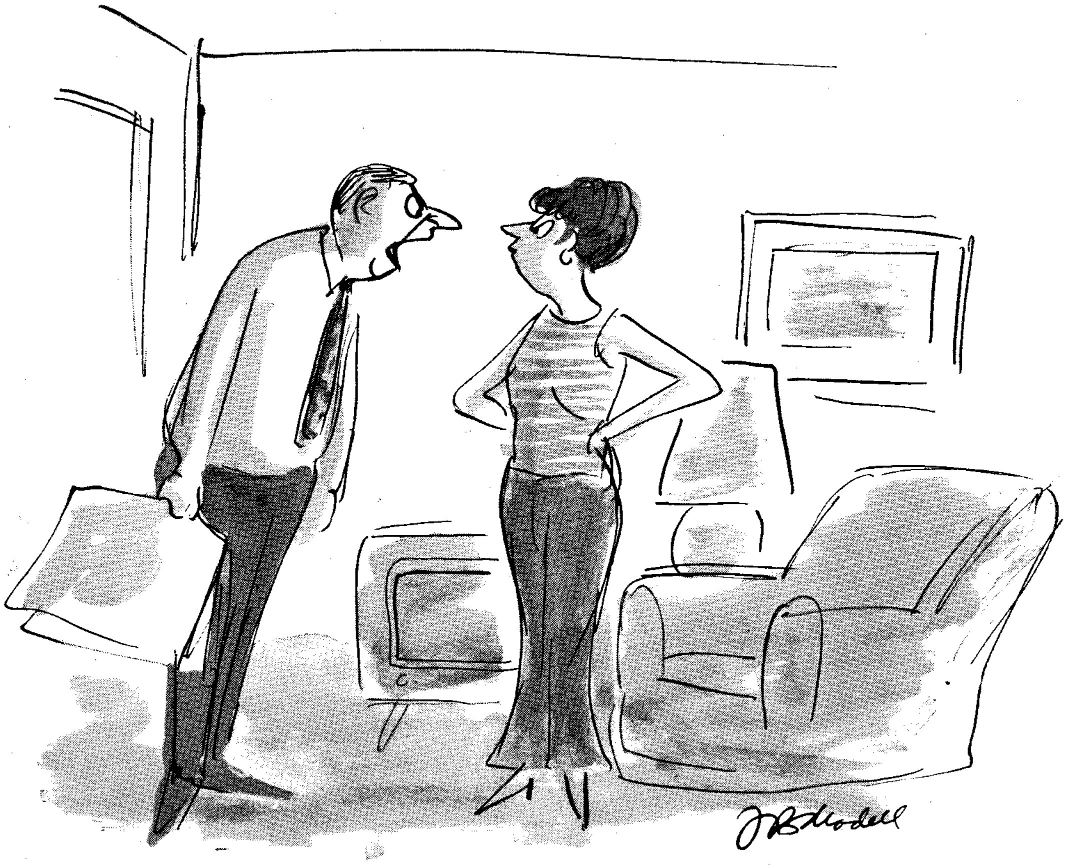
One of the last things she had set him to do was to clean up the family gravestones, lending him a bicycle to cover the eight miles between the farm and the kirk, equipping him with a knife to pick the lichen out of the inscriptions and a toothbrush to brush it away with. It had been a cheerful morning's work, listening to the curlews and the minister's conversational hens, with the wind bringing him the noise of the river from time to time, and he had made a good job of it, so that he took credit to himself—a step back to his rational man.

BUT it must be a long time now since anyone had cleaned the gravestones.

It took him longer than he expected to find them. As he drove up the valley it seemed to him that it was even more sparsely populated than he remembered. The increase was in the population of the dead. Assuring himself that by now she must be dead, he had not allowed for all the others whom time had raked there and laid in close rows. He was beginning to think she might still be alive when he found himself looking at her name: Helen Sword, Wife to Robert Scott of Oxenhope. She had died in 1942, her husband five years after her. The curlews were crying, the wind was in the same quarter, but blowing more steadily, so that the noise of the river poured into his ears. He took out his knife and began to scratch at her encrusted name. The chiselling was shallow and imprecise compared to that of the earlier names above hers and on the two other stones. It was as if by this date there was not the same expectation of being remembered. A tradesman's van went up the valley as he worked and was back again, so it seemed, in a whisk. Eight miles was not so long as it had been. The Renault 1100 would take him to Oxenhope while his mind was still delaying as to whether or no he would stop at the gate.

It was his mind that carried him past it and on. As the road shook off the manse's windbreak fir plantations and the bare narrowing valley extended before him, he began to boil like a pot in the ecstasy of recognition. There, on the slope of Singlee Knowe, was the dry-stone sheepfold with the dark ring of nettles round it like the woolwork mat under a potted plant. There was the rushy field where the floods carried the hay before the haymakers could. There was the line of crouching alders beside the Drum Pool, and the flashing shoal beyond it. There, under the outcropping of rock, was the boggy cleft where he had found grass-of-Parnassus. There, like a wrinkle on a shaven cheek, was the Oxenhope Burn fissuring the hillside. He drove over the bridge (it was almost too narrow for his car) and past the house, only noticing that the porch was gone and that the herd's cottage had a television mast. The road dwindled on ahead, turning to a grassy track where groups of sheep were feeding. He slowed the car to a standstill. They did not move away. When he sounded his horn they turned their pale fanatic faces toward him, and the foremost of them stamped his hoof pettishly once or twice and then fell to feeding again. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, they all turned and bolted up the hillside. Half a mile farther on he came to another group of sheep, who behaved in identically the same way, and he recalled Jimmie Laidlaw, the Scotts' shepherd, remarking that sheep were very regulated animals. For a moment it seemed that Jimmie's actual voice was creaking and whirring in his ears. He sometimes used to find that he heard too much of it; Jimmie, because of his solitary calling, was like an uncorked bottle when he came on a hearer. He talked about sheep, and hard winters, and a black dog that dragged a coffin over Cold Face on Old Year's Night, and a sheepfold that moved with the solstice, so that every time you came to it the opening was a little further round; and of wildcats, and Covenanters, and lights hovering above the water, moving and staying as the current carried the drowned body, lodged it against an obstacle, worked it free again; and of cholera, and the itch, and an ash tree that cured rickets. But now he rather wished Jimmie would come with his slow shepherd's trudge along the track. Jimmie with his memory extending in all directions was one of those people who need never die; and he would answer questions about Maggy and the two boys, and what changes the unchanging valley had seen, and who was at the post office in these days. But all these questions William could ask later on, and have them answered or not; they were husks of the past, no more.

The past was in the present—the narrowed valley, the steeper hills crowding into it, the river running with a childish voice. On from the junction with the Aila Burn it was scarcely a river at all—just a winding green morass, speechless unless you sank your foot in it. So on the day when he had set out to track the river to its head it was natural that he should have followed the tributary Aila Burn, that ran in a deep crevice, like the Oxenhope Burn, but more steeply. Hauling himself up from waterfall to waterfall, here by a rowan, there by handfuls of heather, he had come to a pool, wide enough to swim a few strokes across, deep enough—though it was so clear that its pebbles seemed within hand's reach—to take him up to the neck. He had stripped and bathed in the ice-cold water, threshing about like a kelpie, and then clambered out on a slab of rock to dry in the sun. He had lain so still in his happiness that after a while an adder elongated itself from the heather roots, lowered the poised head with its delicate, tranquil features, and basked on the rock beside him. There they had lain till a hawk's shadow crossed them, and with a flick the adder was gone.



“Even a quickie divorce wouldn't be quick enough for me!”

He could not hope to climb the Aila Burn this time, but for love of the adder he would press the car on till he came within earshot of its waterfalls.

He got out and went as far as the first waterfall, because, like an epicure, he wanted to drink the water at its coldest and most elemental. It thrust into his hand and out again, drenching his sleeve. The plunge of the water into the pool, the stone, mottled like a trout, which it incessantly broke its sleek neck on, the renewed surface, fanning out and smoothly hastening away—he recognized everything. Other recognitions were everywhere around him, tingling in rocks, in soggy patches at the rocks' foot, in the shadow of a hill moving across another hill, in tufts of sheep's wool caught on wire fencing, in the wind's hoo-hooing in the crannies of stone walls, in the seething hiss of dried heather bells. A grouse caught sight of him and cried out, “Go-back, go-back, go-back!” But the adjuration was beside the point. The past was in the present, and he was back. Where next? If he could not climb, he could walk. Even without deciding, he knew: another drink from the Aila Burn, a ham sandwich in the car; then, circling up the heathery shoulder of Phawp Law, to the Cat Loch. Even if he could not get all the way, he would at least go far enough to look down on it, as he had done on that astonishing first sight. For when one's last backward glance at a river showed it no wider than a skein of darning wool, one does not expect to see a lake lying on the knees of the hills, a lake with nothing running into it or draining out of it, yet complete with a boathouse.

On a later occasion he was to push out of that boathouse—an experience that would have been a solemn rapture if it had not been for the company of Oliphant, the keeper. Oliphant was a harmless enough fellow, but Levitical, and bent on making it clear he wasn't a native. It was for this reason that Major Baxter could allow him to take a rod on the loch from time to time: “I can trust you not to take out more than three of the trout.” The trout were pink-fleshed and, like Oliphant, imported from elsewhere. He was punctilious in seeing that William should have the first casts and polite in saying he was doing well, that all he needed was a little practice. With the fatality of beginners, William caught a fish. It wasn't a large one, but Oliphant netted it as ceremoniously as if it had been a salmon, and killed it by knocking its head against the side of the boat. It went on leaping galvanically, long after—which, according to Oliphant, proved its lineage. They fished on, but it was the only fish they caught.

HE had remembered the height of Phawp Law more or less accurately; but he had forgotten to allow for its bulk. Even when the skyline had no more tricks to play on him there was a great stretch of ground to cover. The climb had dizzied him; he had no impetus left. He could only walk by small ambitions—as far as the tuft of rushes, thence on to a further tuft, thence on under the jut of a peat hag, thence over an expanse of burned and bristling heather. Watching his steps, he was in full sight of the loch before he saw it. It lay in its aureole of rainbow grass and was the same rather sullen blue—the blue of bog water. The boathouse, however, was gone.

Well, there was the Cat Loch, intact and solitary and self-possessing. The blur of Oliphant and Major Baxter and himself had been wiped off it, like breath off a mirror. No one fished there now, unless it were a heron. He sat down and listened to his

WORDS FOR MARIA

Unjewelled in black as ever comedienne
Of mourning if not silent star of chic,
You drift, the July nightwind at your back,
The half block from your flat to the Bon Goût,
Collapse, order a black
Espresso and my ouzo in that Greek
Reserved for waiters, crane to see who's who
Without removing your dark glasses, then,
Too audibly: "Eh, Jimmy, qui sont ces deux strange men?"

Curiosity long since killed the cat
Inside you. Sweet good nature, lack of guile,
These are your self-admitted foibles, no?
My countrymen, the pair in question, get
Up, glance our way, and go,
And we agree it will not be worthwhile
To think of funny nicknames for them yet,
Such as Le Turc, The Missing Diplomat,
Justine, The Nun, The Nut— Ah, now, speaking of that,

I'm calling *you* henceforth The Lunatic.
Today at 4 A.M., in a snack bar,
You were discovered eating, if you please,
Fried squid; alone. Aleko stood aghast.
"Sit down, try some of these,"
You said and gave your shrug, as when, the car
Door closing on your thumb, a faint sigh passed
Uninterpreted till Frederick
At table glimpsed your blood-stained Kleenex and was sick.

Sapphó has been to your new flat, she *says.*
Tony, who staggered there with the Empire
Mirror you wanted from his shop, tells how
You had him prop it in a chair and leave
That instant. Really now!
Let's plan a tiny housewarming. "My dear,
Impossible with L'Éternel Convive."
Tall, gleaming, it could sit for years, I guess,
Drinking the cool black teas of your appearances.

Not that you're much at home this season. By
Ten you are being driven to the shore—
A madness known as Maria's Gardening Phase.
I went along once, watched you prune, transplant,
Nails ragged, in a daze
Of bliss. A whitewashed cube with tout confort
You'd built but would not furnish. "Bah, one can't
Spend day and night in Eden. Chairs, beds—why?
Dormir, d'ailleurs, this far from the Bon Goût? I'd die!"

In smarter weeds than Eve's (Chanel, last year's)
You kneel to beds of color and young vines.
The chauffeur lounges smoking in the shade . . .
Before you know it, sunset. Brass-white, pink-
Blue wallowings. Dismayed,
You recollect a world in which one dines,
Plays cards, endures old ladies, has to think.
The motor roars. You've locked up trowel and shears.
The whole revived small headland lurches, disappears

To float pale black all night against the sea,
A past your jasmines for the present grow
Dizzyingly from. About what went before
Or lies beneath, how little one can glean.
Girlhood, marriage, the war . . .
I'd like once (not now, here comes Giulio)
Really to hear—I mean—I didn't mean—
You paint a smiling mouth to answer me:
"Since when does L'Enfant care for archeology?"

"Some people are not charmed. I'm among those,"
Sapphó said, livid. "Fond of one? Pure myth.
Fond of her chauffeur—period. I refuse
Flatly to see her." As for me, I've come
To take you for the muse
Of my off-days, and tell you so herewith
If only to make you shrug and run a comb
Through beige-gray hair the wind from Egypt blows
Across a brow of faint lines powdered tuberose.

—JAMES MERRILL

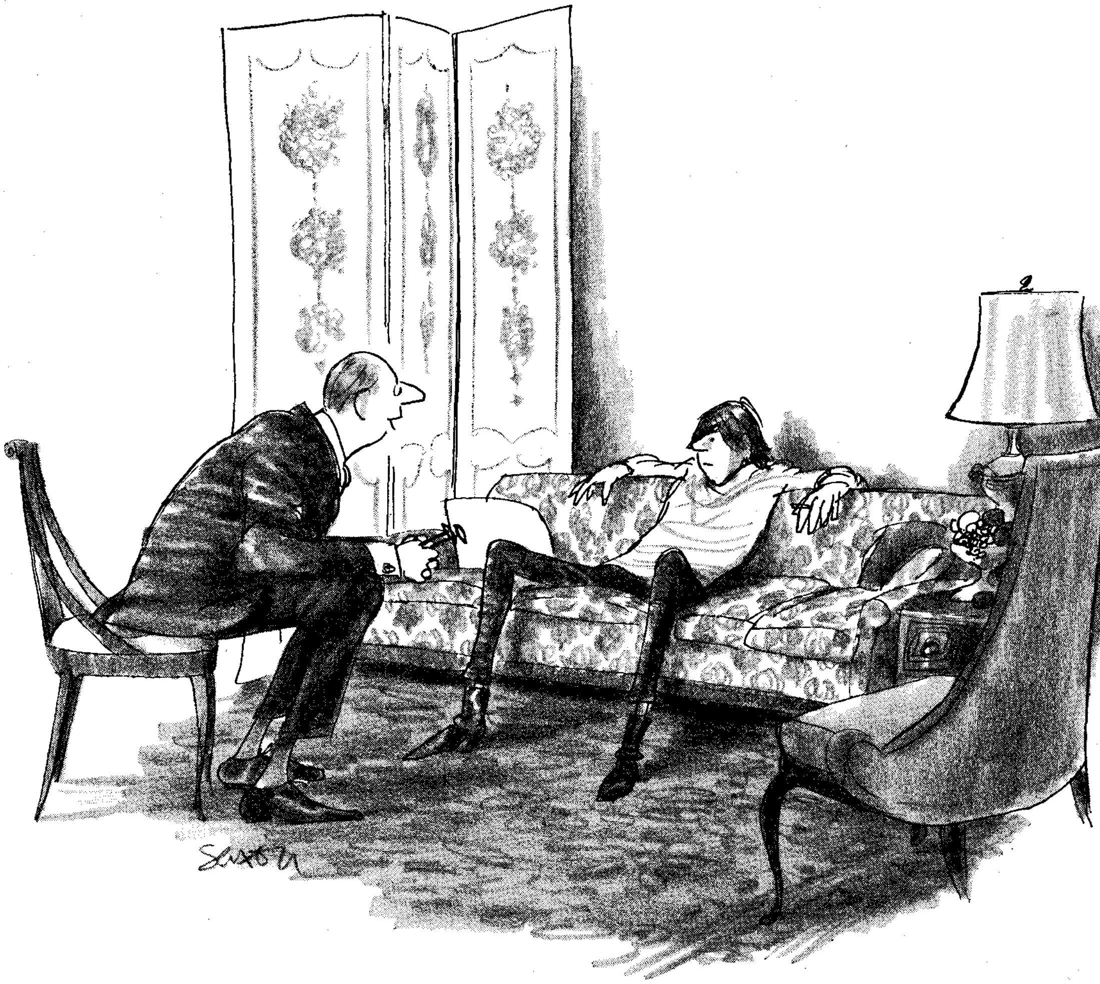
• •

mind making fragmentary remarks, spaced among his gasps for breath. An uncommonly silly heron. No sensible heron . . . would come so far . . . on the chance of spiking a fish on that shelving rim. "Old herons go a-fishing there." . . . Odd, when you come to think of it, that in popular speech the word "old" is used as a semi-endearment. Not so endearing when you have to nail it into the lonely flesh. He went on listening to his mind's limping trivialities, sheltering against the moment when he would have to admit that the past was draining away out of the present, that Oxenhope, lovely as ever, was irrecoverable, that he would never possess the sensation of Oxenhope again. He had grasped at the substance, and the lovely shadow was lost. For suppose it were possible to implement that sketchy project of finding a house in the valley and ending his days there—what would he do? Take himself out for walks, record the weather in a notebook, suck a rowanberry in autumn, huddle his old bones through the long winters, wonder if he would smell the summer heather again and find the grass-of-Parnassus? He looked at his watch. It had taken him ninety minutes to get here. Another ninety minutes would see him down. He would get into the car and drive away and be at the hotel in time for dinner. As incontrovertibly as she had said,

"You'll be staying here for the present," the loch said, "You'll be away by tomorrow."

He was stirring to get to his feet when he knew, as an animal does, that he was being watched; and like an animal, he became motionless. It was an intense scrutiny: no sheep watches one so; perhaps it was a weasel. Sliding his glance in the direction of the watcher, he saw two brilliant pink flowers lighting a clump of heather: two outstanding ears with the sun shining through them. The boy had concealed himself very well, but his ears betrayed him.

If I had been that boy, thought William, I would have wished the unsuspecting [illegible] go away and leave [illegible]m. And after a decency-pause he did his part in the transaction. The boy had more strategy than to follow him across the stretch



"*Look at it this way, Son. If one of your generation should ever have occasion to call on a stockbroker, he would want to call on one of his own.*"

• •

of burned heather. A hare starting up the slope showed that he must have taken a lower course, parallel to William's. Later, a couple of sheep were disturbed. Later still, the boy began to run at full tilt down the remainder of the hillside, dislodging stones, swishing through bracken, leaving a track of sound behind him. When William was down and approaching his car along the grassed road, he saw the boy approaching it from the opposite direction. Though his ears were no longer translucent, they were certainly the same ears.

The sun had left the valley, and the snipe flickered like shadows over the green of the damp grass. The air was full of chill and poetry, and it was the moment to put on an overcoat. Ignoring the boy, who was now standing by the car without appearing to have stopped there, William leaned in and released the lid of the bonnet. The boy started back as he raised it, and exclaimed, "Mercy!"

"The engine is at the back."

"Oh, aye."

"Would you like to look at it?"

"Aye."

The boy examined the engine carefully but without passion. Clearly, his proper study was man.

"Would you like a lift down the valley?"

"I wouldna mind," said the boy, falling into the trap.

"Where do you live?"

"At Crosscleugh."

Having by his countertrap established that William was not a total stranger to the valley, the boy became hospitable. "Yon's Carra Law," he said. "Yon's Cold Face."

William looked at the one and the other with attention.

"Yon's Scraggie Law. There was a man once, put goats on it. They were Spanish goats. They didna do."

"One couldn't expect it."

"This is the Aila Burn," the boy continued. "There's a pool halfway up it, no bigger than a barrel. But it's deep. Once it drowned six sheep. There was a snowstorm and they fell in. Then they couldna get out. The burn ran red with blood—the way they fought each other with their feet."

William had heard that story from Jimmie Laidlaw. "What's that hill?"

"That's just Phawp Law."

They looked at each other sternly.

"There's a loch away up there," the boy said. "It's called the Cat Loch."

"Why is it called the Cat Loch?"

"I couldna say. Something to do with a cat, maybe." A vision transfigured his face as the sun had transfigured his ears. "There was a man once, set fire to it. He was in a boat, and he set fire to the water. There was flames coming up all round the boat. Like a gas ring."

Oliphant, interminably rowing about the loch for likely places, had thrust down his oar to check the boat's movement. Bubbles of marsh gas rose to the surface. William saw himself leaning out of the boat and touching off their tiny incandescence with a lighted match.

"What color were the flames?" he asked.

"They were blue."

"Jump in," William said briskly, and turned the car. When the surface allowed, he drove fast, to please the boy. But not to impress him. That had been done already. He put the boy down at Crosscleugh (there was still a white marble dog in the garden) and drove on. There was no call for a backward glance, for an exile's farewell. He had his tenancy in legend. He was secure.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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In summary, as one tries to envisage the conditions that may prevail next winter, it would appear that the outlook is not as clearly favorable as many people are now assuming. The situation includes some significant uncertainties, the outcome of which cannot be predicted with assurance at this juncture. But, for the same reason, one dares not predict that the situation next winter will be clearly unfavorable.—*Washington Post.*

On the *other* hand . . .

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

MEDICARE

II—MORE THAN A LOT OF STATISTICS

AMONG the many tactical games played on Capitol Hill, one of the favorites is known informally as "building a record"—a record for or against a given piece of legislation. Although members of Congress and their aides often play it with impressive skill, endurance, and ferocity, it is not much of a spectator sport. The information that staff researchers collect, or are given, to support their case usually consists of charts, graphs, tables of statistics, and other cumbersomely undramatic material. Once arranged in some kind of order, it is introduced in committee hearings, which few people attend, and then winnowed out of the printed transcript and presented in the committee's majority or minority report, which few people read—mainly because the only people who are really interested in it had a hand in putting it together in the first place. Another approach is for a senator or a representative to rise on the floor while Congress is in session and make a speech that adds to the record—in this case, the *Congressional Record*. While this technique doesn't call for the virtuosity that is sometimes required in the courtroom atmosphere of a hearing, it does call for an unusual ability to suspend any sense of the absurd on the part of the speaker, who, far more often than not, will find himself speaking to an almost empty chamber; this is especially hard on the old-fashioned orators who roar and wave their arms and pound their desks as a colleague or two nods sleepily or reads the paper, and tourists in the gallery watch in bewilderment. On the other hand, the method has certain advantages. If a member makes a mistake or is questioned to his detriment by an opponent who happens to wander in, he is allowed, under the rules of the game, to edit his comments before the *Record* goes to press; of course, this causes some confusion when the questioner fails to alter his remarks, too, but no one seems to mind. To be even safer, a member can send over a prepared speech and not appear at all. Although he may actually be lolling on the beach at Montego Bay, as far as the *Record* and history are concerned it will appear that he was in the thick of it. In any event, the game itself often seems to be more important than the final score. When things don't come off as planned during a hearing, or a bill fails to get voted out of committee, or a subject is temporarily set aside by an adversary's parliamentary maneuver, or a bill is defeated in a floor vote, the remark made by the supporters of a particular measure is invariably something like "Well, we lost that round, but we got a lot of good stuff in the record." With that excuse, hundreds of acres of Canadian forest are depleted each year. And, by and large, the printed records they are used for accomplish little except to reduce the available space in the Archives. Even so, the game has to be played out, because no bill of any consequence is approved by Congress until it has been buttressed by enough evidence to justify its passage in the minds of those who must do the voting.

In this century, by far the most extensive game of building a record—one that wore out several teams on both sides—revolved around the issue of compulsory government health insurance. The subject was taken up back in 1912 as a proper concern of state governments, was put aside during the First World War and the twenties—when there was a general lack of interest in social problems—then was revived as a federal program when the Depression struck, disappeared again during the early part of the Second World War, reappeared halfway through it, went back briefly to the state level, again became a federal proposal, and was finally settled last July 30th, when President Johnson signed Public Law 89-97, more commonly known as the Medicare bill. The principal backers of government health insurance during its formative stages in this country were Theodore Roosevelt (during his Bull Moose days), Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman, certain officials in their administrations, a number of trade-union and public-welfare leaders, and a few men in the Senate and the House of Representatives. The principal opponents were the American Medical Association (which embraced the plan at first but then turned against it), the insur-

"I enjoyed that. He was very, very illogical."

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ance industry, the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and a host of business allies. After forty years of battling back and forth through state legislatures and the halls of Congress, using all the weapons available through press and publicity, the A.M.A. triumphantly announced in the early fall of 1952 that it had won the contest and that the American people had utterly rejected the idea of government health insurance. The evidence cited for this view was the response stirred up by the Association's "National Education Campaign"—a lavish "grass-roots" publicity drive to enlist support for the A.M.A.'s position—which had cost the Association more than four and a half million dollars in three and a half years and had undoubtedly costs its state and local affiliates and its friends in the business world several times that amount.

Shortly before the A.M.A. proclaimed its victory, the government had quietly taken the first, hesitant steps toward what was to become this country's form of national health insurance—a program, supported partly by government subsidies and partly by direct taxes imposed on workers and their employers through the Social Security system, to provide medical care for the elderly. In April, 1952, two administration supporters in Congress, Senator James E. Murray, of Montana, and Representative John D. Dingell, Sr., of Michigan—who, along with Senator Robert F. Wagner, Sr., of New York, had first introduced, back in 1943, a comprehensive national-health-insurance bill that would have covered almost everyone in the country—introduced a new health-insurance bill to cover the elderly only. A relatively modest proposal, it was limited to giving some seven million Social Security beneficiaries sixty days of hospital care apiece. The bill was so modest, in fact, that at first the A.M.A. didn't appear to notice it at all. And yet, unknown to the Association—or, for that matter to the sponsors of the bill—record-building on the new measure had been going on for some time.

Late in 1951, President Truman had set up a Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, consisting of a group of prominent citizens in medicine, public health, education, and labor, who were instructed to make a study and to turn in their findings to him within a year. Under the direction of Dr. Paul Magnuson—who was a noted surgeon, a Republican, and an outspoken opponent of national health insurance—the commission held extensive hearings around the country, and then submitted its report to Mr. Truman about a month before he left office. The report delighted some people, including the President; it infuriated others, including the A.M.A.; and it surprised a great many, who had looked on the appointment of the commission as the administration's way of conceding that any action on federal health insurance in the near future was, just as the A.M.A. had claimed, highly unlikely. The commission's report stated that "access to the means for attainment and preservation of health is a basic human right"—a right so many Americans were being deprived of, it continued, that the government would be justified in spending a billion dollars a year on additional care for the people's health. While the report covered just about every kind of medical problem, it devoted an unexpected amount of attention to the health needs of the elderly. "It is clear that the solution to the problem of payment for health services to the aging does not lie in currently available private insurance programs with premiums paid by the aging," the report stated, and it went on to say, "Rather, the situation requires a new approach—one supported largely by public funds specifically earmarked for health care." The report recommended that "funds collected through the Old-Age and Survivors Insurance mechanism [the Social Security program] be utilized to purchase personal health service benefits on a pre-payment basis for beneficiaries of that insurance program, under a plan which meets federal standards and which does not involve a means test."

Dr. Louis H. Bauer, president of the A.M.A. at the time, condemned the commission's recommendation at once, saying that the proposal had already been "rejected repeatedly by the American people," and that the report contained "numerous false and contradictory conclusions." If the *Times* was correct in an observation it made later—that "the A.M.A. is the sworn enemy of whatever . . . threatens to tamper with the doctor's immemorial right to charge whatever he believes the traffic will bear"—the A.M.A. was deeply concerned about some of the implications of the recommendation. Ultimately, just about everyone agreed, "federal standards" would mean some measure of federal control, and when the government was footing the bill, it would sooner or later take a look at what it was paying for. Furthermore, the absence of a means test—that is, a test to prove that an applicant for welfare is too poor to care for himself—might well lead to the establishment of a standard fee for patients who could pay as well as for patients who couldn't, and, in all likelihood, would bring that fee down from what the traffic would bear to what the federal government would bear. The means test, an offspring of the Elizabethan poor laws, has long been almost unanimously condemned by welfare experts as a cruel indignity visited on people who, through no fault of their own, have little enough self-respect to begin with. (Not long ago, it was more than an indignity; as late as the mid-thirties, fourteen states considered success in a means test sufficient cause to deprive a welfare recipient of the right to vote.) In state and municipal welfare programs, the means test has long been considered a psychological obstacle to the acceptance of assistance by those who are old, sick, and poor. According to Edward T. Chase, a writer on the social and economic aspects of medicine, "the empirical evidence shows that the means test has acted to prevent needed medical care for an untold number of the elderly infirm by discouraging them from applying for assistance." In many jurisdictions, means tests include what is called "relative responsibility"—that is, the responsibility of relatives (including in-laws) to exhaust their own assets before welfare help is given. Under this system, banks are circularized for evidence of holdings, and any assets such as homes, personal belongings, life-insurance, and burial-insurance policies have to be disposed of and the money used up before assistance is given.

GRANITE AND STEEL

Enfranchising cable, silvered by the sea,
of woven wire, grayed by the mist,
and Liberty dominate the Bay—
her feet as one on shattered chains,
once whole links wrought by Tyranny.

Caged Circe of steel and stone,
her parent German ingenuity.
"O catenary curve" from tower to pier,
implacable enemy of the mind's deformity,
of man's uncompunctious greed,
his crass love of crass priority,
just recently
obstructing acquiescent feet
about to step ashore when darkness fell
without a cause,
as if probity had not joined our cities
in the sea.

"O path amid the stars
crossed by the seagull's wing!"
"O radiance that doth inherit me!"
—affirming inter-acting harmony!

Untried expedient, untried; then tried;
sublime elliptic two-fold egg—
way out; way in; romantic passageway
first seen by the eye of the mind,
then by the eye. O steel! O stone!
Climactic ornament, double rainbow,
as if inverted by French perspicacity,
John Roebling's monument,
German tenacity's also;
composite span—an actuality.

—MARIANNE MOORE

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When the Truman administration submitted its bill to provide sixty days of hospital care for Social Security beneficiaries, in the spring of 1952, no adequate study of the problems of the aged—medical or any other—had ever been made. Aside from a few statistics from the 1950 census, about all the administration could offer was a rough estimate of its program's cost—around a quarter of a billion dollars for the first year—and even that figure was a little shaky, since it had been based on Blue Cross expenses, which were not very representative. But by the end of the year the President's commission had added a large amount of significant data to the record. To begin with, the report revealed, since 1900 the number of people sixty-five years old and over had risen from three million to twelve and a half million, and from four per cent of the total population to eight per cent. At the same time, people over sixty-five were hospitalized twice as long and were incapacitated by chronic illnesses five times as often as those under sixty-five. And while hospital costs were rising at a steady rate of between five and seven per cent a year, some two-thirds of the aged had incomes of less than a thousand dollars a year. Only one in eight elderly couples had any kind of health insurance, the report continued, and explained, "They are considered 'bad' risks by insurance organizations and even if eligible the premiums would usually be beyond their means." Moreover, people in this country were not only living longer but retiring earlier, with the result that both their incomes and their savings were lower. The elderly, who were almost as numerous as the total of the unemployed during the Depression, often lived under conditions that were reminiscent of that period. One witness who testified at the commission's hearings in Dallas—Dr. George

W. Jackson, Medical Director of the Board for Texas State Hospitals and Special Schools—described some of the changes that had taken place in the lives of the aged over the past generation or so:

> In the early days when most of the people lived on farms in rural settings with large homes and plenty of individualized work, the aged in our population could be housed and cared for without interfering with the over-all activity of the family group. There were jobs for everyone to do, and these jobs varied in the amount of physical and mental effort necessary to effect them. In this situation there was work for all but the most severely handicapped persons. Added to this was the fact that families were large and there were always hands available to help handle and feed the disabled or infirm.
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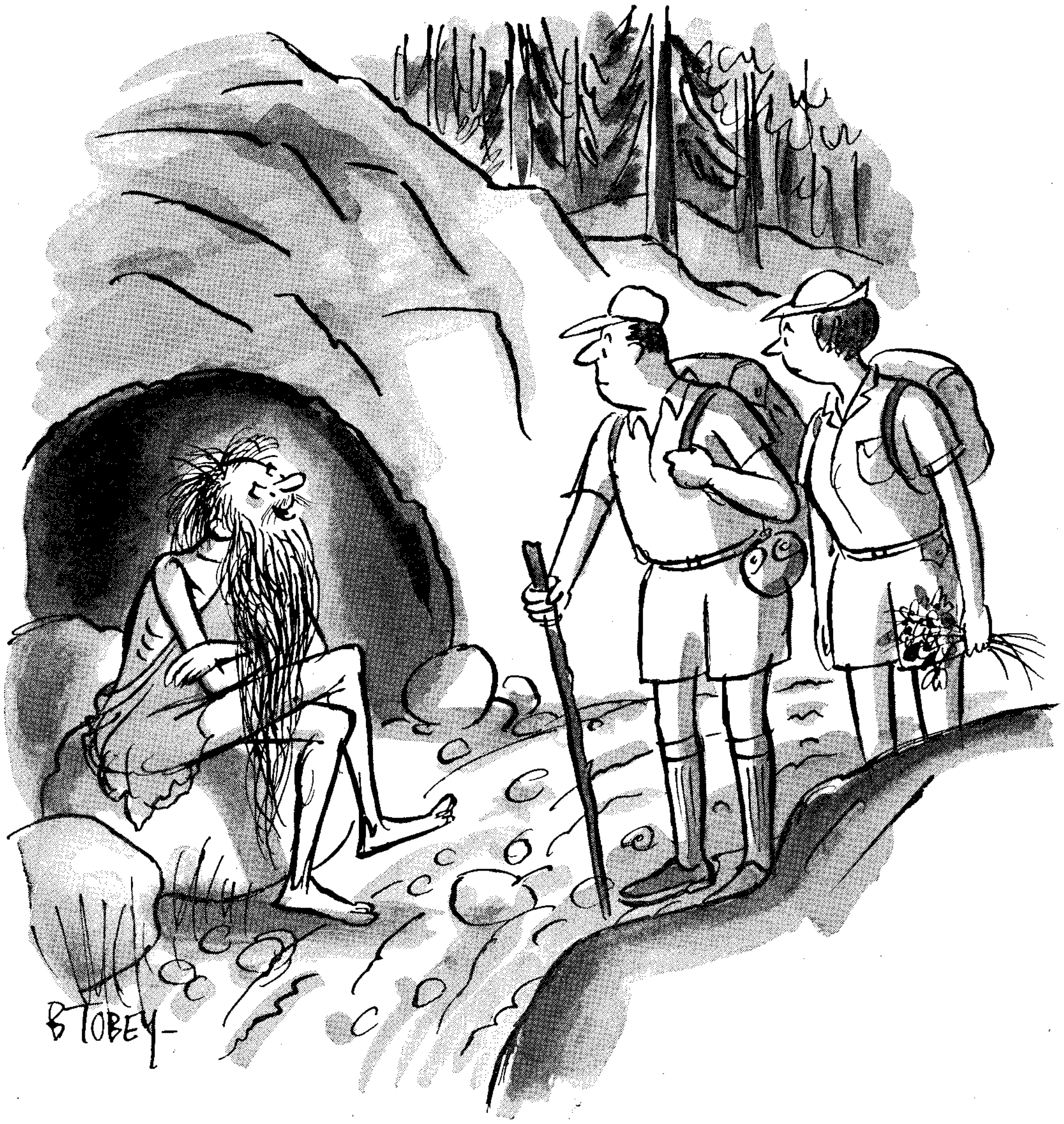
> This picture has entirely changed in the past fifty years, for now instead of the farm with its large family group, we have the modern efficiency apartment or small home with its one- or two-child family. Few, if any, jobs are available in or around the modern homestead. . . . In this new situation there is no work adaptable for the old and the infirm, and there are no friendly hands to guide and feed them in time of need.



"My story is simple. I couldn't stand the heat, so I got out of the kitchen."

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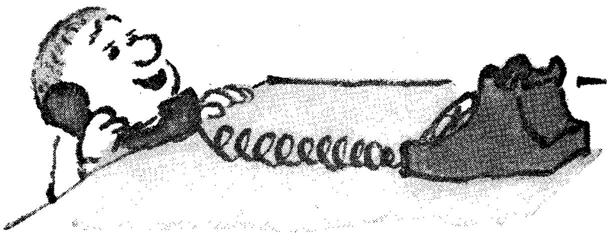
Dr. Jackson went on to point out that, despite the Social Security program, the rising cost of living and the reduced span of working years made it next to impossible for most people to accumulate enough savings by retirement age for anything but the bare necessities, and in many cases not even enough for those. Of every hundred men who were twenty-five years old in 1952, he said, sixty-five would live to the age of retirement; of these, one would have above-average means, nine would be able to scrape by, and the fifty-five others would become public charges. The report itself forecast that there would be twenty million people sixty-five years old and older in the United States by 1970, and that most of them would be unable to feed, clothe, and house themselves adequately, let alone pay the doctor.

A PROBLEM that affects many millions of people cannot be ignored indefinitely in a political system like ours. "When the Eisenhower people took over in 1953, they didn't seem to realize the immense political potential of this group," Wilbur Cohen, who has had a hand in writing most of the social-security legislation in this country during the past thirty years, and who is now Under Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, recalled not long ago. "At the time, there were between twelve and thirteen million people over sixty-five, and every day there were a thousand more, almost all of whom were eligible to vote, and most of whom did. That's a massive political bloc. Generally speaking, older people are conservatives, but not when it comes to Social Security increases or government participation in health care. During the Eisenhower administration, I conducted a survey that showed they were strongly in favor of federal health insurance. Anyway, our bill was extremely limited, compared to earlier and later proposals. It provided for a small increase in Social Security premiums so that people could pay during their working years into a fund that would later give them a couple of months of hospital care, which is the largest single expense in the medical budget. If the A.M.A. had supported the plan, the doctors could have got control of it, and the whole business would have stopped there. But they weren't willing to accept anything at all. And neither was the Eisenhower administration."

The A.M.A.'s opposition was based on a conviction that national health insurance for a limited group would inevitably lead to national health insurance for everyone. President Eisenhower's opposition was said to be in some measure related to commitments he had made in exchange for support from organized medicine and the insurance industry during the 1952 campaign. At any rate, it is known that shortly after taking office he assured the A.M.A. that the government would stay out of medical affairs if the



A.M.A. would not oppose the creation of a new Cabinet post to coördinate the government's health, education, and welfare activities. President Truman had tried to set up this post for years, but the A.M.A. had opposed him at every turn. Now the Association relented, and in the spring of 1953 the department known in Washington as H.E.W. came into being; its first Secretary, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, announced that her stewardship would be "an A.M.A. administration." (The intimacy between the White House and the A.M.A. was briefly shaken later that year when President Eisenhower, having heard that the Association was claiming to have been solely responsible for his election, sent word through an intermediary that he did not look kindly on statements of this sort.)

In 1953, Senator Murray and Representative Dingell again introduced their bill, although there seemed to be no hope of getting it out of committee now that the Republicans were in control of Congress. No hearings were held on the bill, but its very existence and the stir caused by the commission's report unsettled the A.M.A., and Mrs. Hobby came up with what she felt was a way of satisfying everybody—a plan called government reinsurance. Her proposal was to provide an annual federal subsidy of twenty-five million dollars to be spread out among private insurance companies that would take on the risk of writing low-cost health-insurance policies. The bill was submitted to Congress and sent to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, which duly reported it out and passed it on to the Senate for a vote. A dissenting member of a committee usually expresses his views in a statement at the end of the committee's majority report. In this case, Senator Murray, who had been chairman of the committee until the Republicans took over, issued a separate report, in which he attacked the bill as "a paltry, puny, picayune proposal." Then he went on in a way that variously amused, pained, and shocked his colleagues:

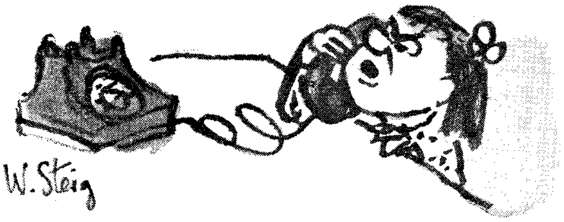
> It is not too surprising that individual members of the present administration seem not to understand the problem or to have any idea as to what to do about it. After all, President Eisenhower cannot be held responsible for a lack of acquaintance with this field. For all his adult life he has not only been completely out of touch with the economic problems besetting the average American family but, as regards the problem of a family's paying for medical care, he has simply never been confronted with it. Like members of the Congress, the President has had available a most complete medical-care service, provided, without charge, by the American taxpayer through physicians and dentists working for the government on salary. In short, since President Eisenhower has been getting free, socialized medical care almost all his adult life, it is obvious that there is no reason why he personally would have developed any real understanding of this particular problem. . . . In attempting to explain to myself just why the administration should have devised and offered us so strange a proposal, I have found one conclusion inescapable. . . . It was intended to lead the American people into believing that the administration was seriously concerned and was really doing something about the impossible costs of medical care, while at the same time it would lull into a sense of security those who had contributed so much time, effort, and money to the Republican campaign of 1952 because they believed that a vested interest in the established system of paying for medical care would be protected.

Murray's attack, along with the fact that no one except Mrs. Hobby was enthusiastic about the bill, defeated it then and there in the Senate. Minority Leader Sam Rayburn, who was angry at Mrs. Hobby, a Democrat and a Texan, for accepting a Cabinet post in a Republican administration, saw to it that the bill was defeated over in the House.

When the Eighty-fourth Congress convened in 1955, the Murray-Dingell bill was again introduced, and again it got nowhere. An event of far greater significance that year was the merger of two groups that had always been the largest, most active, and most powerful supporters of national health insurance—the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations, which together represented more than sixteen million workers. But before tackling health insurance the new labor giant tested its strength on a less important piece of legislation that unions had wanted for a long time—payment of Social Security benefits to those past the age of fifty who were totally disabled. The chief antagonist in this contest, too, was the A.M.A., which contended, primarily, that the proposal would give the government authority to determine a person's medical condition, that it would cost too much, and that it would encourage malingering. In the nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, the A.M.A. had conducted its campaign against national health insurance largely through a public-relations firm called Whitaker & Baxter. According to many critics of the A.M.A., that campaign had done serious damage to one of the Association's greatest assets—its standing as an objective scientific organization. When the disability bill came up, it was reported that the A.M.A. had turned to another public-relations outfit, and that this one had devised a far more strident campaign than anything Whitaker & Baxter had come up with. Finally, some friends in Congress prevailed on the A.M.A. to proceed with caution this time, and even an A.M.A. official later conceded that the advice had merit. "We would have looked awful," he said. "Can you imagine going to the public and seeming to argue that it's subversive to give Social Security to a disabled workman? We'd have been tarred and feathered as being against cripples." In the end, the A.M.A.'s lobbyists did their work in the old-fashioned way—along the corridors and in the offices and cloakrooms on Capitol Hill. The fight was a bitter and protracted one, but the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ultimately won it, and the bill was enacted in 1956.

As an innovation, the new law was fairly insignificant, but as a precedent it was substantial. That same year, the A.M.A. failed to stop the expansion of another legislative precedent. Back in 1950, Congress had passed a modest bill, over A.M.A. opposition, giving the federal government the authority to provide very small matching grants to the states, under the Old Age Assistance program, for "medical-vender" payments—that is, payments to doctors and others providing medical care. This meant that for the first time the federal government was making payments to provide medical services instead of merely giving out cash to be used as the recipient saw fit. In 1956, Congress enlarged this program considerably by making more funds available to the states. The A.M.A. was apparently so preoccupied with the disability fight that it failed to realize that this move presented a far graver threat than the disability bill. In any event, the Association did nothing more than write a letter expressing its disapproval to the committee that was considering the "medical-vender" proposal. Members of Congress, who were accustomed to more pressure than this on anything the A.M.A. cared about, concluded that the doctors didn't really object, and quickly passed the measure.

While precedents may be crucial in the business of interpreting laws, they are generally important in the business of making laws only when the public is demanding action anyway and legislators decide to use them. Of far greater consequence, in the long run, than any number of precedents like the disability and vender-payment legislation of 1956 could have been was an idea that William Reidy, a member of the staff of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, passed on indirectly, early that year, to Senator John F. Kennedy, who was a low-ranking member of the committee. In discussions with other staff members, Reidy had become convinced that the problems of the increasing number of older people in this country were acute and that they affected far more people than just the elderly themselves—mainly their children, who often had to support or otherwise take care of them, but also their grandchildren, and even their great-grandchildren, who were likely to be deprived of educational advantages when a family's savings were used to pay for the care of aged relatives. Believing that these circumstances indicated a growing social crisis, and thus an imminent political issue, Reidy decided that the time had come to set up a new Senate subcommittee on the aging. The next step was to find a senator who would take up the cause—preferably a senator with high ambitions and little national exposure. Like most people working on the Hill, Reidy had heard that Senator Kennedy had his eye on the White House and thus might be favorably disposed toward a proposal that could make him widely known outside his home state. When Reidy went to Kennedy's office to present his case, he got as far as Theodore Sorensen, then, as later, Kennedy's closest associate. Sorensen heard Reidy out, shook his head, and dismissed the subject with the assertion that Senator Kennedy would never be interested in the problems of the elderly. Unwilling to leave it at that, Reidy later managed to pass his idea on to Kennedy through another associate, and it turned out that Kennedy was very much interested. He was too busy just then with a subcommittee of his own—the Subcommittee on Labor—to take on a new one, but he found time to co-sponsor, with Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, the chairman of his parent committee, an omnibus bill dealing with all the problems of the elderly that they could think of, which was known as the Senior Citizens Opportunity and Security bill. This bill had been drafted by Wilbur Cohen, who had left H.E.W. to become a professor of public welfare administration at the University of Michigan, and who was Kennedy's adviser on Social Security matters. Hill and Kennedy introduced the bill in the Senate late that June, but there was little interest in it, and it never came to a vote. However, it had one indirect result that summer: the Senate passed a resolution, introduced by Hill, to appropriate thirty thousand dollars for a study of the aged and aging, which Reidy hoped would ultimately lead to the appointment of a subcommittee on the subject. Under Cohen's direction, a ten-volume report was compiled at the Library of Congress. Nothing came of that, either—except, of course, that it was added to the record.



THE Constitution gives Congress "all legislative powers herein granted" and gives the President the right to "recommend . . . such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," but it says nothing about where legislation may or must be conceived. Better than half of it, according to most estimates, originates outside the government—primarily in the offices of lobbyists. To many people this seems, if not illegal, at least unethical and perhaps a perversion of the democratic process. It is none of these. Under the First Amendment, the people are expressly granted the right "to petition the government for a redress of grievances," and there is surely no more cogent petition than a precisely drafted bill. Moreover, of the hundreds of pieces of legislation that are written each year in lobbyists' offices a fair number are written at the request of members of Congress. There are several reasons for such requests. One is that a member of Congress rarely has the staff to do this sort of work himself; another is that he is seldom as expert on a subject as a man who has made it his specialty; and a third is that if he hopes to get his bill passed, he might as well line up the support of special-interest groups right at the beginning. This is not to say that the legislators invariably sell out to the lobbyists. While most of the major bills affecting business, farm, and labor groups are apt to be originally drafted by the national organizations representing those special interests, the drafts are generally rewritten by members of Congress to fit their special needs.

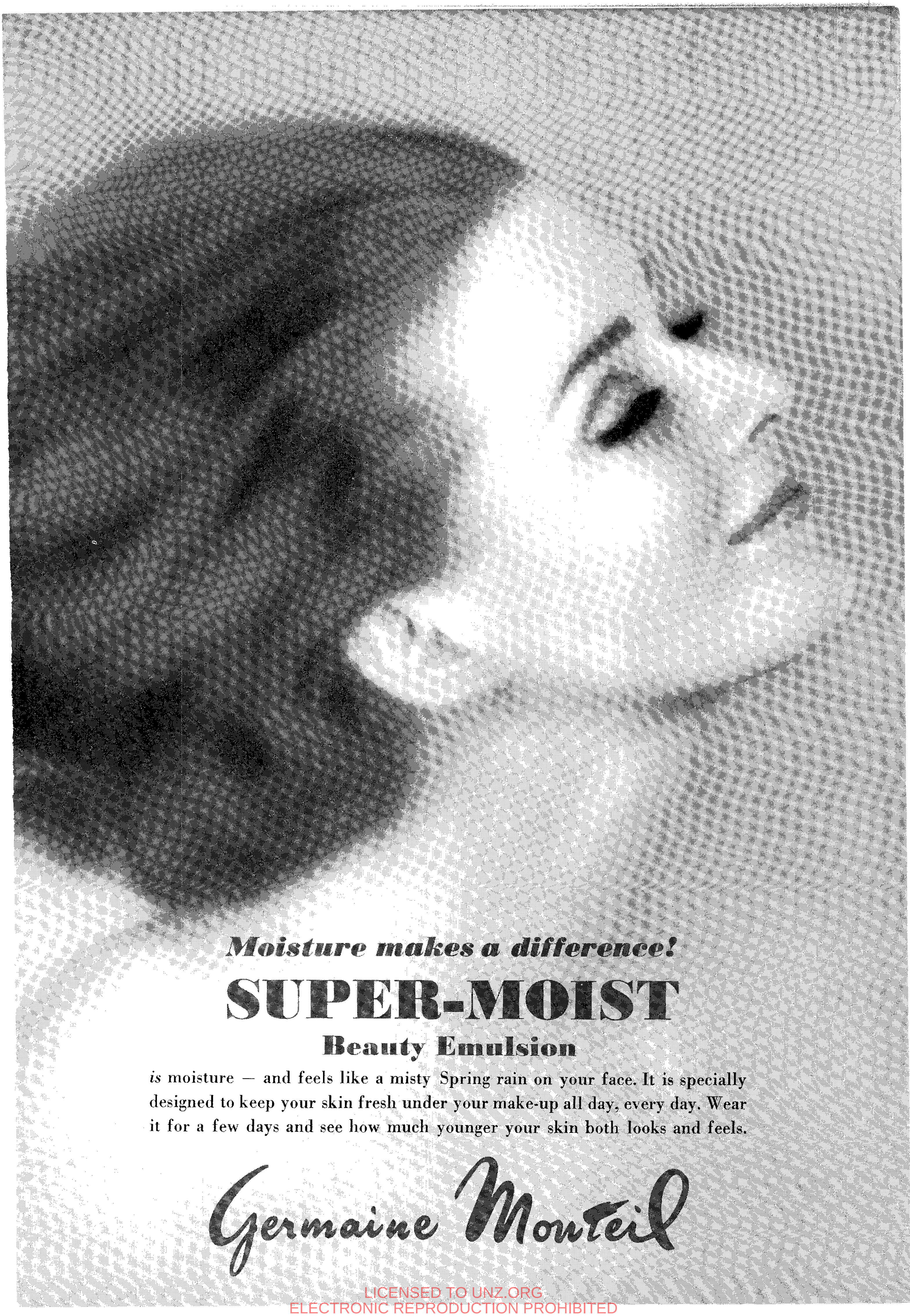
Late in 1956, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which has produced its share of bills over the years, decided to step up the gradual movement toward some form of health insurance for the elderly. Nelson Cruikshank, a former Methodist minister who had become director of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Social Security, got together with Robert Ball, one of the top men in the United States Social Security Administration, and with the two men who had drafted the 1952 Murray-Dingell bill—Cohen and I. S. Falk, who had been Cohen's colleague at H.E.W. Within a few months, the four men, conferring largely by telephone and letter, had prepared a new and greatly expanded bill to provide medical care for Social Security beneficiaries. Like its predecessor, it gave the elderly sixty days of hospitalization, but it went on to cover the costs of surgery and of care in nursing homes. Hospitals, doctors, and nursing homes were free to join the plan or stay out of it, and patients were free to choose any of the physicians or institutions participating. In addition, it was made clear that "nothing in the provisions of the bill . . . shall be construed to give the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare [who was to administer the program] supervision or control over, first, the practice of medicine or the manner in which medical services are provided; second, the details of administration or operation of hospitals or nursing homes; or, third, the selection, tenure, or compensation of hospital or nursing-home personnel." The benefits were to be paid for by increasing the amount of income on which Social Security taxes were levied from $4,200 to $6,000 (enough to allow a sweetener in the form of a ten-per-cent increase in payments to everyone covered by Social Security) and by increasing the tax rate itself by one-half of one per cent for both employees and employers. These changes, an H.E.W. actuary reported, would produce enough revenue to pay for the annual cost of the bill—

around eight hundred million dollars.

At this point, Cruikshank called in Andrew Biemiller, the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Director of Legislation—that is, its chief lobbyist—because the time had now arrived for an approach to Congress. It was an approach that Biemiller, a former congressman from Wisconsin, was happy to make, for back in 1950 doctors in Wisconsin had put on a high-powered political campaign that he thought had played a part in defeating him for reëlection. The seniority system on Capitol Hill is respected not only by members of Congress but by individuals and groups who want something from them, so Biemiller and Cruikshank, looking for a sponsor, took the bill to the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, which is responsible for all tax legislation. The Democrats controlled Congress at that time, and the committee's chairman was Representative Jere Cooper, of Tennessee. Cooper, who was ill and was also occupied with other legislative concerns, turned the two men down, and so, in short order, did the second man in line on the committee's Democratic majority, Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, and the third man, Noble Gregory, of Kentucky. Biemiller and Cruikshank had expected this kind of reception, for organized labor wasn't a big factor in any of these men's districts, so they trudged on to the fourth man in line—Aimé Forand, of Rhode Island. Forand wasn't enthusiastic about the idea, but he didn't reject it out of hand. Seizing on his hesitation, the two men plugged away, with descriptions of the bill's merits and all sorts of assurances to ease his misgivings. Finally, and somewhat reluctantly, Forand gave in, and on August 27th, just a few days before the 1957 session adjourned, he rose in the House chamber and submitted the bill. Although Forand told his colleagues at the time that he hoped for action on the bill the following year, he admitted privately that he didn't expect anything to come of it for ten years or more. Not long afterward, however, Selig Greenberg, a reporter for the Providence *Journal* who was friendly with some influential men in the A.F.L.-C.I.O., began writing articles for his paper about the great enthusiasm for the bill that was being displayed by elderly citizens in Rhode Island. Before long, Forand had become far more interested in the measure, and far more optimistic about its prospects.

"On white with lettuce, and just a touch of mayonnaise."

Over the years, the A.M.A. had become convinced that the one great danger it faced was the government's determination to pass a bill that would make health insurance compulsory for every man, woman, and child in the nation. Because of its obsession with this notion—what one doctor later called a "Maginot Line complex"—it didn't appear to be aware that the Forand bill might sweep clear around its defenses. In 1957, the A.M.A. spent only fifty thousand dollars on lobbying, compared to a million and a half dollars in the peak year of 1949. By the end of 1957, it had finally noticed the flank attack, but still wasn't paying much attention to it. That December, at a meeting of the House of Delegates, the representative assembly of doctors that theoretically sets policy for organized medicine, the president of the Association described the new bill as "at least nine parts evil and one part sincerity." But the A.M.A. took no action until the following spring, when it announced the formation of a Joint Council to Improve the Health Care of the Aged, to be made up of the A.M.A., the American Hospital Association, the American Dental Association, and the American Nursing Home Association. The title turned out to be a misnomer, for the council's chief conclusion was that the health care of the aged didn't need improving. Not only were the aged getting top-notch medical care, it reported, but they were far better off economically and in most other respects than younger people were. Indeed, the council urged everyone to consider not the problems of the elderly but their opportunities. One congressman who had not taken a position on the Forand bill at the time later said that the council's statements convinced him that the elderly must be in terrible shape. "It was the approach that made me suspicious," he said. "You know, when a large bread producer,



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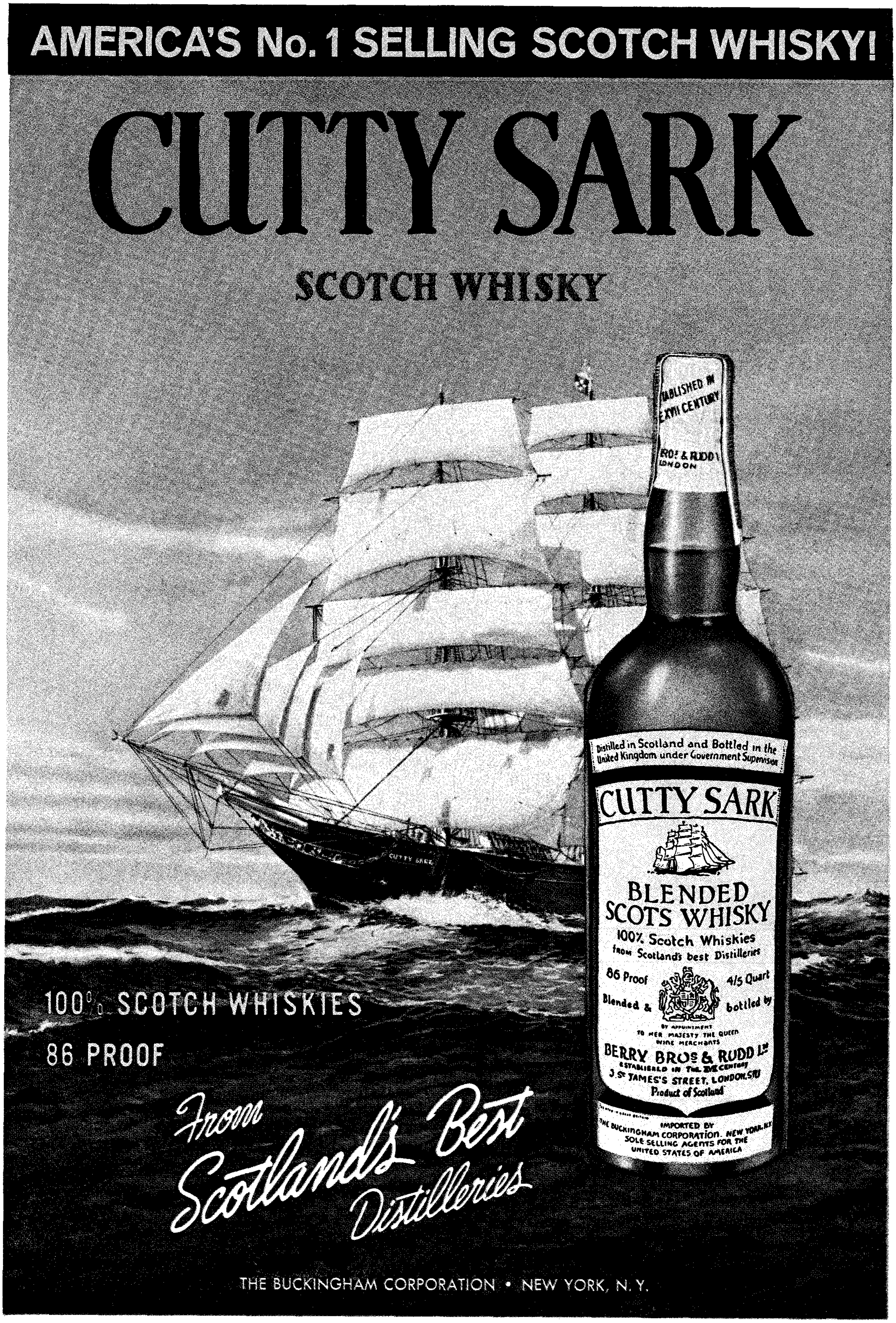
say, starts talking in its advertisements about all its busy little bakers and their old-fashioned methods, you can be pretty sure the place has just been automated."

At the time, critics of the A.M.A. claimed that the council was nothing but a public-relations gimmick, its purposes being to enlist new allies in the fight against the Forand bill and to demonstrate a formidable united front against the bill by those who were most closely involved with medical care. If the council did have these purposes, it must have been a considerable source of disappointment to the A.M.A. Shortly after it was formed, some people began asking why its participants didn't include the American Nurses' Association, which had a hundred and eighty thousand members. A couple of months later, the question was answered when the nurses announced that they endorsed the principle behind the Forand bill and might well endorse the bill itself before long. Just after that happened, the American Hospital Association, despite its participation in the council, stated that something along the lines of the Forand proposal might "be necessary ultimately."

It was clear that while the advocates of limited government health insurance were gaining in strength and determination, its opponents were losing some of theirs. Throughout the nineteen-thirties and early forties, organized medicine had successfully maintained discipline in its ranks—chiefly by actual or implied threats of reprisal against dissenters, by fear-inspiring slogans about the perils of socialized medicine, and by word-of-mouth warnings about what government interference would do to physicians' incomes. Shortly after the Second World War, however, the development of new and highly complex medical technology and the rapid expansion of health facilities had begun to weaken the A.M.A.'s control. Starting in 1947, the government's annual grants for medical research (initially opposed by the A.M.A.) increased rapidly from twenty-seven million dollars until by 1958 they had reached almost a third of a billion dollars. And it was in 1946 that Congress passed the Hill-Burton bill, which provided federal grants to build hospitals around the country. Although the A.M.A. has credited the astonishing progress made in medicine in the past couple of decades to the special virtues of private practice on a fee basis, or what it calls "free-enterprise medicine," most of the progress was actually subsidized by public money—first for research and then for new and expanded hospitals in which the new diagnostic, surgical, and therapeutic techniques developed by research could be put into practice. Formerly, the bulk of medical practice had been conducted in the patient's home and the doctor's office; now it moved into the hospital, and with it moved a good part of organized medicine's power. Then, too, the doctor in academic life, who had long been suspicious of the A.M.A., gained in stature during this period, for it was he who developed many of the new techniques, and it was his views that were dominant in the best hospitals—that is, the hospitals with medical-school affiliations. At the same time, as medicine became a far more exact and efficacious science than ever before, it became far more expensive for those who needed it, and the only way of spreading the cost burden around seemed to be some form of health insurance. By the end of 1948, the labor unions had pretty well given up hope of getting full government health insurance for everybody—although the A.M.A. was soon spending millions to defeat it—and labor leaders concentrated on getting private health-insurance coverage for their members through collective bargaining with employers. This shift not only led to a remarkable growth in commercial and non-profit health-insurance plans, thus further diluting the A.M.A.'s influence in the health field, but also provided an abundance of statistics on the costs of medical care to enrich the record. Still another development that weakened the A.M.A. was the growing number of physicians working on salary in industry, in government, in universities, in hospitals, in private foundations, and elsewhere; within less than a generation, the proportion of salaried doctors had risen from ten per cent to more than twenty-five per cent. These physicians—there were some sixty thousand of them in the late nineteen-fifties—were generally independent of A.M.A. control, and they had little or no personal stake in any argument over the sanctity of fees. Finally, the proliferation of specialties and subspecialties led to a corresponding proliferation of specialty societies, and these still further diluted the A.M.A.'s power.

ON June 16, 1958, the House Ways and Means Committee, under the direction of its new chairman, Representative Mills (he took over after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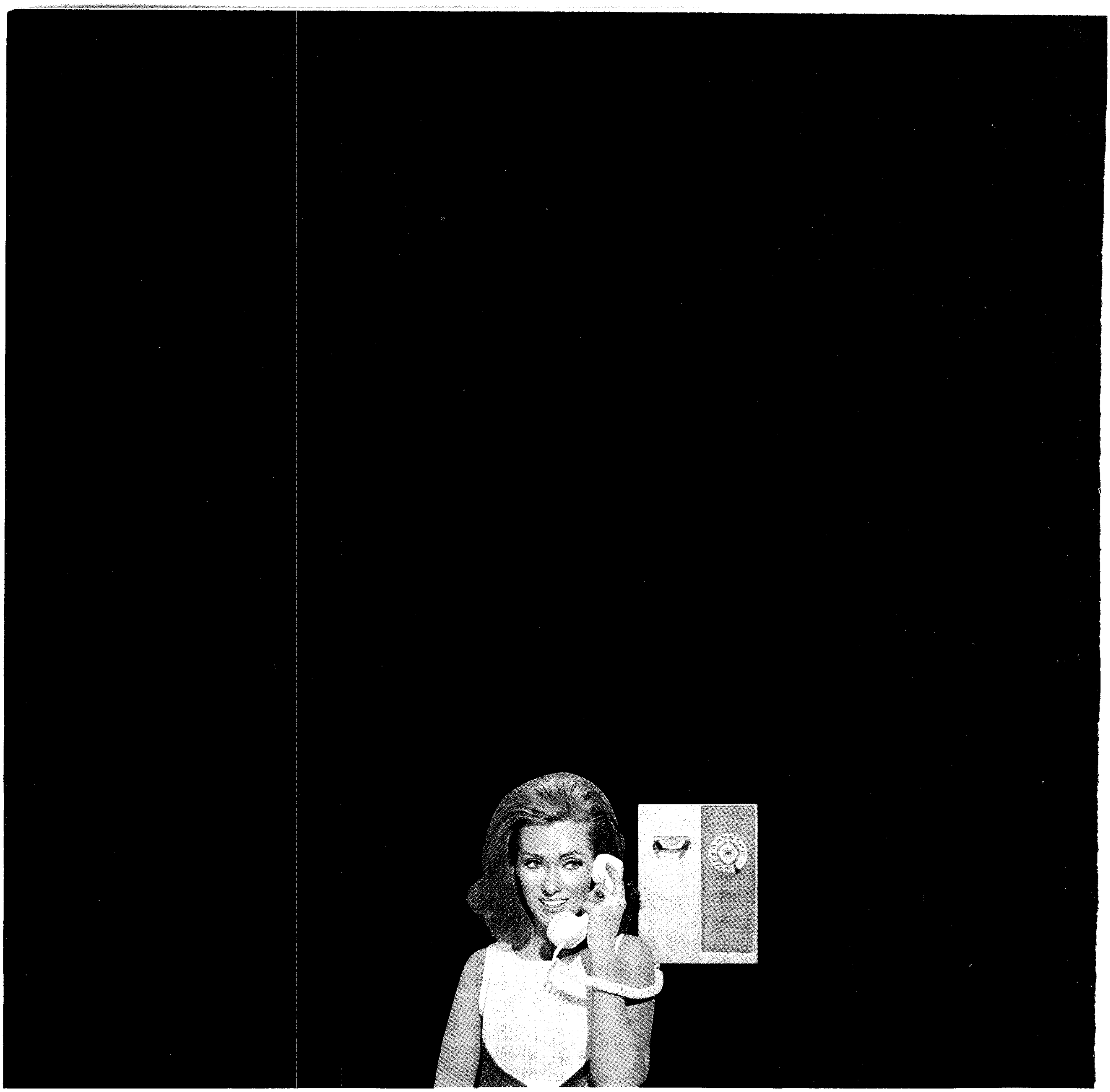

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Congressman Cooper died in 1957), opened hearings on the Forand bill. The lead-off witness was Marion B. Folsom, Mrs. Hobby's successor at H.E.W., who testified that the Eisenhower administration opposed the bill. (It was later divulged that Folsom privately favored the bill, although he was obliged to oppose it publicly.) The reason for the administration's opposition, he explained, could be found in the phenomenal growth of voluntary health insurance. Between 1952 and 1958, he said, the number of people covered by hospitalization policies had risen from ninety-one million to a hundred and twenty-one million; the number covered by surgical-insurance policies had risen from seventy-three million to a hundred and nine million; and the number covered by general medical-insurance policies had risen from thirty-six million to seventy-two million. Because of this astonishing development in the private sector of the economy, Folsom said, it was the administration's view that the government should not interfere. The Secretary's position was endorsed by many other witnesses, among them some spokesmen for the insurance industry, which opposed both the health insurance and the Social Security increase provided for in the Forand bill, on the ground that they would cut into the sale of insurance. E. J. Faulkner, the spokesman for the Health Insurance Association of America, which represented two hundred and sixty-four companies, argued that the cost of the Forand bill—not, he said, $835,000,000 a year, as its proponents predicted, but $2,112,600,000—would put the entire Social Security program in actuarial jeopardy. In any case, he added, elderly people were already well taken care of under private insurance plans. On the question of costs, the Eisenhower administration's own figures indicated that the bill would cost less than a billion dollars a year and that there was no danger of its unbalancing the Social Security budget. As for how well off the elderly were under existing conditions, Cruikshank, appearing for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., cited a survey conducted by the United States Public Health Service in 1956, which indicated that a great many people over sixty-five were not getting much benefit out of the phenomenal growth of voluntary health insurance. "Nearly six million of the aged were living in families whose total incomes were under three thousand dollars, and seven out of ten of these aged persons had no health-insurance protection whatever," he said. "Of the two

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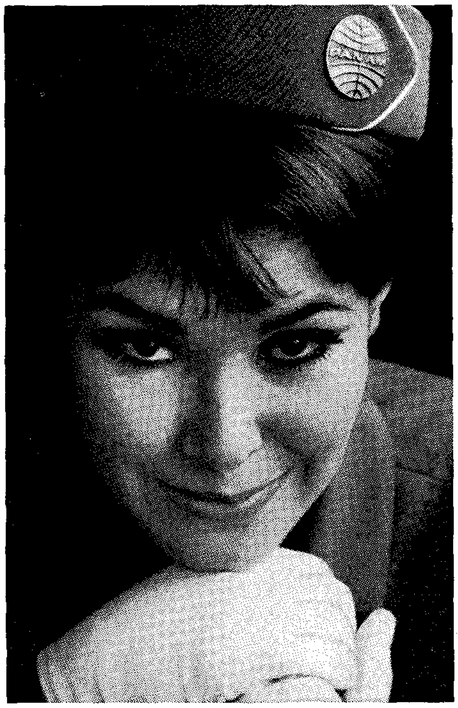

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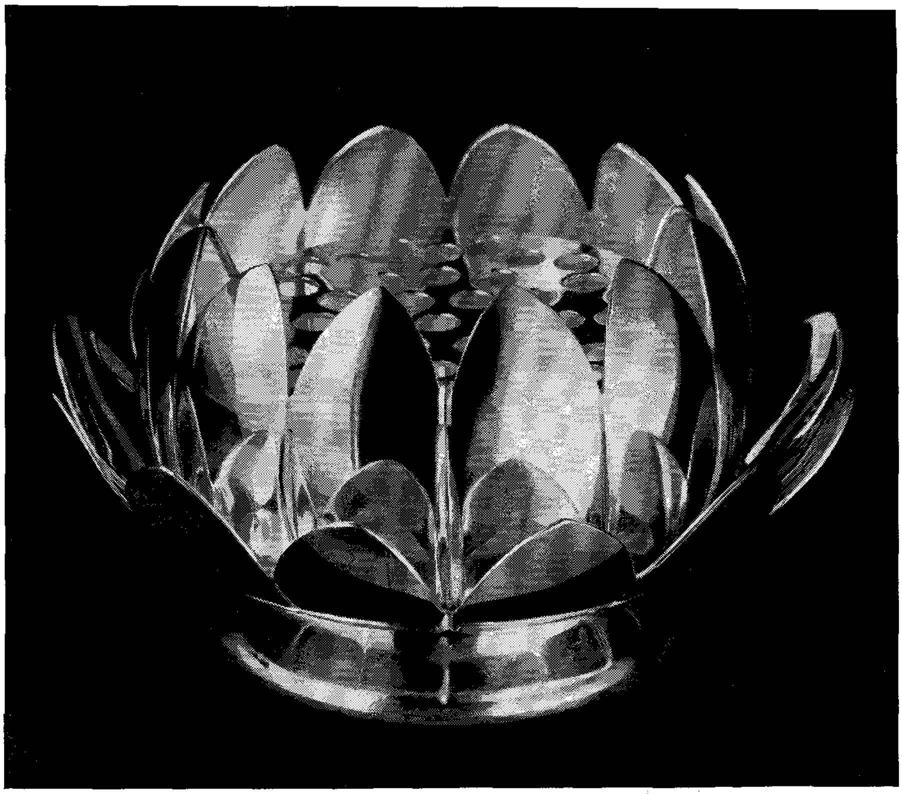

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and four-tenths million aged persons not in families, half had incomes under one thousand dollars, and only one-fifth of this half had any health insurance." Moreover, he testified, the majority of the policies held by older people covered only a small proportion of their medical costs, and more than one company cancelled an elderly holder's policy after his first illness. (In fact, a company sometimes cut it off in the middle of an illness, by simply refusing to renew it when a premium payment fell due.) "We have letter after letter in our files . . . [from] people who carry their insurance and pay their premiums for years and then, after the first spell of illness, after retirement age, the company cancels out," Cruikshank said. Another study he brought up, this one made by the Superintendent of Insurance of New York State, showed that even in those voluntary health-insurance plans that provided the broadest and fullest coverage—group programs under joint industry and union sponsorship—only thirty per cent of the participants were covered after retirement, and most of those who *were* covered then had been obliged to convert their old policies to new ones, usually with very high premiums. Of course, for the almost ten million people over sixty-five who had incomes of less than a thousand dollars a year any cost was likely to be prohibitive. And elderly people with individual policies were far worse off than elderly people with group policies, for of the million and a half men and women of all ages surveyed in the New York study eighty per cent of those who were insured by individual policies had policies that were cancellable after the first claim and nineteen per cent had policies that were noncancellable only up to a certain age—usually sixty. "Only one per cent had protection as permanent and assured as would result from the Forand bill," Cruikshank concluded.

By far the best insurance plans, it appeared from the testimony, were the ones originally offered by Blue Cross and Blue Shield. But these groups, even though they were nonprofit ventures, were hard pressed to go on providing adequate coverage for the elderly. For some years after the two plans got under way, in the thirties, they offered fairly comprehensive coverage at low premiums, but as the members got older and became poorer risks, the premiums had to be raised for everyone participating, in order to cover the additional costs. Commercial insurance companies that set up similar programs for businesses stuck to younger workers, and so were able to compete, premium for premium and benefit for benefit, with Blue Cross and Blue Shield. As a result, the commercial plans siphoned off more and more of the better risks, leaving the sick and the elderly to the non-profit plans. (By the end of 1958, these circumstances had driven Blue Cross forty million dollars into the red.) In many states, Blue Cross and Blue Shield took what seemed to be the only way out: they both raised rates and restricted benefits for the elderly. From this standpoint, the aged were worse off, rather than better off, as a result of the growth of voluntary health insurance. In an article that appeared in the *Reporter* in 1960, Edward T. Chase wrote, "From the actuarial standpoint, most of the aged are simply not insurable on a profit basis or even on a break-even basis."

Although the record that was gradually being built up was expressed largely in rather dry statistical terms, the statistics drew more and more serious attention—in Washington and elsewhere—to the desperate conditions in which millions of old people were living. It was revealed, for example, that one of every four beds in public mental hospitals was occupied by a patient over the age of sixty-five, and that in the opinion of many geriatricians a disturbing number of these elderly patients in mental hospitals were suffering from premature senility induced by a fear of illness and a sense of economic helplessness. In the entire population, it was estimated, half the people with incomes under a thousand dollars a year had illnesses that were not being treated, while only a tenth of the people with incomes over five thousand dollars a year were in that situation. The attitudes of old people who were too poor to pay for regular medical attention and too proud to go to a charity ward—or, perhaps, too ashamed to force their relatives to undergo a financial investigation—were described by an official spokesman of the Community Council of Greater New York, who said, in part, "The elderly in particular cling fiercely to their waning independence on near-starvation incomes and refuse to apply for public assistance. Others with painful disabilities climb four-flight walkups in preference to moving in with a married child or entering a home for the aged." The members of the Ways and Means Committee were told that many of the old people living on the fringes of American society lacked adequate food as well as adequate medical care, and that the United States stood eleventh in

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the world in terms of its citizens' longevity—after Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, West Germany, Iceland, Canada, Israel, Cyprus, and Japan, all of which had some form of government health insurance.

In rebuttal, Dr. Leonard Larson, chairman of the board of the A.M.A., testified that the Forand bill would create a "tremendous and unpredictable drain on the Social Security trust fund," and that it would "legislate the aged into a permanent state of dependency." Representative Forand was more interested in another A.M.A. charge—that his bill amounted to "socialized medicine," a term that the A.M.A. had applied to every public health-insurance proposal for the past quarter of a century—and he asked Dr. Larson for a definition of the words. This exchange followed:

> Dr. Larson. Mr. Forand, I think it is very difficult to define "socialized medicine." I know of nothing in the record of our Association that would spell out what the Association thinks is socialized medicine.
>
> Mr. Forand. Dr. Allman [president of the A.M.A.] labelled my bill "socialized medicine." I would like to know just what you mean by "socialized medicine."
>
> Dr. Larson. He was speaking as the president of the American Medical Association and as an individual, sir.

All in all, the A.M.A. made little attempt to challenge the record that had been built up so far. Dr. Larson was at the witness table for less than half an hour, and none of the other A.M.A. witnesses did much more than ask the committee to accept the A.M.A. view of the bill. "They were invited to appear as expert witnesses, but they displayed no expertise at all," one member of the committee later remarked. "I know that I didn't care for their presentation, and a number of my colleagues didn't, either. We knew there was something in the air—those millions of old people stirring out in our districts—and some of us were sure that sooner or later a bill like this was inevitable. And the members of the committee who didn't like the bill—by far the majority at the time—were looking to the A.M.A. for some help, some way to defend their position back home. I'm afraid they didn't get *anything* except the usual hokum." Much of the material submitted for the record by the A.M.A.'s state societies and individual members was in the form of threats to disobey the law if it was passed and of obvious distortions. Among the dozens of documents filed were a resolution adopted by the Texas Medical Association forbidding its officers to "enter into any contracts or renew any existing contracts which make a governmental organization and the Texas Medical Association parties thereto when the purpose of such contract is the offering of medical care to any group of citizens;" a claim by the Missouri State Medical Association that the bill "would place a tremendous burden on the working public," since "it would hike their taxes for Social Security more than seventy per cent;" a letter from a doctor in Ohio complaining that the measure "would destroy the self-respect of our elderly people;" a letter from a doctor in California stating that his son believed the world owed him a living, and adding his own belief that "something for nothing has already gone too far;" and a speech by an officer of the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons, a militant group whose fifteen thousand members were also members of the A.M.A., telling his associates that "this bill, if passed, will be such a strong endorsement of the philosophy of Social Security, and will fix so firmly upon the American people the shackles of the welfare state, that most of you here in this room will live to see the total and permanent destruction of individual freedom."

No vote was taken on the Forand bill in the Ways and Means Committee in 1958. Forand was well aware that the conservative coalition that dominated the committee would easily prevail, and he wanted to go on building a record and did not want a roll-call defeat to become part of it. The immediate effect of the 1958 hearings was that the A.M.A. raised the budget for its lobbying activities to a quarter of a million dollars—a fivefold increase. And the Association's staff in Chicago soon began to produce and distribute a vast number of press releases, speeches, and pamphlets attacking the Forand bill. One person who was delighted by this onslaught on the bill was its sponsor. "I am indebted to the American Medical Association for publicizing it so well," Forand said. The debt was considerable. Before the A.M.A. went to work, the bill was almost unknown around the country; within a few months it was being widely discussed. Everything the A.M.A. did seemed to stir up a furor. Shortly before the 1958 congressional elections, the Chicago

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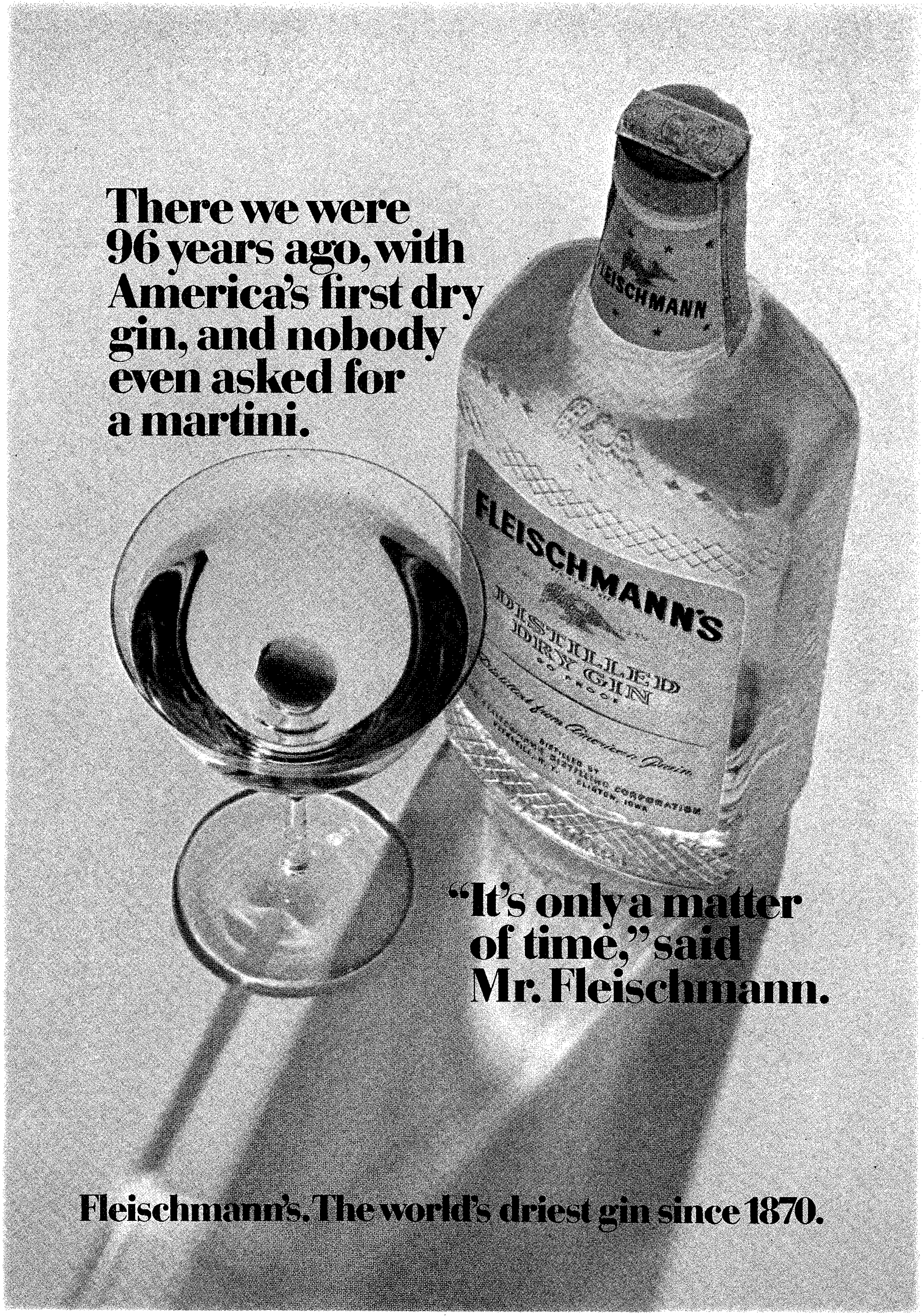
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It is also a luxurious cruising yacht, with generous space for family fun and entertaining.

As a sports fisherman, the roomy (105 sq. ft.) cockpit provides plenty of space for fighting chairs and other fishing gear. For full visibility, there is a standard fly bridge with a complete command station.

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This boat is exceptionally able in rough waters, such as those off Cape Hatteras. With hull contours made possible by molded fiberglass, she handles easily, rides comfortably and stays dry.

The efficient hull shape virtually eliminates pounding, yawing, and broaching.

And the reinforced fiberglass makes it a *safer* boat.

The one-piece molded hull and the resilient quality of fiberglass—stiffened by longitudinal fiberglass stringers and athwartship bulkheads—take the shock of heavy seas better than boats made of other materials.

Space—Space—Space

The success of the Hatteras 41′ Convertible as a fine cruising yacht results from its unusual roominess, as well as its decorator detailing.

Got a tape measure? Let's go. The width of the deck lounge is 11′, the length 14′2″ from the windshield to the sliding door bulkhead opening on the spacious cockpit. Headroom is 6′6″.

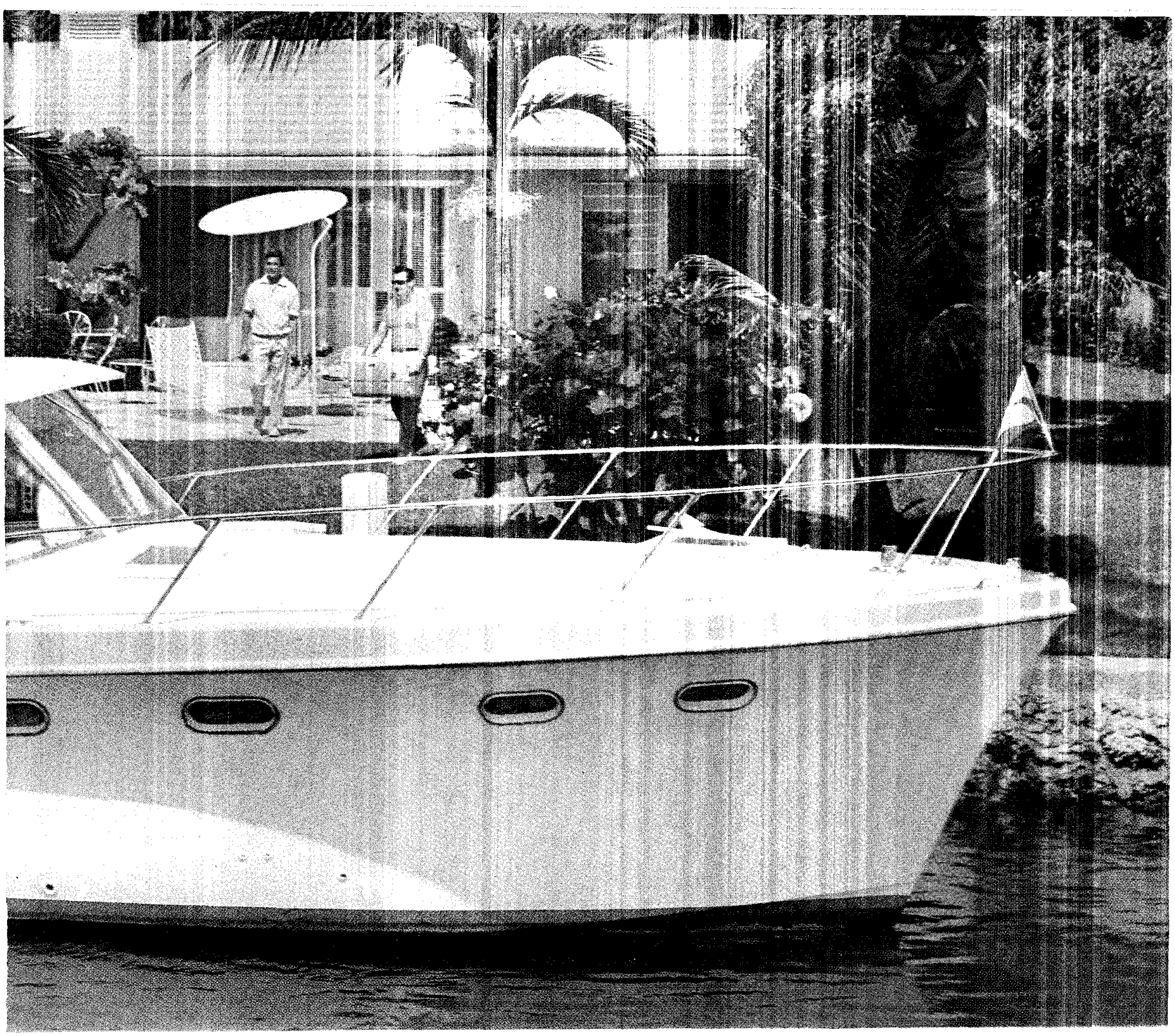
An optional bar and icemaker and an optional stereo tape or record player make this lounge a pleasant center for relaxing and entertaining. There are four 110-volt outlets and two 110-volt light fixtures.

The curved sectional lounge easil converts to a full-size double bed Complete privacy is provided wher the drapes are drawn and the door closed. A 4-drawer end table has 1 cu. ft. of storage space.

Extra space in the galley

The up-to-date galley includes (coun them) 9 sq. ft. of counter space 3-burner electric stove with oven 10 cu. ft. refrigerator, 12 cu. ft. storage space in the counter, and 3 cu. ft in four drawers. Headroom is 6′3″.

An overhead screened hatch permits open-air light and ventilation



t's a sports fisherman and it's a fine yacht.

There are also two bulk lights, a luorescent light, and four 110-volt utlets for appliances.

Extra space in master stateroom

The master bedroom contains two 3″ bunks with mattresses of polyrethane foam. There are 32 cu. ft. f storage space in a large hanging ocker and six drawers.

There's a full-length mirror, too, nd a private entrance to the head.

Two screened portlights and an verhead screened hatch provide atural light and ventilation. There re also two bed lights, and two 110-volt outlets.

Even in the head—space!

The head has 6 cu. ft. of storage space, including linen locker and medicine chest. Vitreous lavatory. Electric toilet. Man-size shower with dome light. Hot and cold water pressure system. Two 110-volt outlets. Screened portlight.

The bow stateroom has two 6′3″ bunks with 12-volt lights over the bunks. 6′4″ headroom. 56 cu. ft. of storage space.

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Designer J. B. Hargrave got the extra space by combining a wide 14′ beam with the advantages of laminated fiberglass construction.

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The one-piece Hatteras fiberglass hull and one-piece fiberglass superstructure reduces maintenance.

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You *should* see this boat. *Husbands:* bring your wives. *Wives:* bring your husbands.

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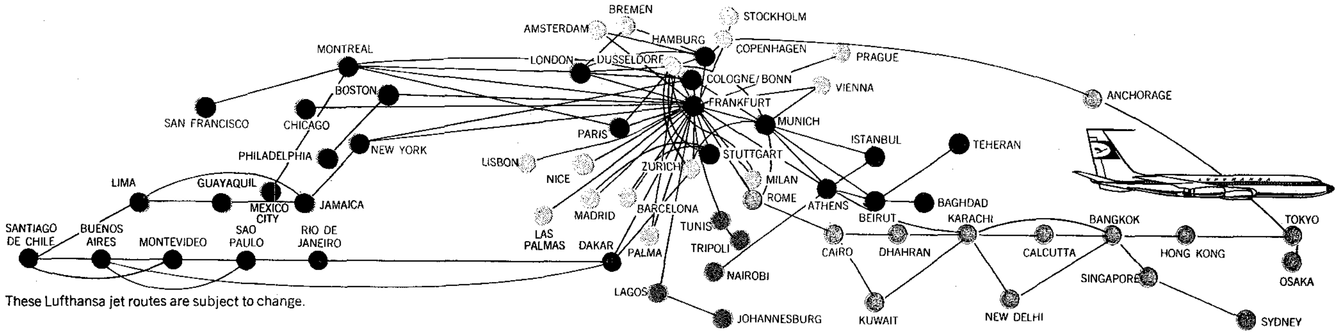
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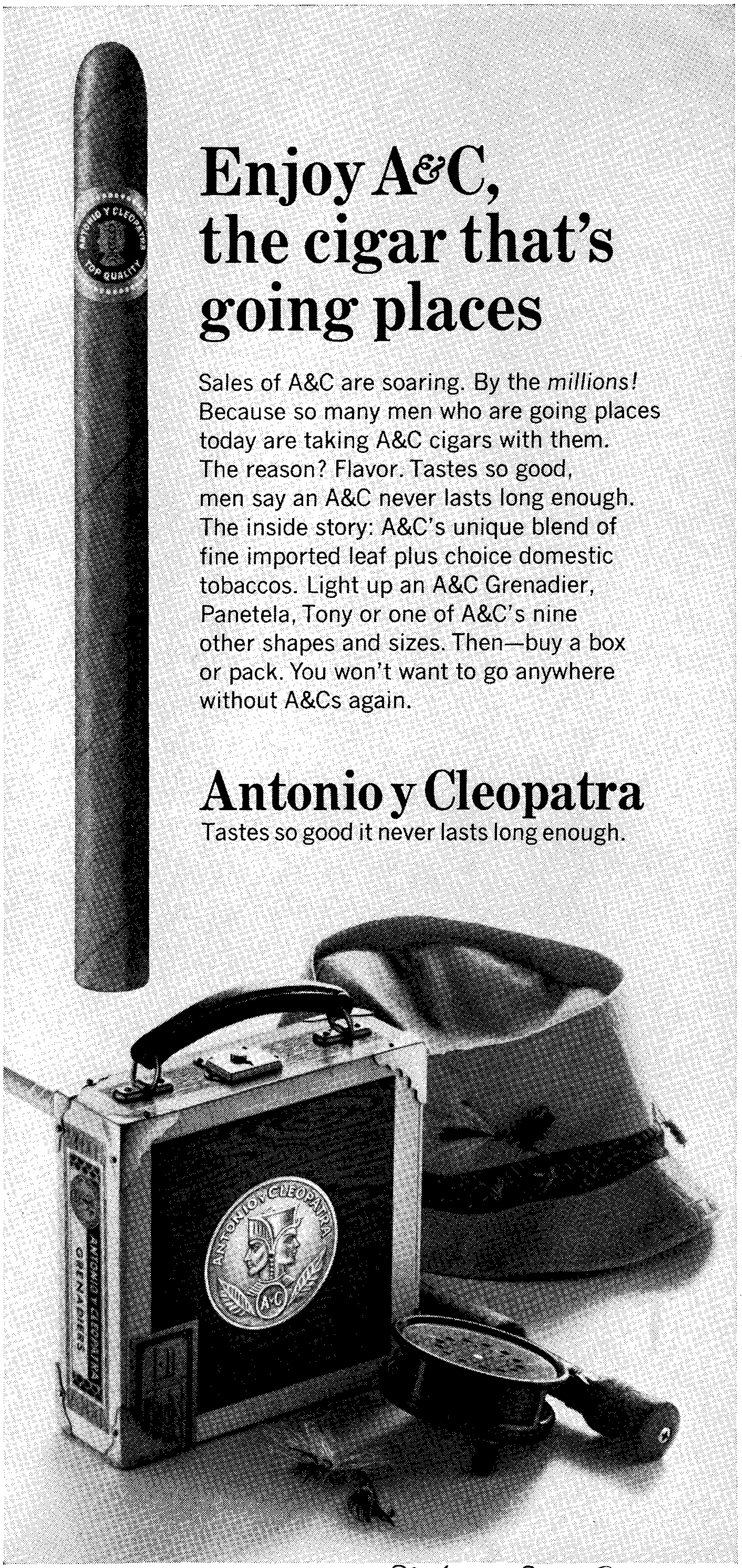
office sent the following confidential questionnaire to the top officers of all state and county medical societies:

1. Who is the person or persons in each ward or county in the congressional district who is most influential with the Congress? List the names, addresses, and business or profession of each.
2. Who is the physician who knows and can work with each of the above?
3. Who are the four or five men in the Congressman's district who really influence him? List their names, addresses, and business or profession.
4. Who are the principal contributors to his campaign?
5. What contacts does the medical profession have with officers or leaders of such organizations as the Blue Cross-Blue Shield, dentists, hospital boards or directors, chambers of commerce, farm bureau and grange? Who are the doctors who can talk to these leaders?
6. Who is the Congressman's personal physician at home and in Washington?
7. What contacts does the medical profession have or who knows the Congressman's top secretariat on his Washington staff?
8. What are the Congressman's hobbies, his favorite charities, boards or organizations, church?
9. What papers in the district supported him in his last campaign? What is their present attitude toward him?
10. What contact does the medical profession have with any or all of these newspapers, either directly with the editors or through other influential citizens or advertisers?
11. How big a factor is labor in the district?
12. Do any of the labor organizations deviate from the national labor organizations and for what reason?
13. How big a factor are old folks in his district?
14. What contact has organized medicine or individual physicians with the Congressman?
15. What is his general attitude?

The questionnaire wasn't confidential for long, and Dr. Larson was asked to comment on its propriety. "The purpose was to find out the feeling of the congressman and to be able to give to him in the most effective way the position of the American Medical Association through his own physician, through the local organization of physicians," he said. "I see nothing wrong in that." Not everyone saw eye to eye with Dr. Larson on the suitability of the methods that had been chosen. An editorial in the *Christian Century*, for example, stated, "Whenever the A.M.A. ceases to be a medical academy and becomes part of the power structure, it can no longer call to its defense the deference, the respect, the affection, and the trust which Americans have traditionally and gladly given to their personal physicians." In the end, the questionnaire served primarily to make members of Congress more wary than they



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had been of pressure from the A.M.A.

The questionnaire had no demonstrable effect on the congressional elections that fall, in which the Democrats gained sixteen seats in the Senate and forty-eight in the House. Since this shift clearly improved the prospects of the Forand bill, the A.M.A.'s House of Delegates was called upon to adopt two defensive measures at a meeting in December. The first was an attempt to encourage the growth of private health-insurance plans, which the A.M.A. had sternly opposed in the past unless they were set up and run by doctors; now a report was presented urging the doctors to look on plans run by laymen with a "judicious, tolerant, and progressive attitude." The delegates set this suggestion aside for study, but a resolution that urged all practicing physicians to lower their fees to the elderly was finally approved, after a good deal of grumbling and wrangling. A number of doctors spoke out against the resolution even after it had been passed; one of them, Dr. Harold J. Peggs, went as far as to write an article on the subject for *Medical Economics* in which he said, "This gesture is not only futile but downright dangerous." One of the main purposes of the meeting was to rally opposition to the Forand bill within the profession, and another purpose, not on the agenda, was to keep any likely heretics within the fold. Afterward, Forand reported that a doctor had told him that instructions had gone out "from headquarters of the A.M.A. to the secretaries of the several state societies to pass the word around to doctors, in an inferential way, telling them that if they should testify in favor of the Forand bill they might be violating the ethics of the profession and subject themselves to sanctions."

While the A.M.A. was busy disentangling itself from difficulties of its own making, the opposing forces seemed to be gaining strength steadily. Congress had taken no action on the Forand bill in 1958, but it had approved an increase in Social Security benefits, and, to pay for them, had raised the taxable wage base under the program from forty-two hundred dollars to forty-eight hundred. Since an increase in both benefits and taxable wage base had been included in Forand's bill, he was now able to concentrate on health insurance for the aged in 1959, and by limiting the coverage provided he was able to reduce the increase in payroll taxes his measure would impose on employees and employers from one-half of one per cent each to one-quarter of one per cent each. In other words,

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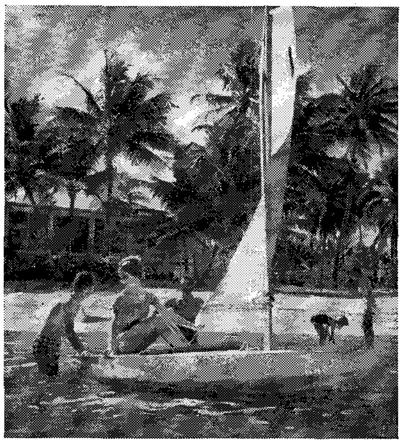

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the maximum deduction that could be made from anyone's pay check under the new Forand bill was twelve dollars a year. One government official who appeared with Folsom when he testified against the Forand bill during the 1958 hearings was Charles I. Schottland, the Commissioner of Social Security. Now, having resigned at the end of that year, he made it clear that he actually favored the bill. "Here is an opportunity through a relatively small payroll tax—a tax which I believe the American people are willing to pay—to finance the program contemplated," he said not long after leaving office.

Schottland's statement was an example of the political disarray on the issue. "The jerseys were so muddied that you couldn't tell who was on which team," one man who was involved has since remarked. The Republican President was opposed to the bill, and so, at that time, were the Democratic leaders in Congress—Sam Rayburn, the Speaker of the House, and Lyndon B. Johnson, the Majority Leader of the Senate—while the Democratic Advisory Council, whose members included former President Truman and Adlai Stevenson, came out for the bill. Probably nothing could better illustrate the confusion than a report on the subject of hospitalization insurance for Social Security beneficiaries that was released by H.E.W. in the spring of 1959. Signed by the new Secretary, Arthur Flemming, the report presented the arguments against the Forand bill and then went on to cite a succession of facts and figures that added up to what looked like a compelling argument for it. (It was later divulged that Flemming, like Folsom, privately favored the bill, although he was obliged to oppose it publicly.) Among the new statistics that the H.E.W. report added to the record were the results of a survey that had recently been conducted by the Social Security Administration. This revealed that at that time three-fifths of all the people in the United States over the age of sixty-five had less than a thousand dollars a year in income, while another fifth had between one thousand and two thousand. Of the couples who lived alone in their own homes—the best off among the elderly—nearly half had incomes of less than two thousand dollars a year, and half the elderly who were single and were living alone outside institutions had incomes of less than nine hundred dollars a year. Citing a survey conducted by the Federal Reserve Board not long before, the H.E.W. report pointed out that close to half of all families headed by someone over sixty-five had total assets of less than five hundred dollars. Even so, it went on, "the typical retired couple did not receive income from public assistance, nor did relatives outside the household contribute money to their support." The self-reliance of the old people who were studied appeared still more remarkable in the light of another fact the report disclosed—that the median income of Social Security beneficiaries who were married came to $2,190 a year per couple (including all outside income), or forty-two dollars a week. Moreover, only three per cent of these married beneficiaries had no medical expenses during the survey year; nine per cent had expenses running to better than eight hundred dollars; and over fifty per cent had expenses ranging from one hundred to eight hundred dollars. "Relatively few—14 per cent of the couples and 9 per cent of the nonmarried beneficiaries—had any of their expenses covered by insurance," the report stated. The report drew no conclusions from all this, but it left no doubt that about all that an elderly person faced with heavy medical expenses could do after he had exhausted his savings (which, since he was no longer employed, could never be replenished), and perhaps sold his home (only to start paying rent, which would further reduce his assets), was to go on welfare (at a considerable cost to the community, to say nothing of his own pride). There was, of course, one other course open to him: he could put off getting any medical care at all until it was absolutely unavoidable—or too late.

ON August 19, 1958, Senator Kennedy rose on the floor of the Senate to deliver a speech entitled "A Bill of Rights for Our Elder Citizens," which outlined a program for dealing with the most pressing needs of the aged, including employment, housing, recreation, increases in Social Security benefits, and medical care. A few days later, Reidy, who hadn't given up hope of getting a subcommittee on the aging started, had a talk with Ralph Dungan, who was then Kennedy's assistant on the staff of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee. (He is now Ambassador to Chile.) As Reidy explained his idea of setting up a new subcommittee, Dungan became enthusiastic about it, and from then on he was, as one of his associates has put it, "the senior-citizen man in the Kennedy camp." And by

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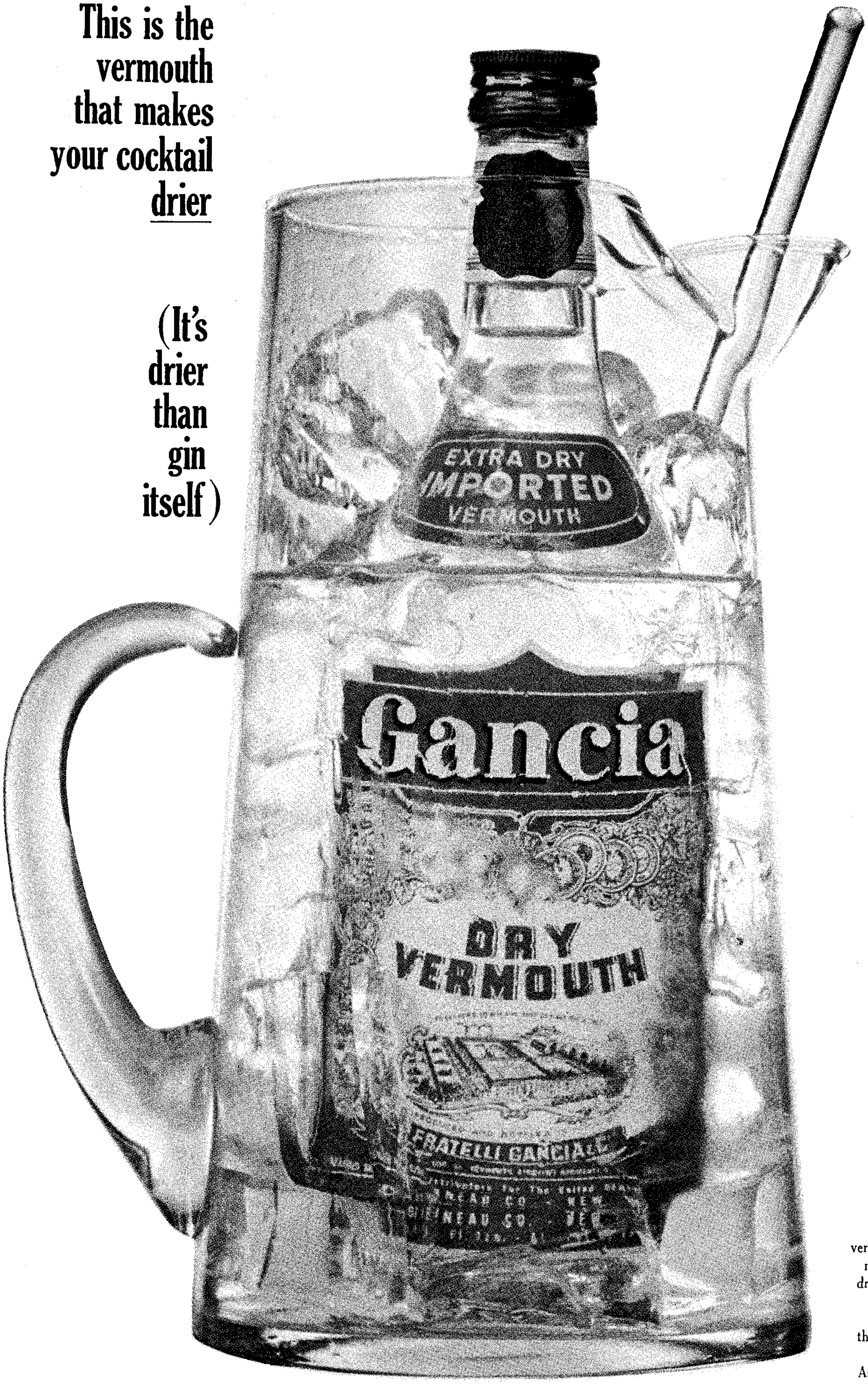
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this time, it appeared, Sorensen had come around. Myer Feldman, who was an important figure on Kennedy's staff both in the Senate and in the White House, recalled not long ago, "Sorensen and I worked long and hard on this entire problem throughout 1958. Wilbur Cohen frequently flew in from Michigan so that we could discuss things in detail, and he and I spent many hours, many nights, trying to set up a realistic program. Senator Kennedy was interested in the subject because of the growing number of older people in the population. He felt that Eisenhower had ignored many grave social problems, and that this was one of the gravest. Anyway, we discussed it off and on most of that year, mainly in terms of its social and political impact. We knew it was a big issue and getting bigger every month, and we felt that it could have a very great effect on the outcome of the Presidential election in 1960."

In the fall of 1958, Kennedy was devoting nearly all his attention to getting reëlected to the Senate. But a few weeks after the election, he sent a letter to Senator Hill requesting that a subcommittee on the aging be set up by the Labor and Public Welfare Committee and that he be made its chairman. As it happened, Hill had received a similar request a few days earlier from Senator Pat McNamara, of Michigan, and since that request was first, Hill decided that it should be given preference. He submitted a resolution to the Senate when it reconvened in January, and, on February 6, 1959, he was authorized to set up a Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging. McNamara was up for reëlection the following year and was eager to get publicity. His appointment as chairman of the new subcommittee provided a handy forum, and he at once collected a small staff and made arrangements for a series of hearings to be held in the coming summer and fall.

Alarmed by these developments, the A.M.A. adopted a new theme—the old people's cause had been taken up by a few cheap politicians and labor leaders whose only motive was to secure their own positions, and there were really *no* problems of the elderly that could not be handled through existing welfare mechanisms. Around this time, Dr. Edward Annis, a surgeon from Miami, became the A.M.A.'s chief spokesman on public issues. A resourceful debater with a startling ability to produce unanswerable statistics on the spot, Dr. Annis refused to debate other doctors, and insisted on having labor

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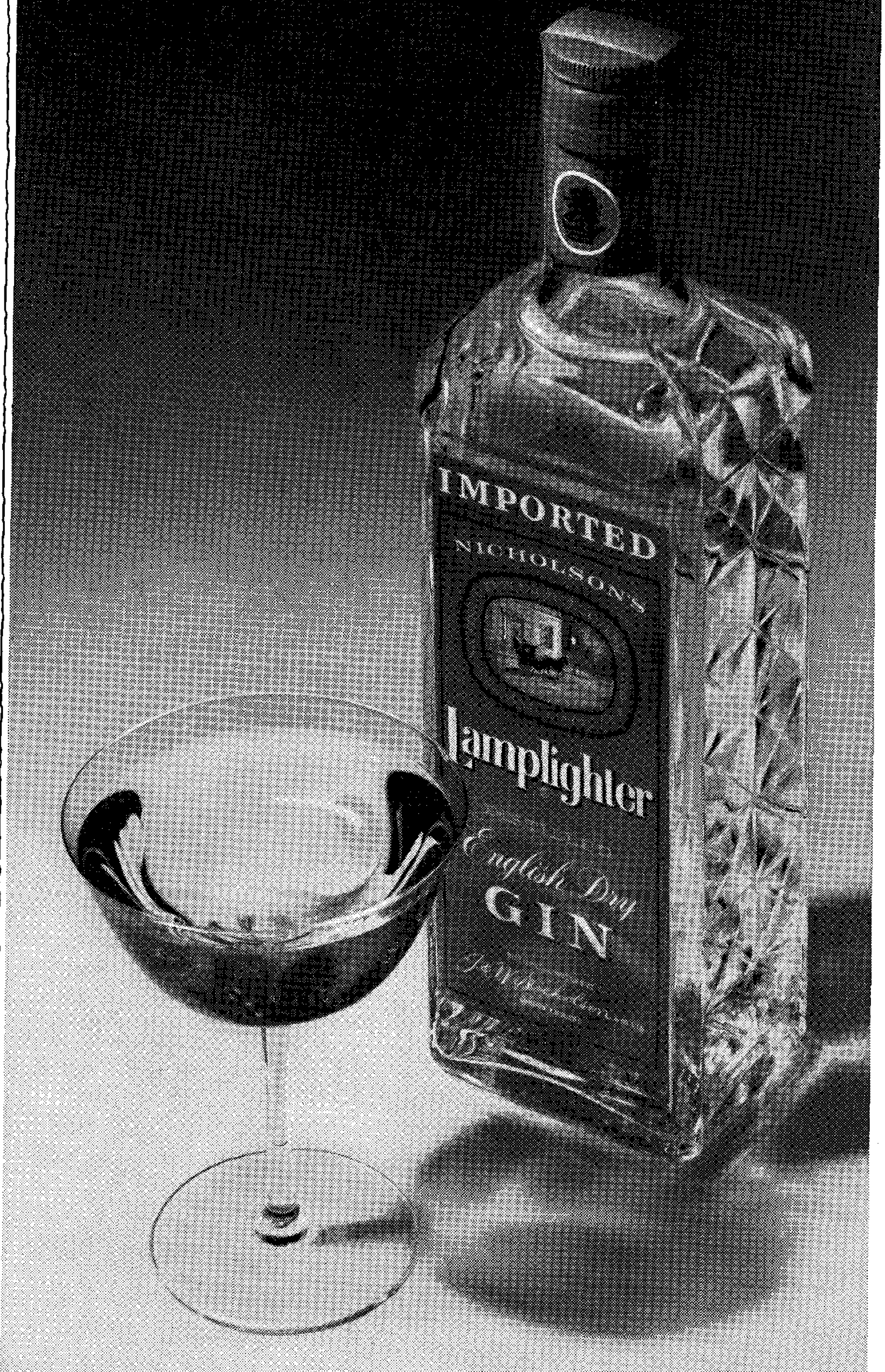

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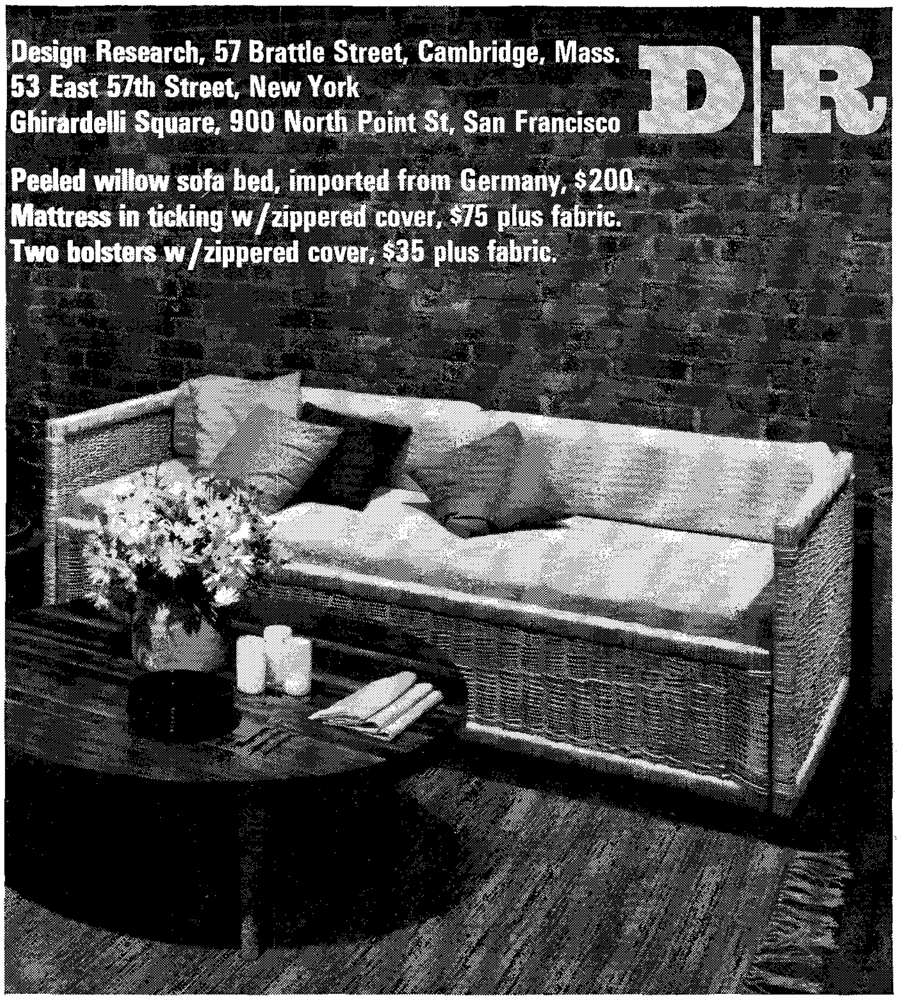

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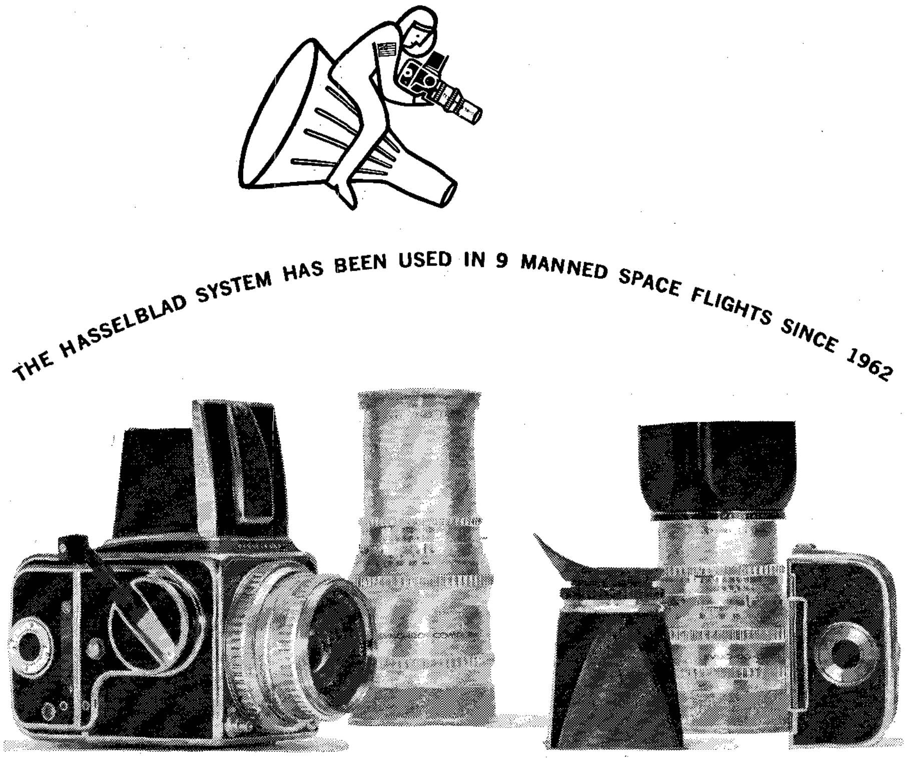
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leaders or their friends in Congress as his opponents. This strategy met with some success, for the labor movement had become tainted in many people's minds as a result of revelations of corruption in certain unions. (The Teamsters, led by James Hoffa, had recently been expelled from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.) But the A.M.A.'s primary method of attempting to win support for its views was the old familiar one of lobbying. Over the years, it seemed, the Association had become so thoroughly convinced that politicians understood nothing but pressure that it had come to understand nothing else itself.

By and large, the pressure that is exerted most effectively on members of Congress is exerted indirectly. It is thought to be rare for anyone to bribe a member outright. For favors done at the time of a crucial vote, a grateful lobbyist may arrange for a member to lecture before his clients for an inflated fee, but even cases of this sort are believed to be uncommon. An experienced lobbyist won't make any attempt to approach a member who disagrees with him. Any direct pressure on a man who has openly made his stand known is likely to bring what every lobbyist fears most—denunciation on the floor of the Senate or the House and a demand for an official investigation; that alone is enough to put the most influential lobbyist out of business overnight. For the most part, then, lobbyists concentrate on members who are already sympathetic to their views or who are undecided. In these cases, the approach varies. Probably the most common method is to contribute to a man's campaign, or perhaps to lend him the assistance of a couple of public-relations men for a month or two before election time. Off and on in the course of a year, lobbyists write speeches or do research in their field for friendly members. Or they keep their eyes open and warn a legislator about new problems that have come up back home or elsewhere in the government. The most direct pressure they are likely to use, and then only on an important issue, is to persuade a number of the legislator's constituents to flood him with letters, telegrams, and telephone calls. Even then, the lobbyists will do their best to make it appear that the campaign began spontaneously or that someone else was responsible for it.

In the end, a lobbyist's most effective technique is the simplest and most obvious—making a friend of a legislator. "Psychological pressures are far sounder than financial or political pressures," one highly successful lobbyist said recently in the course of describing this technique. "I spend by far the largest part of my time on personal attention. Say, for example, that I'm talking to a senator who is a member of a key committee and I notice that he's coming down with a cold. Well, after I leave I stop off at the nearest drugstore and send a messenger with a bottle of cold tablets to him. Who could accuse me of trying to buy anyone with a dollar's worth of cold tablets? But it's remembered. It's thoughtful. Or say one of his staffers is leaving to take another job back home. I hear about it, and the next time I see the senator I mention what a good egg this fellow is and that I'd like to give him a nice sendoff. How about if I bring a pile of steaks and a case of Scotch to the senator's house and we all have a cookout? After all, the man is leaving, so how could it be considered pressure? But it's another thoughtful act. Take an example that happened some time back. I had been building up a relationship with a congressman who's very important to my people, and one day when I was in his office chatting about this and that, he reminded his secretary to clip the foreign stamps off his mail. 'My boy is crazy about stamps,' he told me. A couple of weeks later, I sent the kid some special issues I happened to run across. They only cost five dollars, but that gift was a lot more useful than handing the father a thousand dollars. First of all, if I tried that, he'd probably throw me out. And even if he didn't, he'd be bound to feel guilty and avoid me. But with five dollars' worth of stamps he's grateful and is happy to see me. Besides, later on I can ask 'How is your boy doing with his stamp collection?' as a reminder. I couldn't very well ask 'How are you doing with that thousand bucks?' Slowly, slowly, we become friends, and before long I can come and go at will. If I'm careful, he'll never even realize what's happened. One time, I was standing out in the corridor with a senator I'd become friendly with when a lobbyist for another outfit went by. The senator didn't like him, and when the man was out of earshot he turned to me and said, 'Another lousy lobbyist!' He'd forgotten that I was one, too."

According to several members of Congress who have been on the receiving end, opponents of Medicare have employed all the usual tactics at one time or another. A couple of years ago, one member of the House was overheard saying that a representative of his state's medical society had approached his assistant and offered to make a cam-

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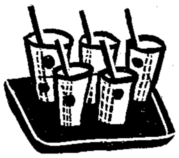
paign contribution of ten thousand dollars if the congressman would come out publicly against government health insurance. "That's a good bit of money, especially when I'm not even on Ways and Means," he said. "And a colleague of mine who isn't on the committee, either, but has a few years' seniority on me in the House told me he was offered twenty thousand."

Since the end of the Second World War, organized medicine has been increasingly active at election time. In 1950—which the A.M.A., but no one else, considered a crucial year in the contest over national health insurance—the medical profession spent several million dollars to unseat its opponents in Congress, with very modest results. Of course, the A.M.A. also relies on more subtle methods of persuasion. In an article that appeared in *Medical World News* a couple of years ago, James Foristel, one of the A.M.A.'s Washington lobbyists, was quoted as saying, "We make friends doing little favors. I may help a congressman write a speech. Another may want to know how to get his son into medical school. I tell him how. Still another needs advice on getting his sick wife into a hospital, and I help." Foristel's efforts have not gone unrewarded. "A good example of the kind of attention that pays off," the article went on, "is the experience of Rep. Thomas B. Curtis (R-Mo), one of the A.M.A.'s most powerful allies on the Ways and Means Committee. When he first came to Washington in 1951, his long-time friend, Foristel, temporarily dropped his A.M.A. duties to help him set up his office and get off to a good start. Rep. Curtis has been grateful ever since." For its most effective lobbying, however, the A.M.A. has relied on its two hundred thousand members, who have not only unique prestige in their home communities but a unique opportunity to make their views known among the two and a half million patients they see on an average day.



BY the summer of 1959, the A.M.A. had finally come to see that the Forand bill constituted a real threat. When it was announced, late in June, that the Ways and Means Committee would hold another round of hearings on the measure in July, the Chicago office at once sent each of the Association's members a letter headed "Legislative Alert," which was signed by Dr. Louis M. Orr, the current president. "As you know," Dr. Orr wrote, "this legislation would establish a dangerous and gravely harmful precedent that would undermine the patient-physician relationship and would open the doors to the eventual socialization of medicine." It was urgent, he continued, that each doctor write, wire, or telephone his congressman and Chairman Mills, and get his friends to do the same. Later on, he informed the doctors, they would be given "detailed reasons why [the bill] would be harmful to the nation and to the practice of good medicine." The A.M.A. also alerted each state medical society and asked for local support. A typical response was an "Emergency Legislative Bulletin" that the California Medical Association sent to its members. Describing the Forand bill as "another socialized medicine scheme," the bulletin went on to say that it was to be "financed by a large increase in Social Security taxes." Since physicians, at their own insistence, were not included in the Social Security program, it was clearly not direct self-interest that prompted the California Medical Association's concern about the "large increase"—of twelve dollars a year at most for salaried workers—in other people's taxes. But a surprisingly frank expression of self-interest was to be found in the bulletin's assertion—an incorrect one—that the Forand bill would allow the government to "establish the schedule of fees under which doctors will be required to practice."

Secretary Flemming was the first witness at the 1959 hearings. Looking rather uncomfortable, he acknowledged that a problem existed but said that the administration did not feel the Forand bill was an appropriate remedy. Taking the same position that Folsom had taken the year before, he declared that voluntary health insurance should be given a chance. Schottland, the former Commissioner of Social Security, hotly disputed this view. "There is no question in my mind that voluntary insurance can make an even bigger contribution . . . and that it will continue to do so," he testified. "There is also no question in my mind that it cannot be the answer to the total problem of medical care for the aged." Cruikshank was on hand to support this point with some additional facts for the record. He said that the introduction of the Forand bill had frightened the insurance industry to such an extent that some companies had come out with health-insurance policies for the elderly, and he cited as an example a plan of-

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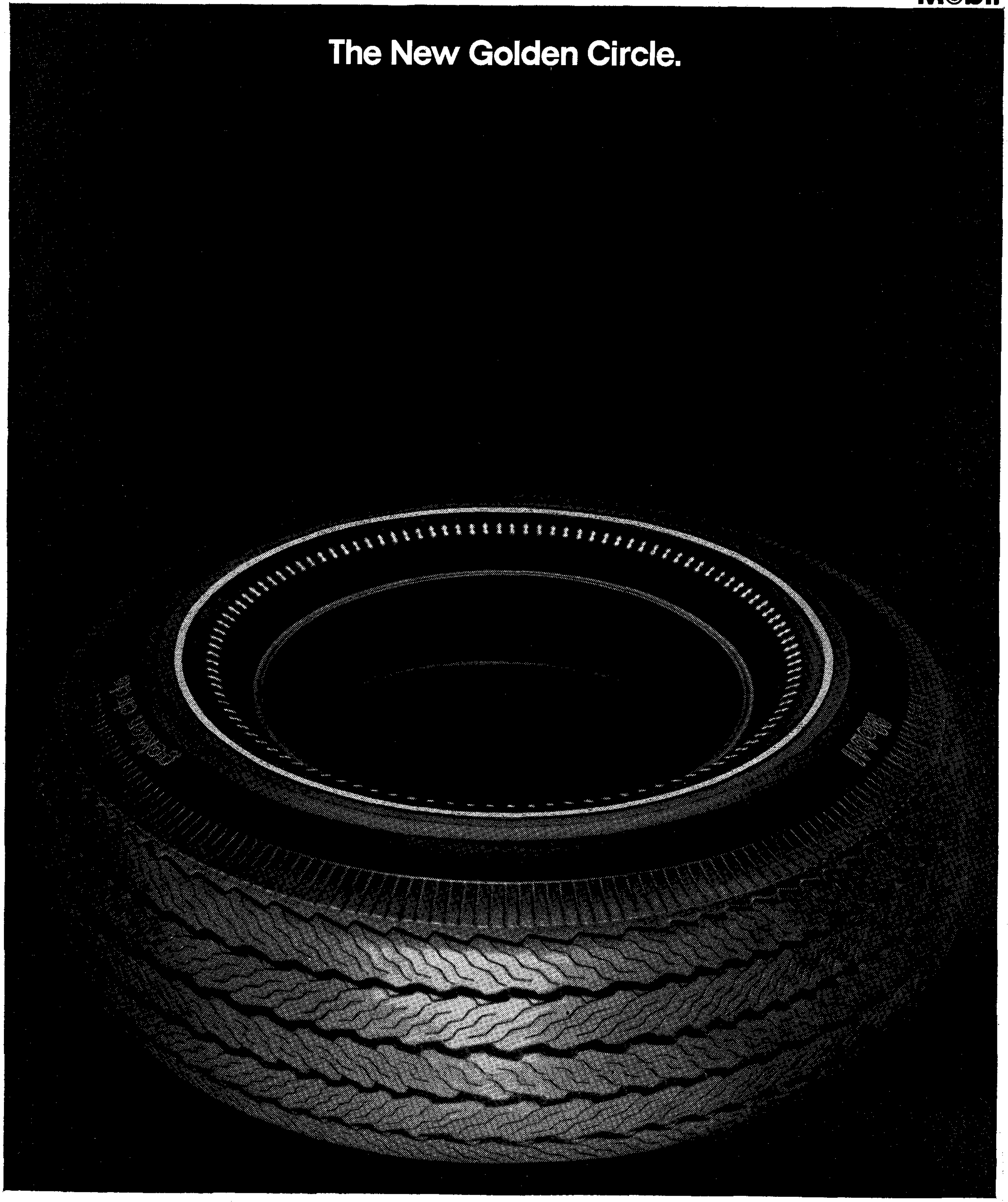

fered by Continental Casualty, which, he said, had "flooded the airwaves and newspapers with advertising of a sixty-five-plus policy." Its benefits, he went on, included a maximum allowance for hospital room-and-board charges of ten dollars a day (the going rate was about twenty dollars), a maximum of thirty-one days of hospitalization in any one year, a maximum payment of a hundred dollars for hospital "extras" (which could often equal room-and-board costs), and no provision for nursing-home care. "The vast bulk of health expenditure is not covered at all by this insurance," Cruikshank said.

Once again, Dr. Larson appeared for the A.M.A. He said that "since 1900 better medical care has increased the life expectancy of the average American by 20.5 years," and he argued that since American doctors had created the problem, they were the ones to solve it. Other witnesses pointed out that a number of factors had been responsible for the increased life expectancy, including shorter working hours, earlier retirement, improved sanitation, better food, and the kind of prosperity that made it possible for more people to afford a doctor, not to mention the effectiveness of new drugs and medical techniques that had been developed abroad or by doctors in this country working with public funds. Another physician to testify against the bill was Dr. Milford O. Rouse, of Dallas, who was at that time the vice-speaker of the A.M.A.'s House of Delegates. (He will take office as the Association's president in 1967.) Dr. Rouse, appearing on behalf of the Texas Medical Association and—so he claimed—"the overwhelming majority of fellow Texans," talked at some length about a study of voluntary health insurance that his state's medical society had made the year before. "They reported for one thing that there were no bona-fide instances of anyone suffering from lack of proper medical care in our good state," he testified. What this statement actually meant was that no one had had to go without a doctor provided he was willing to become a charity case. Some witnesses testified that even charity care was hard to get in some parts of the country. Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, said that in many areas welfare applicants had to be able to prove they had been residents for as long as five years. Once that was established, they had to prove they were paupers. If they weren't and still wanted help, the welfare authorities

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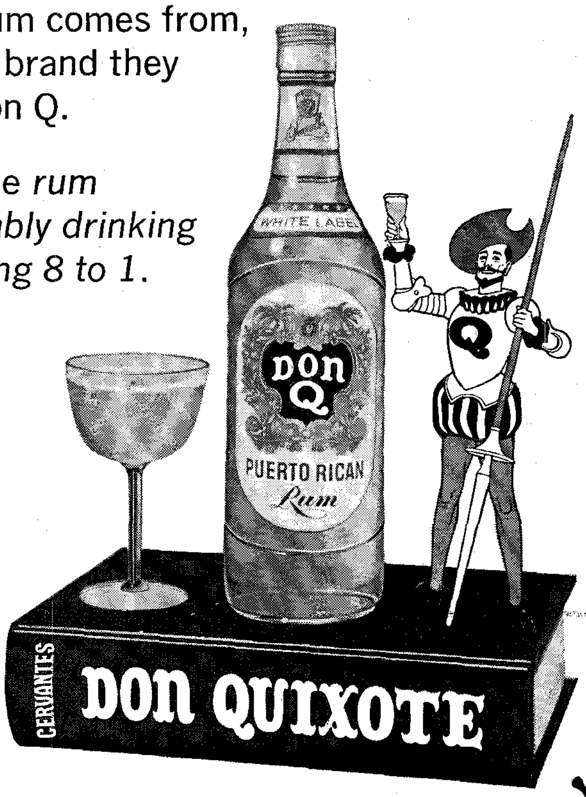

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effectively pauperized them by refusing to give any help until they had disposed of all their assets. When all those requirements had been met, Reuther went on, medical care was often given "grudgingly and under conditions which make it extremely difficult for a self-respecting person, with a lifetime record of independence, to accept help." Those who went ahead anyway, he said, were likely to find that the care they finally got was second-rate, if not worse. "While some advances have been made in the provision of charity medicine in a way that does not offend the patient," he testified, "the unrelenting struggles of harassed personnel with heavy case loads, insufficient staffs, and inadequate budgets, too often lead to an inescapable erosion of medical standards and a common disregard of the sensibilities of the sick."

A point that didn't come up in the hearings but was later noted by some of those who took part in them was that the A.M.A.'s position on charity medicine seemed to contradict at least two of its other positions—on the importance of what it likes to call "the sacred doctor-patient relationship" and on the importance of the patient's right to choose his own doctor. The A.M.A. could hardly have been unaware that in most charity wards patients were treated by any doctor who happened to be on duty (very often an interne) or that in many institutions there was no guarantee that they would see the same doctor twice—two circumstances that made it difficult for a patient to establish a relationship with a doctor and impossible for him to choose the one he preferred. According to Miss Lisbeth Bamberger, who was Cruikshank's chief assistant in the unions' fight for Medicare, the only explanation for this contradiction was that the A.M.A. made basic class distinctions. "It has one set of standards for those who can pay their bills, and another set for those who can't," she said recently.

In any event, Dr. Rouse's suggestion that proper medical care was universally available was questioned by some of his colleagues—most explicitly by Dr. Frank F. Furstenberg, medical director of the outpatient department of Sinai Hospital, in Baltimore, where he was in charge of charity patients. Dr. Furstenberg testified:

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Jan. 7, 1967 *Franconia,* 9 days, $200 up.
Jan. 10, 1967 *Carmania,* 12 days, $310 up.
Jan. 18, 1967 *Franconia,* 11 days, $275 up.
Jan. 24, 1967 *Carmania,* 12 days, $310 up.
Jan. 30, 1967 *Franconia,* 13 days, $340 up.
Feb. 7, 1967 *Carmania,* 17 days, $485 up.
Feb. 13, 1967 *Franconia,* 15 days, $430 up.
Feb. 25, 1967 *Carmania,* 15 days, $430 up.
Mar. 2, 1967 *Franconia,* 14 days, $400 up.
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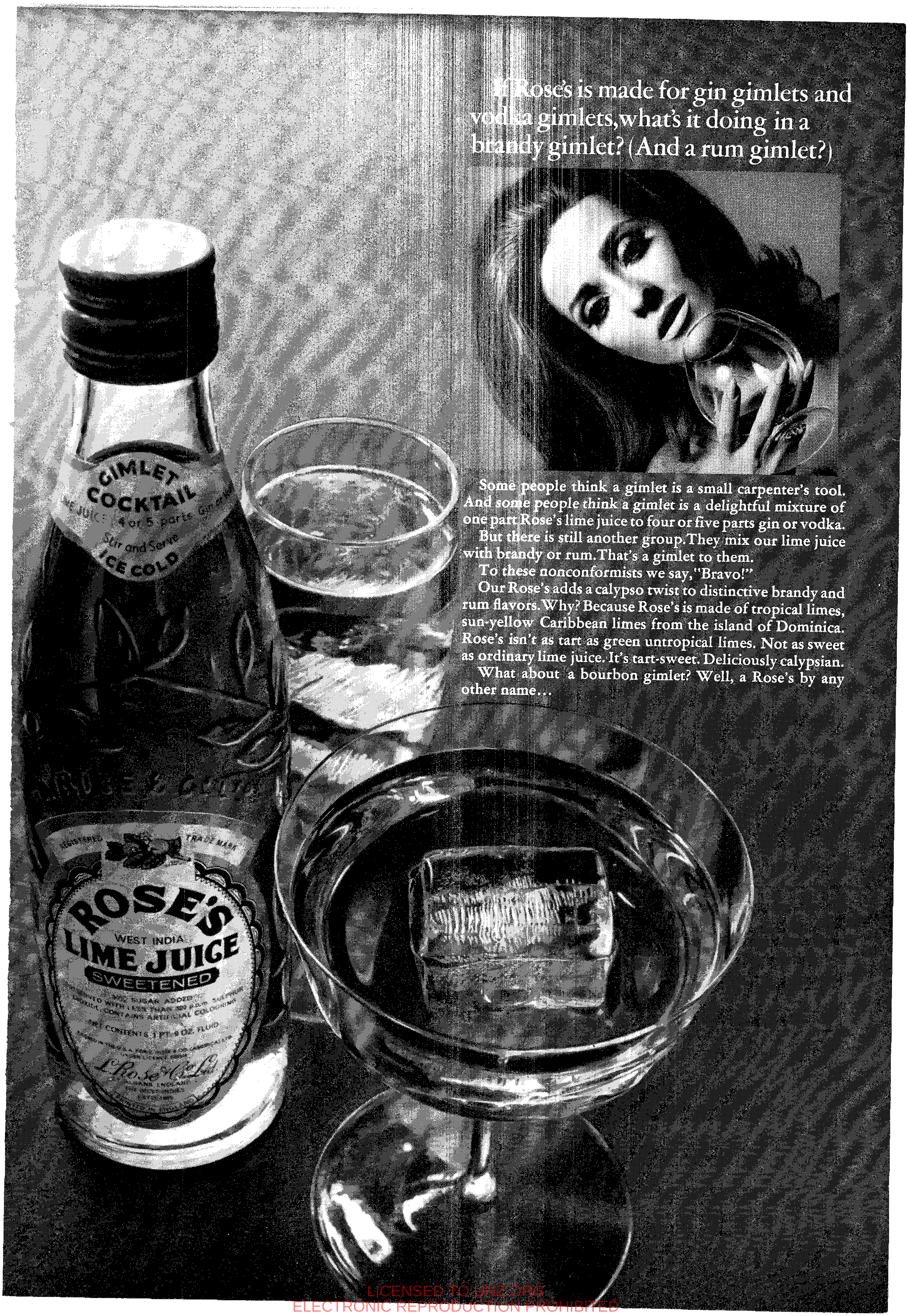
there are no questions asked. But suppose the person comes in with hypertension and incipient failure, and it looks as though he needs medical care and he is a transient or he is indigent. There are many hospitals that will not take care of such patients until they establish eligibility, go through a means test so that the hospital can collect.

The second round of hearings, like the first, produced no legislation but made weighty additions to the record. More and more people, in government and out, were becoming aware of the magnitude and significance of the problem of adequate medical care for the aged. Even so, one A.M.A. official, running true to form, remarked shortly after the hearings ended that most of the problem would be solved if only people didn't retire so early.

"A REVOLUTION of rising expectations is in progress in the field of health and medical care," the Joint Economic Committee of Congress reported in the fall of 1959. "Widespread concern about the chronic and degenerative health problems of the aging reflects an awareness of the human and social costs imposed by increases in the older age groups of the American population." Perhaps the most striking example of that concern was the reaction to Senator McNamara's hearings, which were held first in Washington and then in a number of other cities across the country that summer and fall. Reporters in Washington give only cursory attention to most congressional hearings, which tend to be as dull as they are numerous. As a result, the Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging didn't get much coverage when it held hearings in the capital to take testimony from federal officials, representatives of national organizations, and various health and social-welfare authorities. But when the show went on the road, it got far more attention from reporters in the cities where public hearings were held—Boston, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Charleston, Grand Rapids, Miami, and Detroit. "We knew we had a popular issue, but we didn't realize it would be *that* popular," one of McNamara's staff men recalled later. "The Senator's policy in conducting the hearings was unique, as far as I know. After listening to the experts on both sides, he simply opened up the microphone to anyone in the room who wanted to have his say. Well, the old folks lined up by the dozen everyplace we went. And they didn't talk much about housing or recreational centers or retirement problems or part-time work. They talked about medical care. For the first time, we had these people telling what life was like for them—and letting us know that they were more than a lot of statistics. The upshot was that the hearings got headlines and front-page stories everyplace we went. This gave the movement its first big push forward on the national scene."

In February, 1960, McNamara submitted a report on the hearings to the Senate. Its first recommendation was that the Social Security program be expanded at once "to include health service benefits for all persons eligible" under it. Two Republican members of the subcommittee, Senators Everett McKinley Dirksen and Barry Goldwater, didn't agree with this recommendation, and they submitted a minority report in which they said, among other things, that "the problems of older Americans are basically no different from those of other citizens." Dr. Orr, of the A.M.A., went further. "This is a politically inspired committee," he told the press, and he added that in the course of the hearings "observers heard little support expressed by the older citizens." The printed transcript of the hearings did not bear out Dr. Orr's statement. Besides those elderly citizens who had stood up to speak for themselves as individuals, quite a few representatives of organized groups had appeared. One of them, the president of the Los Angeles County Senior Citizens Association, which at the time had twenty-three thousand members, stated, "Doctors will tell you that if senior citizens apply, they will give them charity. Now, our senior citizens are independent people. They have a heritage of independence. They do not like to ask for charity. We consider a federal medical-care program the only solution for us on low income." A representative of the Council for the Aging of Springfield, Massachusetts, noted that many old people lived in constant fear that they would get sick and not be able to take care of themselves, and he continued, "A guarantee from Congress that we might retain our independence and not be placed on the charity rolls when our health fails and there is a large drain on our savings would take a lot of worry off the minds of many useful retired citizens." As an illustration of how disturbing this kind of worry could be, a doctor from California read the subcommittee part of a note written by a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man when he and his wife decided to kill themselves:

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A few days after McNamara released his report, some members of the House of Representatives received a list of the doctors in their districts, along with a covering letter from the A.M.A. explaining that the list would enable them to "keep in touch with these physician constituents." The A.M.A.'s friends in Congress were embarrassed, and its enemies were outraged; one of the latter asserted that this was "the most brazen attempt at intimidation I've ever experienced." An even clumsier gesture on the part of the medical profession was made a couple of weeks later when the Chicago Medical Society held a meeting at the Palmer House. Among its "scientific exhibits" was a barker in formal dress and false whiskers standing next to a cash register labelled "Public Till," beside which was prominently displayed a copy of Marx's "Capital." While distributing gold-covered candy coins, the barker chanted, "Step right up and hear about the Forand bill, yes, F-o-r-a-n-d. Don't forget the name, he won't forget you. . . . It's the bill to provide free medical care, free everything, and payola for the U.S. government. . . . Yes, sir, the Forand bill gives you freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom from freedom." A sign near the exhibit warned doctors that under the bill the government would "take away your older patients and their dependents unless you sign up." When a couple of photographers tried to take pictures of the exhibit, they were forcibly escorted from the hotel by some of the doctors, who explained to reporters outside that the intruders had been sent in by the Communists.

In March, 1960, the Eisenhower administration and the Republican leaders in Congress announced that they were agreed in opposing any health-insurance legislation that was financed through Social Security. "The question of federal aid for medical care of the aged is fast emerging as the most politically significant domestic issue of the election year," Edward T. Chase commented in the *Reporter* not long

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afterward. "The determination of our next President may be profoundly affected by the debate." One person who was without doubt profoundly affected was Vice-President Nixon. He and Flemming were said to be desperately trying to persuade the President to agree to a bill that would at least take some of the pressure off the Republican Presidential candidate and the Republicans in Congress who were up for election. Nixon's difficulty was increasing every day, for while General Eisenhower kept putting him off, the three leading contenders for the Democratic nomination—Senators Kennedy, Humphrey, and Symington—were publicly calling for passage of the Forand bill. Late in March, the three attended a rally at the State Fair Grounds in Detroit. Kennedy delivered the first speech—a fiery one praising the Forand bill and condemning the Republicans for opposing it. "He was terrific, and he got a terrific response," one of the organizers of the rally recalled later. "I overheard a political columnist tell him afterward that this was going to be the key issue of the campaign. Most of us felt that this was the point where Kennedy became really committed. He went back to Washington and started working on a bill of his own." Before long, there were almost as many health-insurance bills in the Senate as there were men desirous of being known as liberals. Nixon returned to the White House to restate his view that neither he nor any other candidate could ignore sixteen million people—around twenty per cent of the electorate. Failing to bring about any change of opinion in the White House, he turned to the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee and urged them to come up with a modified version of the Forand bill that would be acceptable to him, to the President, and to the A.M.A. "We might have been able to satisfy Nixon and Eisenhower," a Republican member of the committee later remarked, "but, hell, we knew those fellows out at A.M.A. headquarters in Chicago wouldn't accept anything."

By the end of March, mail on the Forand bill was deluging members of Congress, and was running two to one in favor of the measure. As usual in such circumstances, part of the mail was generated by interested organizations—in this case, the A.M.A. and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—and that part was largely discounted by the recipients, who pay little attention to identically or very similarly worded letters and postcards, however great their num-

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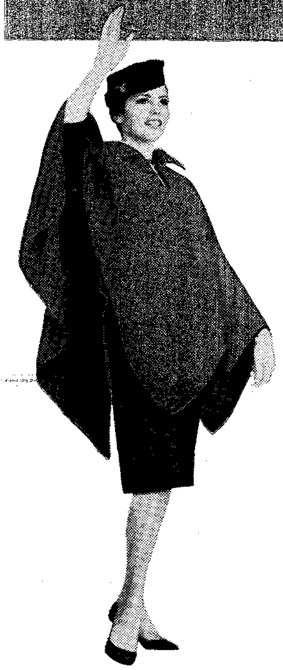

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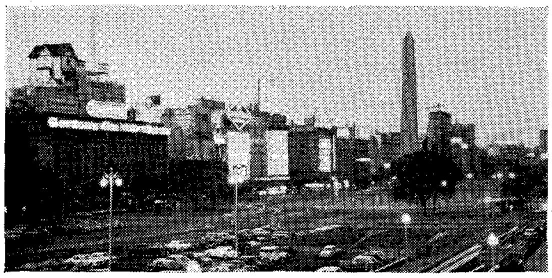

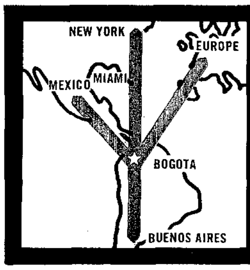

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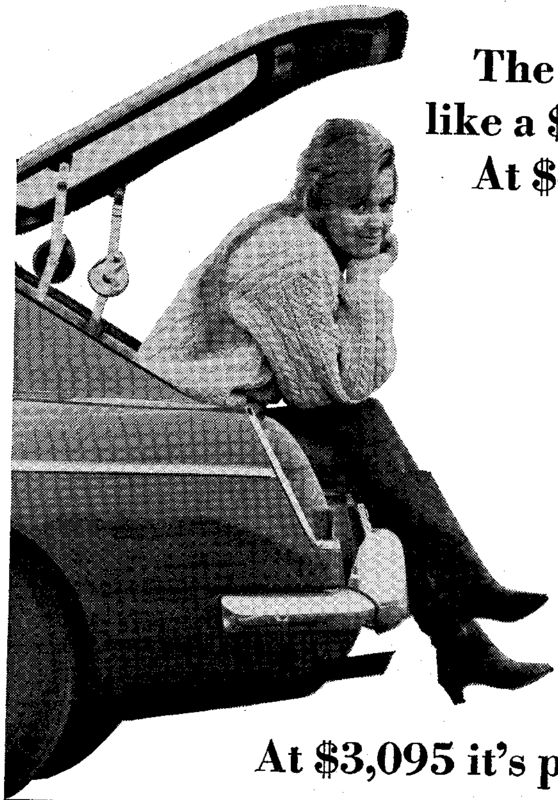
ber. Much of the mail, though, was clearly spontaneous, such as a note to Senator Jacob Javits, of New York, that read, "I am 80 years old, sixty-four years in industry; sickness has taken my home, insurance policies, and now a pauper's oath, so as to get medical care. Fine thing for a democracy!" The public clamor finally forced the Ways and Means Committee to consent to a vote on the bill on March 31st. The vote was seventeen to eight against it. Such a lopsided negative vote would ordinarily have meant that the bill was dead—not just for that session but probably for years to come. However, support outside Congress was building up at such a rate that before long the Forand bill's supporters in the House began to talk about bringing it up again. Ten days after the vote, the *Times* noted, "The question of medical insurance for persons over 65 years of age has become one of the hottest political issues in the nation." The next day, a senator said, "Believe me, the heat is on full blast, and we are stewing." By this time, the mail was overflowing the Senate and House post offices, and had reached the astonishing ratio of thirty to one in favor of the bill.

As every seasoned politician knows, organized conservatives remember political disappointments far longer than organized liberals do, while the disorganized public forgets them almost at once. During an election year, particularly a Presidential election year, members of Congress hope to find some way to satisfy all three groups—or at least not to offend any of them too seriously. The constituent who has nothing to give or withhold but his vote may be satisfied with some brave words and a promise or two, but the constituent who has campaign funds to offer, influence to wield, and followers to deliver is harder to please. One course of action open to the officeholder when a controversial matter is pending is to assure liberal groups, chiefly labor leaders, that he will go down fighting for their cause, and to assure conservative groups, chiefly businessmen, that he won't act at all unless public demand becomes so pressing that his seat is in jeopardy. Then he will usually appeal to congressional leaders to take him off the hook by postponing action until after the election. And the leaders usually do just that.

For these reasons, few men in Congress thought that the Forand bill had any chance of passing in 1960, despite the cataract of mail on the subject. (Among those who were convinced that there would be no action were some of the bill's chief supporters, including Senator Kennedy. "He knew at the time that it couldn't possibly get through," one of his aides said not long ago. "In fact, all the leading men in the Senate knew it.") But on this occasion it soon became clear that the concern of the voters was too deep and abiding to be dealt with in the usual fashion, and in early April both Johnson and Rayburn reversed their former position. Rayburn spoke to Mills, and told him that something had to be done for the elderly voter, and done before election time. Mills was reluctant, but in the end he agreed to let the Ways and Means Committee reconsider Forand's bill. When word of this agreement leaked out, the A.M.A. blamed everything on Reuther, who, it said, had "deliberately misinformed the American people" in an attempt to "stampede Congress."

On May 1st, the *Times* reported that "pressure and heat from the home precincts have brought the issue of health insurance for the aged to the boiling point in Congress." The temperature was still high in the Vice-President's office, too. The White House had finally come around, at least part way, to Nixon's view of the situation and was working on a bill of its own, but it was rumored that Nixon was uneasy about how the public would react to the approach the bill was going to take. It was also rumored that he was prepared to accept a fair degree of me-tooism, but that Eisenhower would not give in. As Chase observed in the *Reporter* at the time, "the issue crystallizes Democratic and Republican ideological differences as do few others." Early in May, the administration presented its bill, which it called a Medicare Program for the Aged. (This was not the first use of the term "Medicare;" in 1956 Congress had passed an administration measure providing free medical care for dependents of servicemen which went by that name.) In many ways, the bill offered far broader medical coverage than Forand's. It provided payment for six months' hospitalization; for the fees of physicians, surgeons, and dentists; for private nursing; for a year's care in nursing homes; and for X-ray and drug therapy. Those eligible were to be single people over the age of sixty-five who had incomes of less than twenty-five hundred dollars a



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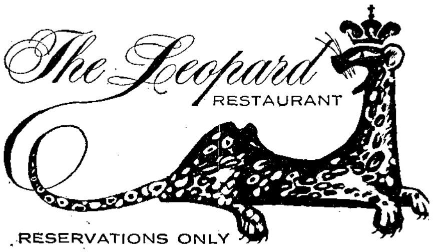

year and couples over sixty-five who had incomes of less than thirty-eight hundred dollars a year; the charge was to be twenty-four dollars a year per person. The plan was to be financed by matching grants from the federal and state governments, totalling a billion and a quarter dollars annually, and the sum was to be used to subsidize insurance policies for the elderly poor that would actually be written by commercial carriers.

At first glance, this bill, based on an ingenious method of using government funds and yet leaving control of the program to private business, appeared to go a long way toward meeting the needs of the aged. But closer inspection raised some doubts. For one thing, coverage did not begin until the beneficiaries themselves had paid sizable amounts, known as deductibles, out of their own pockets—two hundred and fifty dollars for unmarried participants and four hundred dollars for couples—and, on top of that, the beneficiaries were to be responsible for twenty per cent of all costs above those amounts; in other words, a typical couple with medical expenses of five hundred dollars would be able to collect thirty-two dollars. Moreover, the program would require a much larger staff than the Forand bill, since an entirely new apparatus would have to be set up to deal with the fifty states (each with different legislation regulating use of the new funds) and with over eleven hundred insurance companies (each entitled to a fair share of the business). The bill attracted few supporters. Governor Rockefeller said that it was fiscally irresponsible and cumbersome to administer; the A.F.L.-C.I.O. said that it was hopeless on every score; the A.M.A. denounced it as government interference; Senator Goldwater called it socialized medicine; and Vice-President Nixon declined to comment on it at all. The President, on the other hand, stood up for the measure. "I am against compulsory medicine and that is exactly what I am against, and I don't care if that does cost the Treasury a little bit more money there," he said at a press conference. "But after all, the price of freedom is not always measured just in dollars." Although no one took the administration's bill seriously, its submission to Congress meant that both parties now accepted the idea that the federal government had an obligation to assist old people who were sick and too poor to pay for medical care. It also meant that some kind of bill was certain to pass before the election.

At that point, all the contestants

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turned their attention to the Committee on Ways and Means, which had to approve any legislation on the subject, and to Chairman Mills, whose power and influence were to determine the outcome of the contest then and in the years to come. A quiet, impassive man whose ability has always been recognized, even by those who disagree with him, Mills was born and raised in Kensett (a town of less than a thousand people in northeastern Arkansas, not far from Maggot Slough), came East to get a law degree from Harvard, served briefly as a probate judge back in his home state, and was elected to Congress in 1938, at the age of twenty-nine. Twenty years later, he became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the youngest man ever to hold the post. In the opinion of many of his colleagues, he is the most cautious member of the House, and some put his caution down to a lack of purpose. "He is a man of great intellect and great indecisiveness," one of them has said. "Shakespeare wrote a play about him." Mills's caution is clearly part of his nature rather than a device of political expediency. As the class prophet for his high-school yearbook, he wrote down what he felt would become of his classmates, and then, before submitting the result for publication, took it around to each member of the class to get his approval. According to a reporter who has watched Mills in action in the House for two decades, "Wilbur's idea of a consensus doesn't mean fifty-one-per-cent support, it means eighty or ninety per cent." In the summer of 1960, there was no doubt that the consensus on the Forand bill was overwhelmingly negative among the members of the Ways and Means Committee—which supporters of the measure began calling the In No Way and By No Means Committee. Undoubtedly, if Mills himself had supported the bill, several other committee members, particularly among the Southern Democrats, would have gone along with him. However, Mills had some fairly compelling reasons for opposing it. For one, his district was staunchly conservative, and in the past couple of years doctors and insurance agents had spent a good deal of time and money on efforts to keep it that way, at least in its attitude toward health insurance. For another, in 1958 Representative Brooks Hays, of Little Rock, to everyone's astonishment, had been beaten after sixteen years in office by T. Dale Alford, a doctor who hadn't even been on the ticket but had won after an

Parents May Peek

"The whole art of teaching," as Anatole France once observed, "is only the act of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards."

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Of course, we won't be surprised if a lot of *parental* curiosity is awakened by these new programs. This past season, "NBC Children's Theatre" received considerable *adult* recognition: the program's production of "Stuart Little" won a *Prix Jeunesse,* becoming this year's only American winner in that international competition. In the same tradition as "Stuart Little" is an adaptation of "Rabbit Hill," which "NBC Children's Theatre" will be presenting this coming January.

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eight-day campaign for write-in votes; although Mills had never been opposed for reëlection, he had always run scared, and after the Hays incident he began to run terrified. Under these circumstances, of course, Mills was anxious not to alienate the officials of the state medical society, who were unusually influential in Arkansas politics. Accordingly, he was said to have promised them that he would oppose the Forand bill, come what may, and they were said to have promised to support him against all comers.

Late that spring, Reuther called on Senator Lyndon Johnson to urge him to endorse the Forand bill publicly, and Johnson said he would be happy to if Reuther would endorse him for the Presidential nomination. Reuther said he was unwilling to commit himself to any candidate at that stage but would keep an open mind, whereupon Johnson, smiling at his visitor's discomfiture, told him that since the bill had to go through the House first, he would do well to talk to Rayburn about it. Reuther did, and Rayburn called Mills, who assured him that the committee was hard at work on the bill and that the old people would surely be taken care of.

A couple of days after that, Reuther was talking with Mills in the corridor outside the Ways and Means Committee hearing room when Rayburn came by.

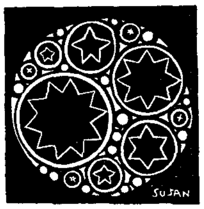
"Now, you're going to do something about medical care for the old people, aren't you?" Rayburn asked Mills.

"Why, yes, Mr. Sam," Mills said.

"I mean financed through Social Security, like the Forand bill," Rayburn went on.

"That's right, Mr. Sam," Mills said.

A little later, Reuther appeared before the committee to present a petition, with thousands upon thousands of signatures, urging passage of the Forand bill. Mills told Reuther that everything was going smoothly. "We left the committee confident that the Forand bill would be reported out within the week," one of Reuther's assistants has recalled. "As far as we were concerned, the battle was won." On June 3rd, however, the committee voted on the bill and once again rejected it, by the same margin of seventeen to eight. With that formality out of the way, Mills produced a bill of his own for the committee's consideration. What he proposed was that the medical-vender payments under the Old Age Assistance program, authorized in 1950 and 1956, be extended by permitting the federal government to make unlimited matching grants to the states to provide medical care for the elderly poor—as long as the states came up with their share. It was not financed through Social Security like the Forand bill. The measure was quickly approved by the Ways and Means Committee, and three weeks later it was passed by the House, by a vote of three hundred and eighty to twenty-three. One member of the House later described it as a "hand-washing operation." Another explained that he and a large number of his colleagues had voted for the Mills bill in order to get some sort of legislation on the subject, however inadequate, through the House, in the hope that the Senate would add something like the Forand bill to it as an amendment, and that a fairly strong bill would emerge from the joint Senate-House conference charged with reconciling the two pieces of legislation.



THERE was no action on any bill for several weeks, while Congress adjourned temporarily for the Presidential nominating conventions. The Democrats adopted a plank for their platform endorsing the principle embodied in the Forand bill, and the Republicans adopted one for theirs endorsing the principle embodied in the Eisenhower bill. But, unknown to most members of either Party, still another bill was in the works. Shortly after the Ways and Means Committee had acted on the Mills bill, Senator Robert Kerr, Democrat of Oklahoma, who was not only the wealthiest but, in the opinion of many people, the most powerful man in the Senate, determined to settle the issue his own way. In the Senate, the key to action on any health-insurance legislation was held by the Finance Committee, and the key man on that committee was not the chairman, Harry Byrd, of Virginia, who was old and infirm, but Senator Kerr, the ranking Democrat. Senator Paul Douglas once said that "a Social Security expert is a man with Wilbur Cohen's telephone number." Kerr had that number, and he called Cohen at the University of Michigan to get his opinion of the Mills bill. Cohen explained that Mills had consulted him on various occasions about such a bill but that he had not participated in the actual drafting of it, and that, in fact, he had serious reservations about it. Kerr was up for reëlection that year, and while he wanted

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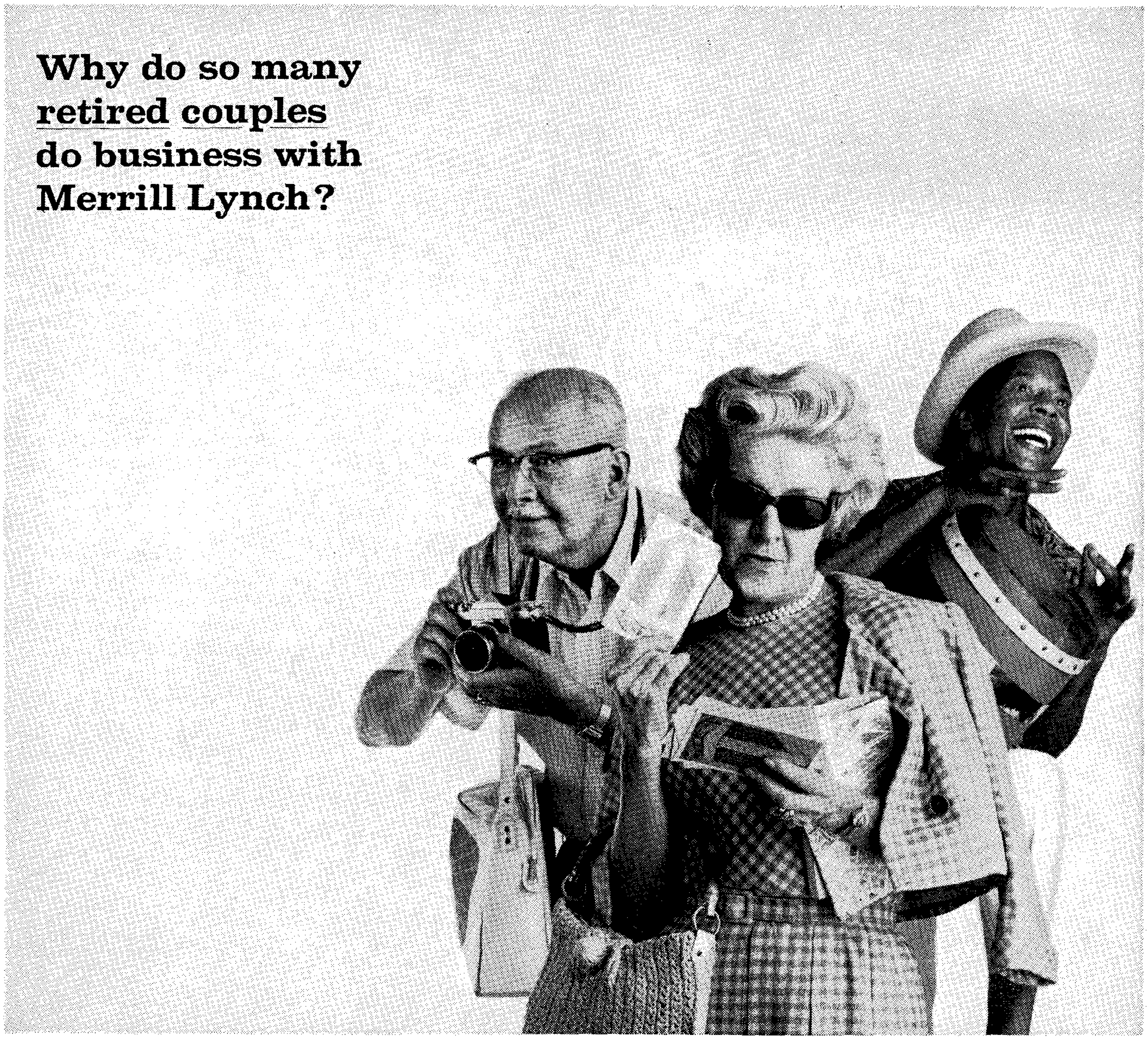

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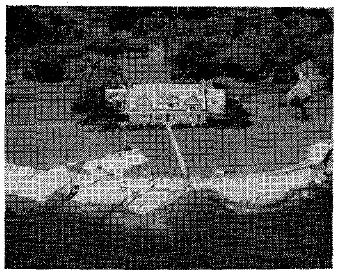

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to help Kennedy, who had just been nominated in Los Angeles, he also wanted to help himself, and he knew that a bill with his name on it providing for federal payment of part of the medical expenses of the aged would be a great boost to his campaign. But there were difficulties. "If I go all out for Jack, I'll lose a hundred and twenty-five thousand Baptists," he explained. "And if I come out for health insurance under Social Security, I'll lose every doctor in the state." His solution, developed during his conversations with Cohen, was a bill aimed primarily at helping those of the aged who were neither poor enough to qualify for welfare nor wealthy enough to pay their necessary medical expenses—a group that had come to be known as the medically indigent. The help was to take the form of federal grants to match any funds that the states might provide for programs to be administered by the states. Kerr asked Cohen to draft a bill along those lines—keeping an eye on Oklahoma's welfare statutes, so that his state would get at least as fair a share as any other state. Cohen asked whether the A.M.A. would go along with the program, and Kerr said he would take care of that.

In fairly short order, Cohen had worked out a new bill, which incorporated much of the Mills bill—and which provided preferential treatment for Oklahoma *and* Arkansas. After Congress reconvened in August, he flew to Washington to discuss it with two Kennedy aides, Sorensen and Feldman. When Cohen said that neither the Forand bill nor anything like it had any chance of passing that year, Sorensen and Feldman readily agreed with him. Cohen went on to say that if Kennedy and his supporters in the Senate turned things into an either-or situation—either the Forand bill or the Kerr bill—the Senate conservative coalition would in all likelihood choose the milder Kerr bill, and would thereby kill any hope of getting federal health insurance enacted for years to come. On the other hand, if they regarded the Kerr program as a step up the ladder—a way to help the medically indigent, who were one rung away from the bottom—then some form of the Forand approach could be added later to take care of the rest of the elderly. In other words, he said, the two bills should be looked at not as alternatives but, rather, as supplements to each other. Sorensen and Feldman were convinced—and in time, with Reuther's assistance, they convinced Kennedy—that Cohen's view was the realistic one. Cohen had more

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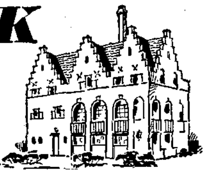

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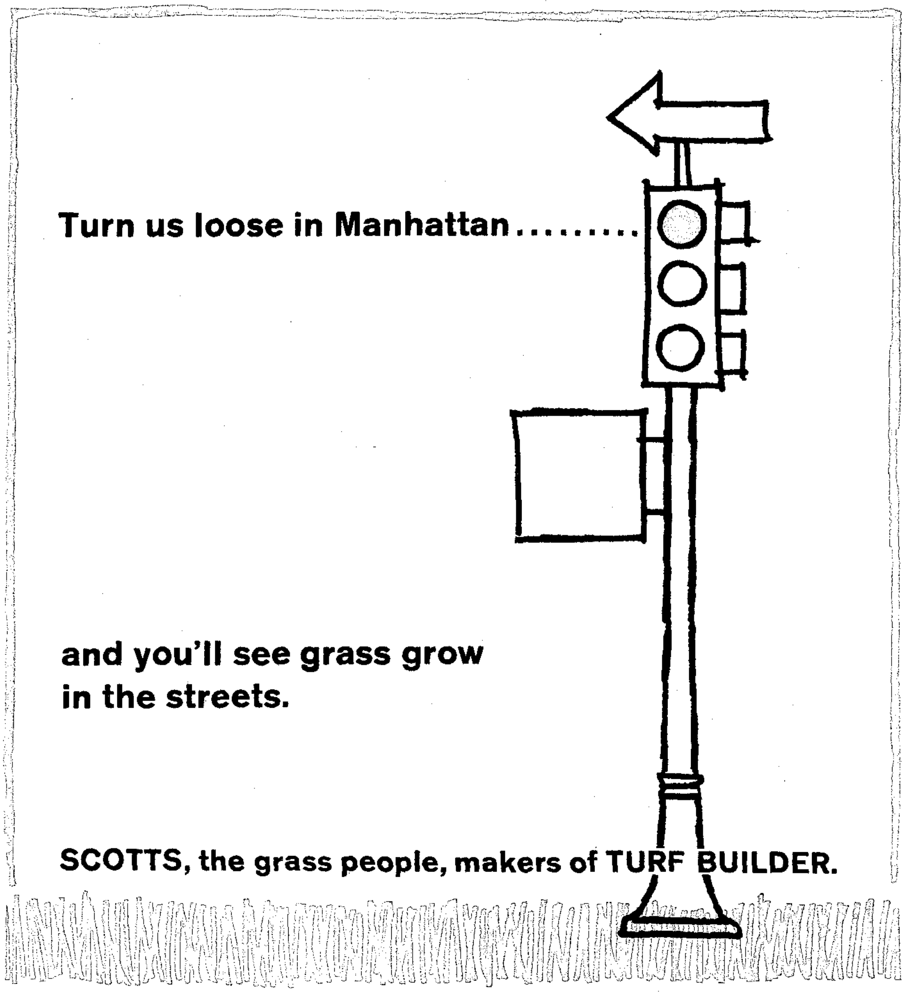
difficulty persuading some of the liberals in the Senate to go along. Senator Douglas, the leader of this group, disapproved of the strategy, but finally, after several meetings with Cohen, he came around, and the others followed.

Now, with the stage set, Kerr took off for Chicago to meet with the top men in the A.M.A. A highly persuasive man, he used every forensic trick he knew. "He got absolutely nowhere," an associate said later. "The A.M.A. has been shouting for years about how it always supported the Kerr bill. Well, it certainly didn't support the Kerr bill then. Those men wouldn't budge an inch. Kerr warned them that it was either his bill or Forand's sooner or later, and probably sooner. In the end, they did agree not to oppose him outright. But that was as far as they'd go."

On August 13th, the Senate Finance Committee approved Kerr's plan by a vote of twelve to four. The following day, Dr. Larson, who had just been elected president of the A.M.A., announced the results of a survey that Professors James W. Wiggins and Helmut Schoeck, of Emory University, in Atlanta, had conducted in collaboration with sixteen professors from other universities. "An independent national survey just completed by university sociologists emphatically proves that the great majority of Americans over 65 are capably financing their own health care and prefer to do it on their own, without federal-government intervention," Dr. Larson reported. The survey showed that ninety per cent of the elderly who had been questioned could think of no personal medical needs that were not being cared for. Sixty per cent of them said that they were adequately covered by health insurance, and only ten per cent favored government insurance. "This is of the utmost importance to Congress in its current efforts to shape medical-aid legislation for the aged," Dr. Larson said. The survey, whose reliability was not questioned at the time, made headlines all over the country, and copies of it quickly reached the desks of members of Congress. "I was quite impressed by it," one of them said later. "I began to wonder if maybe the record had been wrong before."

On August 17th, Senator Kennedy and Senator Clinton P. Anderson, of New Mexico, introduced a measure that was to replace the Forand bill at the center of the controversy over government health insurance in Congress during the next few years. It was much like the Forand bill but went consider-



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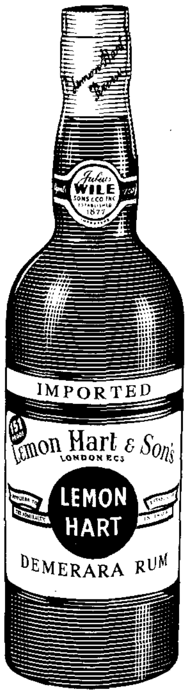

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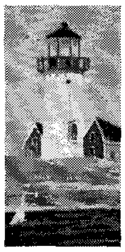

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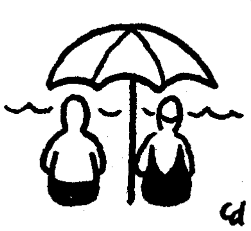
ably further, providing a hundred and twenty days of hospital care, two hundred and forty days of nursing-home care, or three hundred and sixty home visits by visiting nurses each year. At about this time, the A.M.A. placed a full-page advertisement in several big-city papers urging the Senate to pass the Mills bill, and warning that "when government starts telling the doctor how to practice medicine, telling the nurses how to nurse, telling the hospital how to handle its patients—the quality of medical care is sure to decline."

Throughout the following week, the Senate wrangled over the Kennedy-Anderson bill, a McNamara bill, and a Javits bill (this one was a modification of the administration's bill to subsidize private insurance policies), and then, on August 23rd, the Kennedy-Anderson bill, co-sponsored by fifteen senators, came up for a vote. Vice-President Nixon, now the Republican Presidential candidate, was on hand as president of the Senate, but he wasn't presiding. Instead, the *Times* noted, he was "moving about the chamber like a 'party whip,' apparently rounding up votes." Nixon's strategy was clear; he had to defeat the bill sponsored by his rival for the Presidency, for if it passed, General Eisenhower had threatened to veto it, and such a veto would hand the Democrats the biggest campaign issue they could hope for. Once it was defeated, Nixon could support Kerr's bill, which would not unduly anger the doctors and would cheer up the old people a bit. The strategy was simple, and so were the tactics—keeping together the coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats. In the end, Nixon and the coalition prevailed, and the Kennedy-Anderson bill was defeated, fifty-one to forty-four. (The bill would almost certainly have received fewer votes if the senators had thought it had any chance; several of the votes in favor of it were said to have been cast by senators who wanted to be in a position to claim loyalty to their liberal backers and at the same time assure their conservative backers that they wouldn't have voted that way if it had counted.) There was no contest over Kerr's bill; it won by a vote of ninety-one to two, the only nays coming from Goldwater and Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina. Two days later, the conference committee agreed to accept the Kerr bill almost intact, and in mid-September the President signed what became known as the Kerr-Mills Act into law.

Although ten million people were theoretically eligible for help under the Kerr-Mills program, the most hopeful estimate of the number that would actually receive help was about two million. "The significant point to know about the medical-aid bill is that there is nothing in it for the average person," Joseph A. Loftus wrote in the *Times*. "This is state charity for the needy, aged 65 and over." Another significant point, not commented on at the time, was that the new law, which was accepted by the Republicans and finally by the A.M.A., did far greater violence to some of the basic principles of both groups than the Kennedy-Anderson bill would have done. In voting for the Kerr-Mills bill, the Republicans, the traditional fiscal conservatives, were voting to spend money out of the Treasury's general fund without providing for any additional revenues to cover it; it was the liberal Democrats, the traditional spenders, who had wanted a pay-as-you-go program that would have left Treasury funds intact. Moreover, the Kerr-Mills bill was a great deal closer to socialized medicine than the Kennedy-Anderson bill. The new law left the structure and machinery of government medical care entirely up to politicians; to be sure, they were state and local politicians, who had always proved to be more respectful to organized medicine than national politicians had, but still they were politicians, in a position to use the new program for their own ends by determining what that care would be like, how much would be paid for it, and who would get it.



Less than a week after President Eisenhower signed the Kerr-Mills Act, newspapers around the country revealed that the survey conducted by Professors Wiggins and Schoeck of Emory University had not been nearly as objective as had been originally reported. Three days before the A.M.A. publicized the results of the survey, it had been presented at the Congress of the International Association of Gerontology in San Francisco, where it was "totally discredited," according to Leonard Breen, of Purdue, a co-director of the section in which it was discussed. Wayne E. Thompson, of Cornell, another participant in the Gerontology Congress, concurred. "It was my opinion, as well as the opinion of other professionals at the meeting, that this work could not withstand professional scrutiny," he said. Subsequently, nine of the sixteen professors who had

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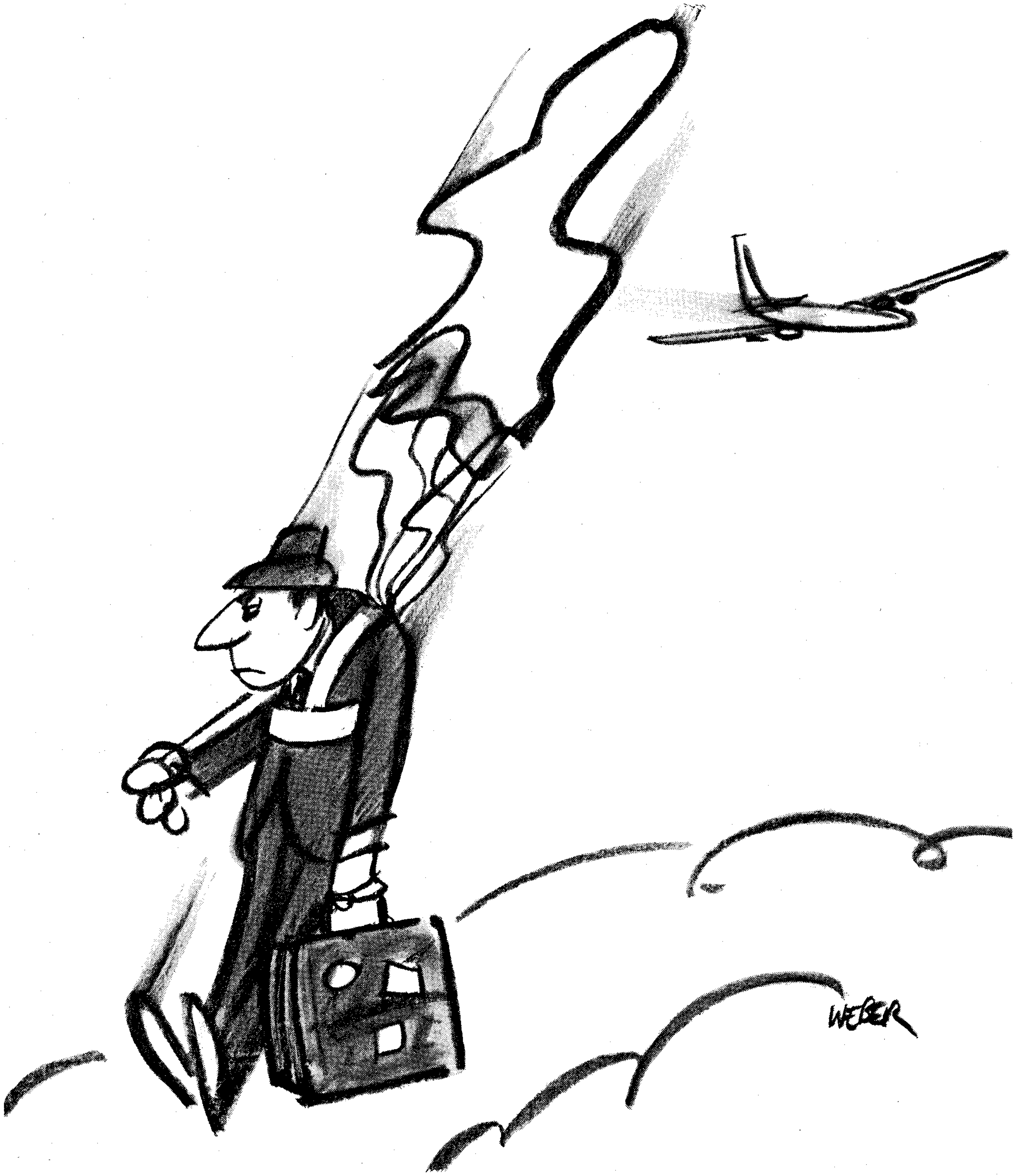

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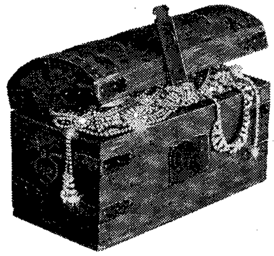

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helped make the survey dissociated themselves from it. One of them, a woman, said she had been instructed to conduct only sixteen per cent of her interviews with people of low income, and in the case of another professor the figure was only nine per cent. Senator Eugene McCarthy, Democrat of Minnesota, a former professor of sociology, denounced the study on the Senate floor, pointing out that the survey had excluded Negroes, everyone on welfare, and all those in hospitals, homes for the aged, nursing homes, and other institutions. The Reverend Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, of Fordham, described the Wiggins-Schoeck survey as a study of medical needs that left out "the very people who are most in need of help."

At the height of the Presidential campaign, the magazines *Medical Times* and *Resident Physician* estimated that doctors favored Nixon over Kennedy by three to one. Yet this support, gratifying as it must have been to the Republican candidate, could scarcely be compared to the so-called rocking-chair vote. Strategists in both camps were busily trying to assess which way that might go, for, as the *Times* noted, "the over-65 vote is considered a political force, extending far beyond such tranquil retirement centers as western Florida and Southern California." Passage of the Kerr-Mills bill had settled some of the dust stirred up that summer, but both candidates began kicking it up again almost at once. Kennedy repeatedly attacked the limitations of the bill and accused Nixon of taking the position that "we cannot afford medical care for the aged." Nixon replied that the bill certainly did not go far enough, and said that in the next session of Congress he would see to it that the Republican administration's plan for "voluntary" coverage was passed. In scores of speeches, across the country, and in the television debates, he said that the issue was voluntary insurance vs. compulsory insurance—a basic theme of the multimillion-dollar campaign against national health insurance that the A.M.A. had waged between 1949 and 1952. Although the press had apparently grown tired of the subject, and concentrated instead on the candidates' quarrels over the alleged missile gap, President Eisenhower's record, and what to do about Fidel Castro, the candidates themselves spent a great deal of their time talking about the health needs of the elderly. Kennedy, it was later reported, was surprised by the public interest in the subject and talked about it far more

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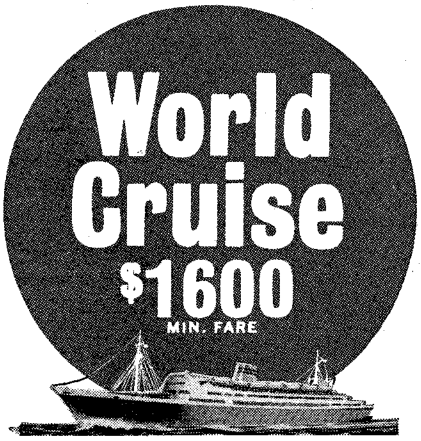

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often than he had originally intended to. The Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate had the same experience. Not long ago, Mr. Johnson told of listening to taped recordings of four hundred of his 1960 campaign speeches; in each one, he said, he had got the loudest applause when he talked about health insurance for the aged. After the election, there was a good deal of discussion about which group of voters had been most responsible for Kennedy's victory. According to a man who worked at the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, every bloc that could claim a hundred and twenty thousand votes was trying to take the credit. "From where I sat," he added, "I'd say it was those fellows over in the A.M.A. who put Kennedy in the White House."

The A.M.A. had not done much to help Senator Kerr, although he was reëlected. "After all I did to save the doctors from themselves, I got only twenty-two per cent of their votes in Oklahoma," he told a friend. Concealing his anger from the A.M.A. itself, he assured its top men that he agreed with their theory that stopping the Kennedy-Anderson bill in 1961 might well stop it for good, but he is known to have said privately that some form of national health insurance was inevitable within a few years. A number of the A.M.A's friends in Congress who felt the same way advised the Association to make the best deal it could, and settle for a law it could live with. A few weeks after the election, the House of Delegates met for its convention, this time in Washington. In the course of a seminar on implementation of the Kerr-Mills bill, the subject of federal health insurance came up, and this absorbed the attention of most of the delegates. Dr. Ernest B. Howard, who was the assistant executive vice-president of the A.M.A. and was generally considered to be the man in charge of its political operations, told the group that it must hold fast. "The surest way to total defeat is to say, 'We are now going to sit across the negotiating table and see what you will give us,' " he said. "They are going to fight with everything, and I tell you, gentlemen, we have to fight with every resource, right down the line."

—Richard Harris

(*This is the second of a series of articles.*)

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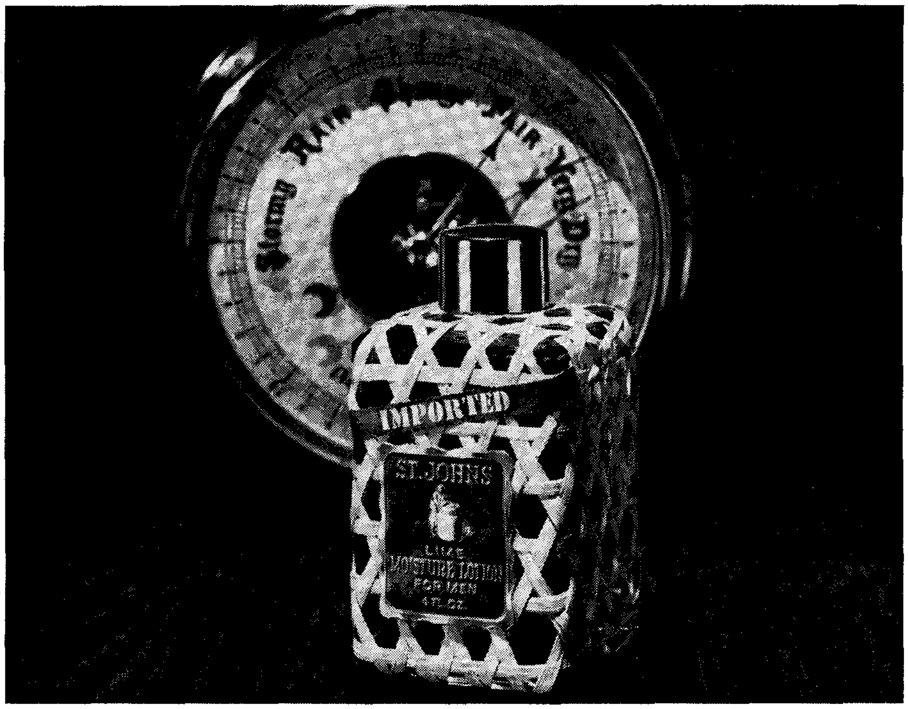

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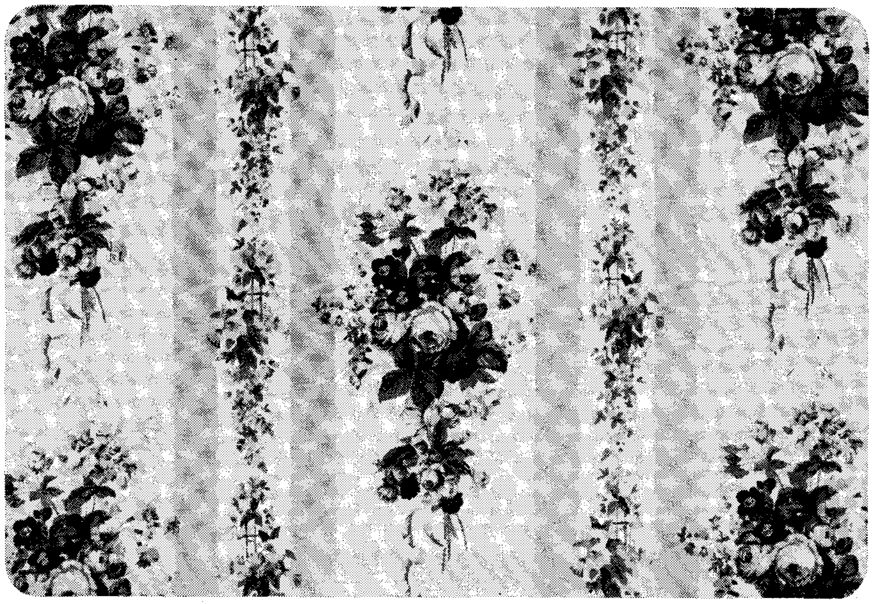

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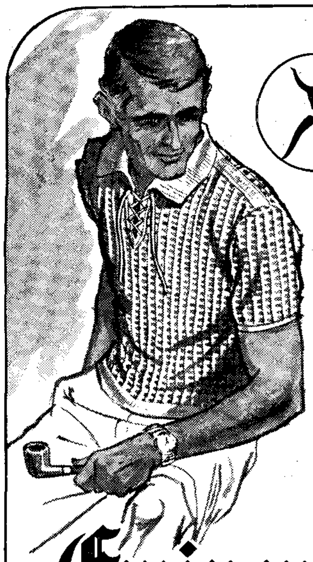

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Surfers and Beasts

"THE ENDLESS SUMMER," a brilliant documentary about surfing as a sport rather than as a fad or a musical gimmick, is presented—with the informality of a home movie—as a search for the Perfect Wave. Three California surfers, led by a man named Bruce Brown, who produced, directed, edited, wrote, narrated, and mostly photographed the film, leave the mobs at Malibu and take off with their boards for the west coast of Africa, which they follow from Dakar to Capetown. Then they go north to Durban, to Australia and New Zealand, to Tahiti, and, finally, to Hawaii. Perhaps no sport could be a better subject for a feature-length movie than surfing. Anyway, Bruce Brown takes every advantage of the intrinsic allure of the setting, the skill and grace of the expert surfer, the necessary pace of the action, and the variety of dangers involved—the force of certain waves, the underwater rocks, the sharks and unknown poisonous fish, the stray boards, and the other surfers. Where the surfing was tame—as it was, oddly, in Australia—Mr. Brown inserts shots of some of the world's great surfers risking their limbs on the big ones at choice spots in Hawaii and California. The casual, unself-conscious narration—the mixture of surfing terms, corny jokes, facts about comparative air and water temperatures and the price of gas in Ghana, and the cool southern-California voice—perfectly expresses the surfing spirit. Out of his knowledge and enthusiasm for surfing and his skill with a camera, Mr. Brown constructs an unanswerable argument for the surfer's dream world, where the summer sun always shines on long, well-shaped waves, breaking evenly on uncrowded beaches. The three perfectionists find their wave at a place called Cape St. Francis, on the Indian Ocean. Their encounters with non-surfing Africans in the first half of the movie are especially delightful, and though it is hard to imagine an altogether non-political journey through South Africa, Mr. Brown has managed to put one together on film. Great background music. Great movie. Out of sight.

"FORE ES
JO MC DE
ALSO IEDLA
SH N"

THE trouble with "Born Free," based on the book by Joy Adamson about Elsa the lioness, is that any animal—or bug, for that matter—is also born endearing, if it is properly approached, and lions, as the picture demonstrates much too often, are far from being among God's more unappetizing creatures. (A sympathetic treatment of hyenas would be a commendable and attainable goal for an ambitious filmmaker.) There is a lot of talk in "Born Free" about what it means to be born free, and, as a result, not enough time is left for other matters. Mrs. Adamson is reported to have insisted that the company use "real" lions, not circus or zoo lions, so suitable lions were sought out in their East African lairs and given their big chance to be in the movies. They were encouraged to show affection to Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers, who play Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, and to show the proper respect for the producer, Carl Foreman, and the director, James Hill.

Making the movie, directing it, acting in it, and being in Africa to see the lions in person were bound to be more interesting than sitting through the finished product, which is top-heavy with shots of cute cubs romping in and out of the living room and larger lions in repose. Elsa's chief visible antagonists are a couple of warthogs (born ugly). There are a few exciting scenes—stampeding elephants, a ferocious battle between two lionesses. Fear of a lion's damaging an actor, even accidentally, seems to have precluded variety in acting and plot. Africa is reduced by tearful smiles and smiles through tears to a spacious and very beautiful suburban setting, in which the significance of Mrs. Adamson's story, the unique success of her attempt to repatriate a tamed lion, is lost.

THE star of "A Fine Madness" is Sean Connery, in his third non-Bond part, and he does splendidly, nicely underplaying an overwrought, lusty poet beset by lawyers, cops, analysts, and women with no understanding of the creative spirit. It is a common complaint about movies dealing with writers and painters and musicians that the hero doesn't behave like a real artist, but since artists probably behave in more different ways than most kinds of people, the ground for the complaint is bound to be shaky. However artists do behave, though, it does not explain what

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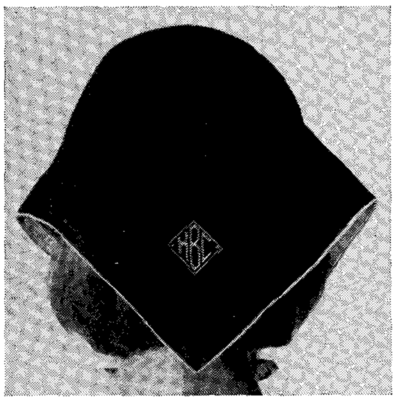

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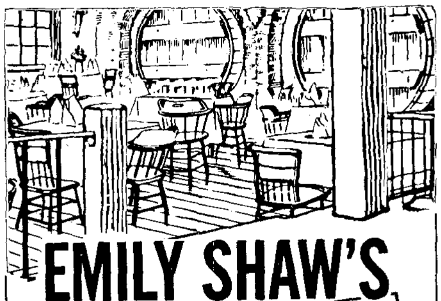

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is wrong with "A Fine Madness." There are intermittent signs in the screenplay, by Elliott Baker, of the fine points and subtleties that must exist in the novel of the same title, also by Elliott Baker; they appear to have been incompletely but vigorously suppressed by the director of the movie, who preferred to handle the story of the poet's qualified triumph in terms of brutal caricatures and tasteless sight gags, underlining random shots with too close closeups, including closeups of extras, and forcing the tempo of sluggish scenes with fast panning. It looks bad for both Baker and the director when a key scene, in which Connery addresses a ladies' club, falls apart because of a failure to understand what is funny and what isn't. An obscenely fat lady wearing an orchid and defending motherhood in a speech isn't. Furthermore, most effeminate harpists and mad, bug-eyed doctors aren't funny. The best sequence, containing the best photography and the best expression of the film's theme, is one in which Connery strolls across the Brooklyn Bridge. Patrick O'Neal, Colleen Dewhurst, and an actor named Sorrell Booke salvage several clumsily directed scenes, though O'Neal, as the most elegantly dressed analyst on the East Side, is finally forced to do some energetic mugging. Werner Peters is good in an ambiguous role, even if one suspects that he was chosen only for his fat, bearded, Viennese looks. Joanne Woodward is less successful playing the poet's dumb wife, and Jean Seberg has been made to resemble any slick Hollywood actress and given a theoretically major part that any slick-looking actress would have played just as irresolutely.

IT'S Harold Robbins and Joseph E. Levine, with John Michael Hayes at the typewriter, together again, bringing us "Nevada Smith"—a spinoff from their joint hit "The Carpetbaggers." Steve McQueen, as the half-Indian hero seeking vengeance for the murder of his parents, encounters sex and scenery (Suzanne Pleshette stretched across the wide screen, dying in a colorful swamp); science ("Fog is caused by cool air from dry land," she says before she dies); violence (brutal whippings in a Louisiana prison); evil (Arthur Kennedy never looked worse); and religion ("I brought you a book," says Raf Vallone, the well-known clergyman. "It's called the Bible. Men have been reading it for many centuries"). Mr. McQueen also encounters some action, but not enough.

—SUSAN LARDNER

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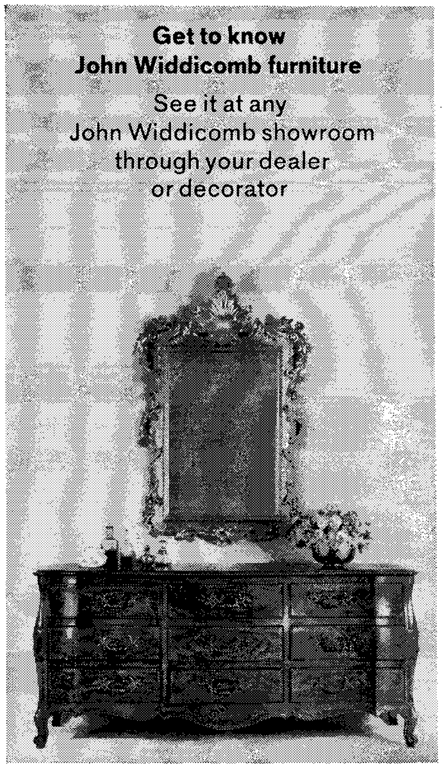
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 28

NONE too soon for many citizens who have been waiting impatiently for a sign that the Government was still there, the Prime Minister spoke blunt, accusing words in Parliament last week to the seamen, whose strike, after dragging along for six seemingly interminable weeks, looks as though it might perhaps be coming to an end at last. At its start, the strikers attracted a good deal of popular sympathy, which they have now nearly lost, it would seem. The public was angered by their leaders' intransigence in curtly refusing a fortnight ago to accept the much improved terms of a settlement offered by a hastily set-up court of inquiry headed by Lord Pearson, a distinguished judge. In the strike's early stages, though, it was being said that if the Government wanted a showdown to test its prices-and-incomes policy, which seeks to curb dangerous inflationary rises in either, it was perhaps unfortunate that the showdown had taken place with the gallant seamen, who had a long record of patient non-striking and also a case—in particular, the antiquated conditions of employment laid down in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894, which appeared incredible to most landlubbers when they read about them as fact and not as something from a movie about the old press-gang days. The falling away of public support was not as rapid as it would doubtless have been if the stoppage had been by, say, postal workers or bus drivers, with weeks of chaotic mails and walking to work every morning as tetchy aids to national tolerance.

This strike has not as yet affected everyday life except for inconveniencing travellers and disappointing holidaymakers, who were done out of cruises. The shops bulge with foodstuffs of all kinds, though they are beginning to show a bit thin on some Continental-delicatessen counters. Prices have not risen, and there was no noticeable panic buying by housewives after the first day or two. The real crunch of the strike—its expected catastrophic effect on Britain's vital export markets—is also assessed as being less serious so far than was predicted, largely owing to brisk switches and improvisations by many exporting businesses to get their stuff away on foreign ships. There were uneasy rumbles last week from the motor industry, however; the Vauxhall Company, for one, spoke ominously of shorter work shifts. The final bill for the strike will go on being totted up for months to come, and is expected to be steep. There was surprisingly little public agitation, or even comment, over its immediate, shaking result of yet another monetary crisis, followed by the international bankers' once more consenting to throw a lifeline to the weakly floundering pound, run down by the seamen, and haul it up again to a temporary spot of terra firma. How temporary it will be—as all the economic experts keep on repeating, without many encouraging signs that the ordinary run of citizens is listening—will depend on the final terms on which the owners and the seamen settle. The Pearson proposals, on which the Government appears to rest, have already been sharply attacked from many directions as being beyond what the economy and the breached prices-and-incomes policy can safely afford. Whatever the settlement turns out to be, it will be thoughtfully scrutinized for sure, not only by the international bankers but by the other unions, which are standing by waiting with their own claims already in their hands.

The real, galvanizing sensation of Mr. Wilson's statement, though, was, of course, his charge that the strike had been willfully kept going so long—in spite of the advice of the Trades Union Congress to accept the Pearson findings and in spite of the obvious split of opinion between the still adamant strikers and those who wanted to return to work—by Communist manipulation. This brought angry protests from union leaders, a chorus of fresh excoriation of Mr. Wilson from the militant elements, and rather unimpressed comment, mostly ranging from dubious to critical, from the newspapers, with editorials not failing to mention Senator McCarthy and to make gibes about finding Reds under the bed. Mr. Wilson, hardly the man for jittery peerings—as even those who do not love him might concede—quickly said that he would name the agitators' names straight out in the public air of the House of Commons this week. Though his critics claimed that his nailing of Communist backing of the strike would surely stiffen the seamen's attitude, many Britons have noticed that, on the contrary, the union leaders' readiness to get talks going again seemed to improve marvellously after the Prime



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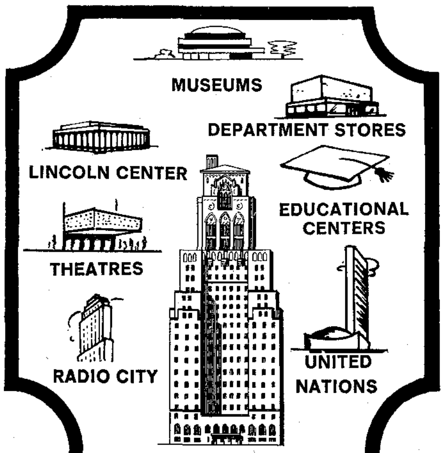

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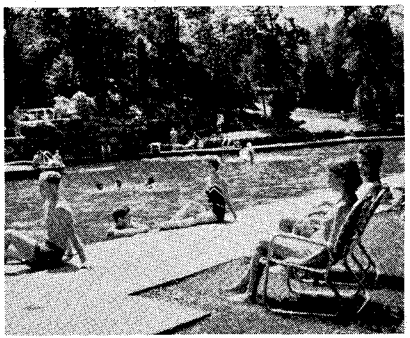
Minister's new tough talking last week.

At the moment, as the Conservatives are not unhopefully aware, a success is something that Mr. Wilson could use. In some strange way, his glittering Midas touch for turning everything to profit, which the political journalists had come to regard with admiration, seems to have lost its spark, perhaps through fatigue. At any rate, the most notable political development of late is the astonishing change of opinion visibly operating against him in his own party only three months after he led it to a remarkable victory in the general election. After the seventeen months of sitting loyally mum behind him in Parliament when any disputatious issue arose, so that no wrangling should break their wafer of a majority, his left wing and some other dissenters seem to be stretching themselves and their tongues in the euphoria of their new safety.

The dissatisfied voices have lately been raised with increased vigor against the Government's policy of backing the United States in Vietnam, a moral dilemma on which feeling here—not only in the left wing of the Labour Party or among marching undergraduates, by any means—continues to run hot, strong, and hostile. The Prime Minister was faced recently with a peculiar assortment of left, center, and right-wing Labour critics drawn together in revolt by their anxiety to see Britain pull out of defense bases east of Suez. Though he dealt with it sharply, it has by no means died down. It seemed like old times indeed the other day when Michael Foot, the intellectual leftist Labour M.P. who used to attack the late Hugh Gaitskell with such blistering venom in the columns of *Tribune* but was also careful with his pen while Labour's position was so precariously balanced, hit out furiously in the paper against the Government for having shown "no glimmer of a changed strategy or enlarged vision" since it came to power. Instead of following its Socialist principles, he claimed, too many Ministers were settling soggily for a compromise "between their election pledges and what the Tory newspapers will applaud." Though the Conservatives are naturally delighted to see the infallible Mr. Wilson in trouble, this abrupt, unfriendly turnabout among his followers is not likely to be a real danger. He will probably be facing a stormy Party conference in October, which should have been the post-victory bestowing of laurels but at which, by all the signs, his critics will be in full cry on Viet-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nam, the disliked incomes policy, and the rest. There is no one more formidable, though, in the art of quelling the kind of violent internal opposition that, it is ironic to remember, he and Michael Foot and many of the left-wingers who now are voicing their discontent once formed against Gaitskell.

DURING this full and interesting summer theatrical season, there have been one or two remarkable acting triumphs that audiences have been packing in to see as much as, or sometimes more than, the plays themselves. Among the established successes, for instance, is the stylish production of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Haymarket. It is excellently acted all around, and superlatively by Ralph Richardson, with his tender, tottering portrait of William, the old seaside hotel waiter, whose son, he admits reluctantly to one of the visitors, has so far forgotten himself as to become a famous Q.C. Shuffling around the dinner table, unsteadily but sternly directing his minions in the changing of the plates, and keeping his lambent Ancient Mariner's eye on his ladies and gentlemen to see that they do not forget their places, either, Mr. Richardson displays an artistry that is London acting at its height. And now, in a modern but also evocatively period play—Jay Presson Allen's ingenious adaptation of Muriel Spark's novel about a destructive life force disguised as a genteelly batty Edinburgh schoolmistress in the thirties, "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie," at the charming old Wyndham's Theatre—there is another superb performance, this one by Vanessa Redgrave. It would seem that this is also the beginning of the prime of Miss Redgrave, a tall, radiant girl whom the critics regard as the young actress for whom anything and everything will be possible. Her Miss Brodie received an accolade. In a smoothly coiffed auburn wig that makes her look like one of Rossetti's pale six-foot women leaning out from the bars of some manic Heaven, she is at once marvellously comic and alarming as she exhorts her mesmerized "set" of girls to honor Benito Mussolini, despise the Catholic Church, worship Giotto, look hard and unflinchingly at the nude male body, and lead full, richly rounded lives beyond the Calvinist bars of Edinburgh. Peter Wood's direction uses a swift cinematic technique, with funny, faithfully observed flashes of the little girls racketing in the cloakroom, capering bloomered in the gym, and practicing elaborate tango dips to a grinding old gramophone while they

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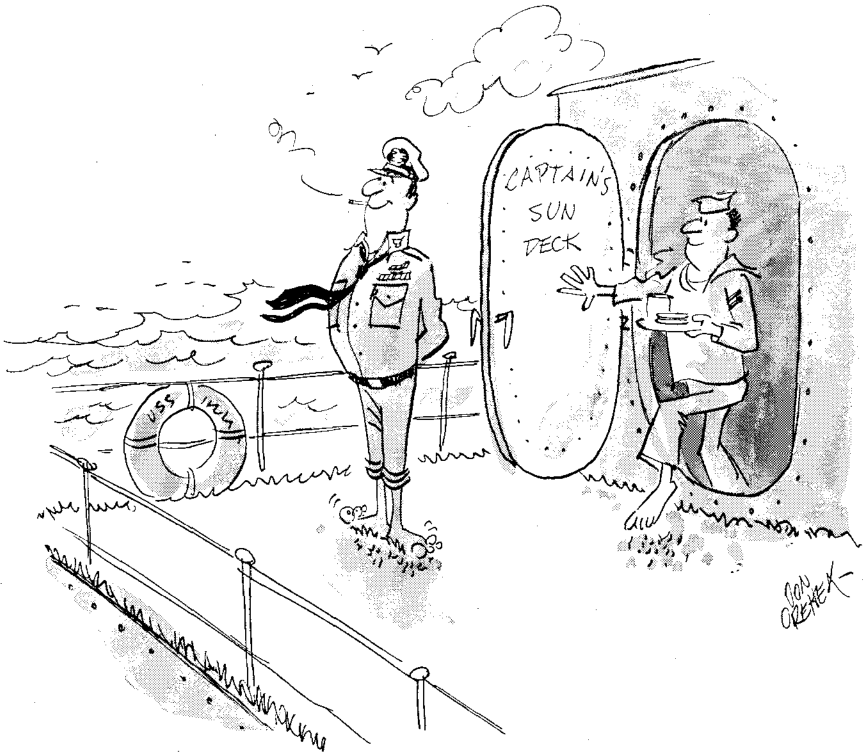

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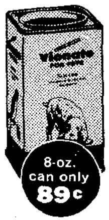

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discuss solemnly whether Miss Brodie ("one-and-two-and-down-on-the-knee") really had sexual intercourse with her young man who fell in the Great War, and, if so, could it possibly be enjoyable? As Sandy, the clever, plain one, whose small, shrewd eyes quickly rumble Miss Brodie's manipulations of other people's lives and who ends as a scholar nun in an enclosed order looking back in irony, Vickery Turner is just right.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has a large and wonderful exhibition, which will be open until the middle of September, of Aubrey Beardsley—drawings, manuscripts, paintings, posters, letters, and photographs of him and his circle. For this exhaustingly thorough exposition, the Princeton University Library lent generously from its unique collection, and so did many other libraries, galleries, and private owners here and in the United States and all over. Beardsley died of tuberculosis at Menton in 1898, aged twenty-five, and his agonized struggle to live comes across painfully in this enormous, fevered outpouring of work. His brief candle threw its brilliant beams an astonishingly long way before it was snuffed out. The first room contains commercial posters and drawings by some of the vast number of artists who were influenced by Beardsley, and also a number of fake Beardsleys—a few outright forgeries, and some frank pastiches of his fantastic mannerisms by artists who now and then clinched the matter by signing themselves as "Weirdsley Daubery" or "Awfly Weirdley." The typical peacock feathers, crescent moons, stylized roses and lilies, and borders of mazed calligraphic arabesques of his early style became the stock in trade of international Art Nouveau. Kandinsky, Klee, and even Picasso have links with his strangely avant-garde innovations of cutting out the nonessentials of representational art and approaching the abstract. The diamond-sharp pure line of the drawings of classical nude figures inspired by Greek vases in the British Museum does indeed recall Picasso's classical period. The exhibition includes samples of every phase of Beardsley's black art, which struck the Victorians as the personification of satanic evil—the hermaphrodites and the Hieronymus Bosch-like fantasies of fetus-headed dwarfs and winged creatures flapping out of men's ears, the jaded dandies and Pierrots, the erotic flagellants and Messalinas. The most fascinating part of the exhibition is devoted to Beardsley himself and the pho-

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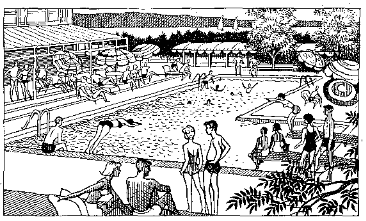

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tographs and mementos of people who were closely involved with his life—his mother, who was his devoted nurse to the end; his passionately adored actress sister Mabel, by whom some people believed that he had a child; the large, calm face of Oscar Wilde; the rich Jewish homosexual Mark André Raffalovich, a devoted platonic friend who came to Beardsley's rescue financially after the *Yellow Book* perished in the mass hysteria following Wilde's arrest, and who succeeded in converting him to Catholicism the year before his death. The most touching exhibit is Sickert's portrait of Beardsley, lent by the Tate Gallery. Sickert painted it from his memory of seeing Beardsley nervously making off across Hampstead Churchyard after attending the unveiling of a memorial bust to Keats in July, 1894. The emaciated, lanky figure, bareheaded but formally garbed and holding cane and gloves, is stumbling away like a ghost into the summer leafiness among the grassy mounds. Four years later, he was beneath the earth himself, dead of Keats' malady.

THE most discussed Fleet Street news is the new look of the *Times*, which since the beginning of May has got rid of its famous front-page personal columns and births, marriages, and deaths announcements; replaced them with the main news page, just like everybody else; changed its type and its dignified title heading; and emerged as a reborn phoenix, which doubtless fluttered the West End clubs considerably. In its efforts to improve its elderly circulatory troubles, it has done itself no good, many of its readers consider. It now seems to be modelled on the successful *Daily Telegraph*, with a stately daily women's page ("The ability to look good in trousers is dependent on some basic figure construction which we as a race are not inclined towards"), and even a gossip column, which has bashed a nasty hole in its formerly spacious correspondence columns, where so many important national debates have been conducted. Much of its celebrated anonymous reporting seems to be slanted toward a cozier, more personal approach. Though the new getup has its admirers, many sorrowful readers feel that it becomes the *Times* as uneasily as a mini-skirt would sit on a mature bluestocking—as unflatteringly, truth to tell, as most of London's current crop of clothes strike one as one walks along the streets this Summer of the Thigh, brooding over the basic British figure structures they so startlingly reveal.

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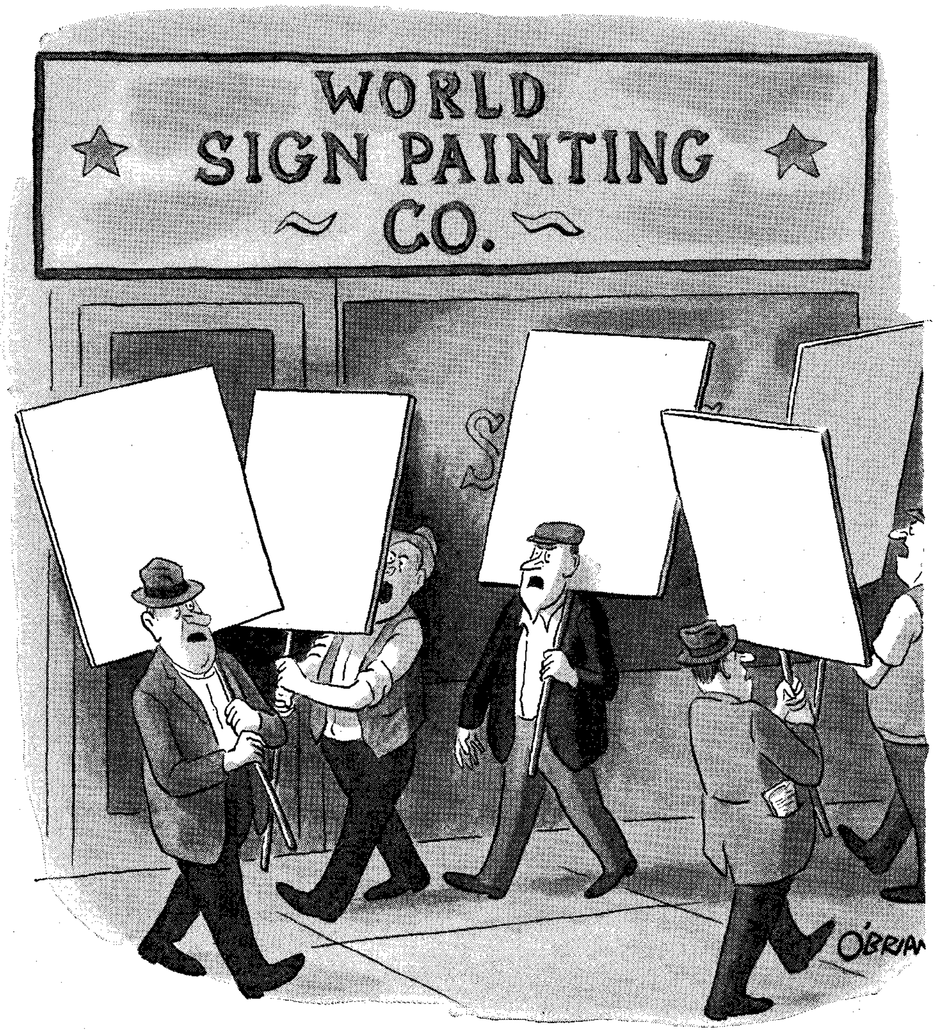
BOOKS

The End Crowns All

“Prométhée, ou la Vie de Balzac” (Hachette), by André Maurois, is one thing, and “Prometheus: The Life of Balzac” (Harper & Row) is another. Mr. Norman Denny, the translator who has ushered the latest of M. Maurois’s series of biographies into the world of English-speaking readers, does not, it would seem, rate his public very highly. Its members do not, he thinks, know much about Balzac, and they will not wish to know all that M. Maurois knows about him, or where his information comes from. “Our knowledge of Balzac is comparatively remote,” Mr. Denny observes in a translator’s preface in which he generously brings himself down to the level of the poor slobs for whom he is writing, and he adds that we know Balzac “largely by hearsay.” For this reason, he goes on, “the close documentation of the original, which in any case refers very largely to sources not available in English, was not thought to be necessary to the English edition.” He is kind enough, too, to tell us that “André Maurois’s book also contains a certain amount of peripheral matter—names, dates, places, topical allusions—more interesting and intelligible to French than to English readers, and some of this has been omitted.” The result is that the definitive biography that M. Maurois has written as the crown of his life’s work reaches the English-speaking reader as something neither here nor there.

M. Maurois’s book, “Prométhée,” is excellent. It tells in a charming way the story of Balzac’s good fortune. Few beginning authors have had such loyalty and support from an intelligent and understanding family, and few young writers can have been as lucky as he was in finding such women as Mme. de Berny, the Duchesse d’Abrantès, Zulma Carraud, and the Marquise de Castries to teach him the secrets of love and friendship at the outset of his career. Thanks to their lessons, he was always able to pass from the world of men and male confidences into that of women with the greatest of ease, and he never experienced the slightest difficulty in establishing the sort of intimacies that a writer must have if he is to enlarge his imaginative territory beyond the boundaries set by his own relationships. M. Maurois, drawing on the mass of specialized studies of the details of Balzac’s career that have been appearing in France in the past fifteen years, dispels forever the legend of the obsessed, coffee-saturated monomaniac who was so absorbed in his monstrous project for the ultimate, all-inclusive novel that he allowed himself no time to live, and shows how intensely and fully he shared in the lives of his friends and his acquaintances, and how wide and various his experience was. His relations with women, in particular, are shown to have an emotional depth that no previous biographer has allowed for. M. Maurois has destroyed the image of the repulsive monster of the earlier biographies and has disclosed what, of necessity, the creator of the “Comédie Humaine” must have been: an enormously energetic, unfailingly sympathetic human being, whose gift was the ability to listen and to imagine what lay behind the words he was hearing. His obsessions are brought into proportion, and M. Maurois writes with an acute intelligence about his financial difficulties. From the point of view of conventional prudence, Balzac’s business affairs are of a nature that suggests that debt was to him what liquor is to an alcoholic. M. Maurois shows, however, that his compulsive extravagance and equally compulsive borrowings were only one aspect of his behavior, which was predominantly, in spite of the enormous difficulties he created for himself, that of a productive literary man. The most moving portrait of the obsessed and tormented Balzac is the one created by André Billy, whose biography is an account of a tragic defeat. Its conclusion is dramatic: “*À onze heures et demie, c’était fini. Usé, épuisé par son œuvre, assassiné par son démon, Balzac était mort.*” The suggestion is clearly that his fate was a ghastly one, but it is difficult not to feel as one lays the book down that M. Billy lost sight of the array of completed novels that make up the “Comédie Humaine.” They have their defects, as the author of “Lolita” and the admirers of Henry James are fond of pointing out, but they constitute a unique achievement, and readers who turn to them for, as Borges puts it, “a taste of the fullness of life”



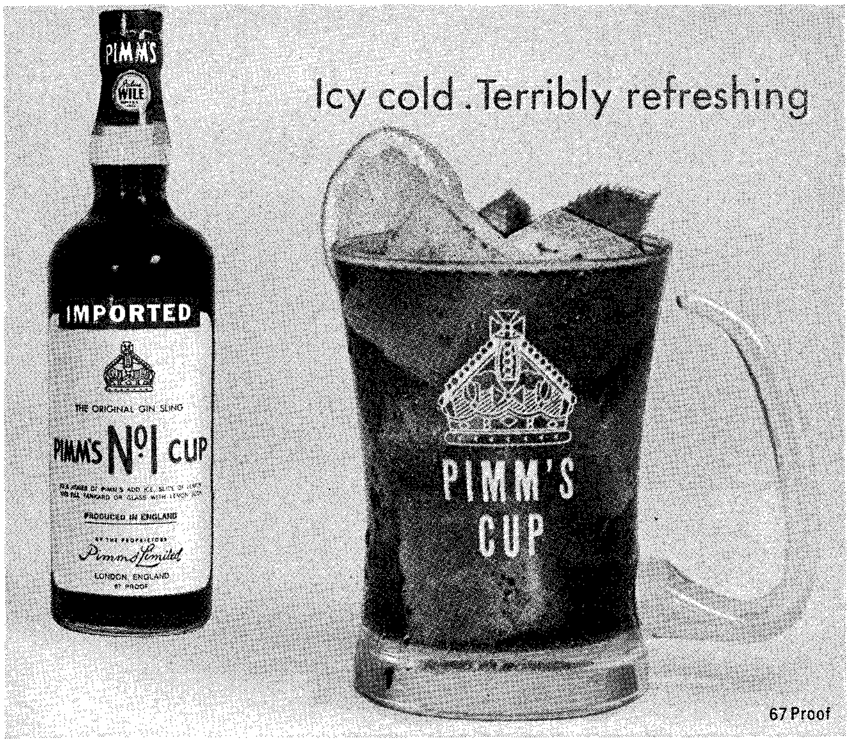
will never be disappointed. M. Maurois cannot see the career that produced so much of lasting value as a tragic one; indeed, he looks on it as both triumphant and enviable—so much so that he finishes the epilogue to his book by asking who would not, despite the death at fifty-one and all the troubles, wish to be Balzac?

It is M. Maurois's firm grasp of the fact that he is dealing with one of the greatest and most productive artists of any age that has enabled him to write the best account of this extraordinary writer's life to have appeared so far. In a moving preface, he tells us that his age prevents him from contemplating any further literary projects on this scale, and that this is to be his last biography. All that can be said is that M. Maurois has found a fitting conclusion to a story of continuous growth. His life of Shelley, of 1923, seemed the work of a lightweight, and his Disraeli, of 1927, was no less shallow. He then followed a course—with Byron in 1930, Lyautey in 1931, and Voltaire in 1932—that seemed to be taking him in a direction that could only have made him into a French equivalent of Hesketh Pearson. The dismal impression created in those years, and later by the vacuities of certain wartime works too patently designed to serve the cause of inter-Allied friendship, made the news that he was to publish a biographical study of Proust seem to be something in the nature of a sacrilege. When it appeared, in 1949, it proved to be by a Maurois whose breadth of understanding and intelligence no one had suspected. With due respect to George D. Painter, Maurois's "À la Recherche de Marcel Proust" remains the best thing that has been done in that field. There followed the astonishments, in 1952 and 1954, of his lives of George Sand and Victor Hugo—works wholly admirable in their completeness, their balance, and their literary intelligence. Now that his Balzac has appeared, it can be said, without exaggeration, that he has written four of the most illuminating literary biographies to have come out of France in his lifetime. He ends his career in a way that makes it possible to offer him, unhesitantly, one's respect and admiration. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FERTIG, by Sol Yurick (Trident). Fertig, a colorless, wistful middle-aged Brooklyn accountant, decides to exact revenge in his own way from the society that allowed his



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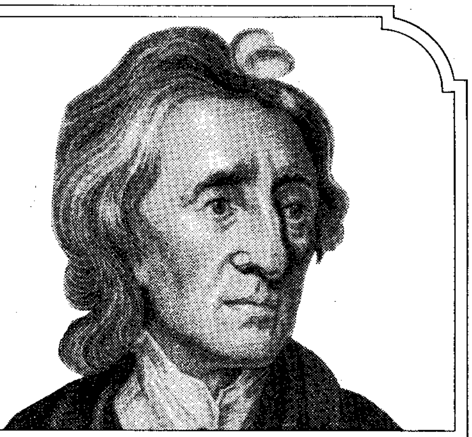

John Locke

judgment

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child to die and then denied responsibility for the death. In the newspapers, Fertig would have made a touching and perhaps frightening figure, arousing indignation, sympathy, and controversy everywhere. As a case history, he would have been worth a few terse pages. But Mr. Yurick is not writing a newspaper story, and he is not writing a case history. He is attempting to write a novel, which could have succeeded only if Fertig had been a huge figure, or if he had got away with the murders he commits. As it is, this curious and tedious work is merely a hodgepodge of factual reporting, Freudian conjecture, anti-Freudian conjecture, detective talk, lawyer talk, and amateur moralizing.

UP ABOVE THE WORLD, by Paul Bowles (Simon & Schuster). A dull story, designated on the cover as a novel, about an unamiable couple who are incessant nap-takers and a disagreeable young man who arranges for them to be murdered during a tour of Latin America because he thinks they may be on to the fact that he murdered his mother. In fact, he had his mother murdered by a friend, for no apparent reason, and the sleepy couple—an inhibited young woman and a grouchy retired doctor old enough to be her grandfather—are far too absorbed in their nap schedule to have taken any notice. Mr. Bowles is careful never to explain anything. There are references to questions that are never formulated, much less answered, and there are several pointless suggestions that nothing happens the way it is supposed to and that things aren't what they seem. Cagey shifts of point of view and a temporary exchange of the present tense for the past shed no light in any direction. Although Mr. Bowles is inordinately vague about his characters' motives or lack of motives, he is always ready with precise descriptions of minor mental processes, tones of voice, types of yawns, and unpleasant Latin-American hotel rooms, and he hints throughout the book that he is not unfamiliar with psychedelic and other kinds of drugs. The murderer and his seventeen-year-old mistress and his buddy, Thorny, smoke pot a lot. Background music by frogs and unidentified insects.

A PURSUIT OF FURIES, by Janice Warnke (Random House). The heroine of this novel—a good-looking poetess with a mixed-up love

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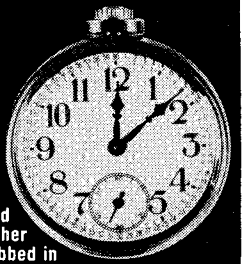

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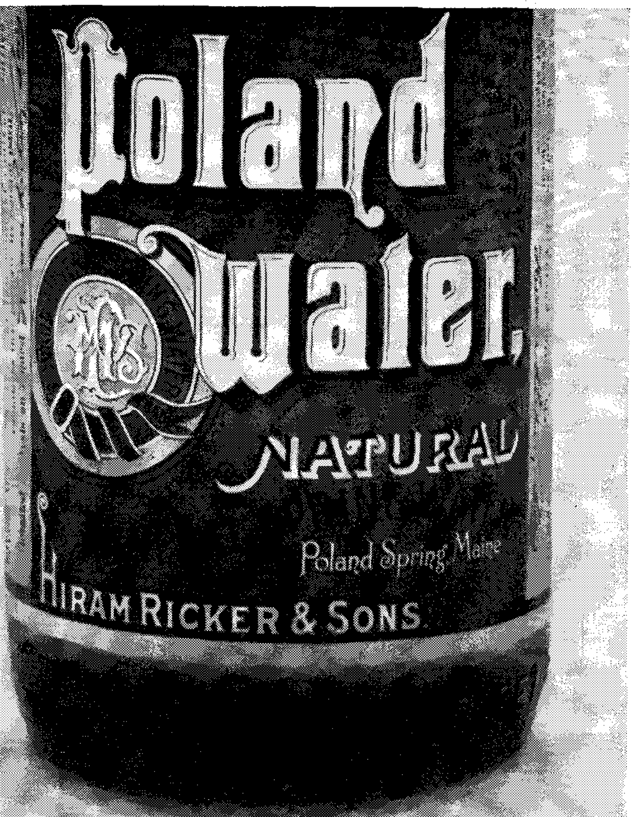
life—mentions "The Magic Mountain" in speaking to another character, and both of them seem to regard that famous old classic as some sort of secret among the highly cultivated. All the other principals (who are assembled as guests in a Swiss mountain villa) talk like that; their cultural chat comes right out of everybody's required-reading and required-music-appreciation courses. These *disappointing* conversations are meant to symbolize the European past, which is again being shredded as the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 grinds to its wretched conclusion offstage. Along with the European tradition, Mrs. Warnke has worked in the problems of the woman artist, of the guilty atomic scientist, and of the spiritually empty secret agent; a television interviewer represents the ignorant, jumped-up mass man. What appears to have been intended by the author as profundity comes out gentility.

STATUES IN A GARDEN, by Isabel Colegate (Knopf). A story told in the first person and with exaggerated nonchalance about a scandal in the summer of 1914, when a fantastically beautiful and innocent forty-one-year-old Englishwoman inadvertently slips into an affair with her nephew by marriage, who is also her adopted son. The lady's husband, a member of Asquith's Cabinet, cries "Incest!" and hurls himself into a pond simultaneously with the outbreak of war. Miss Colegate's narrator coyly declares that the reader can take or leave the coincidence. In any case, it was the End of an Era—those good old days when politicians read Thucydides at bedtime.

GENERAL

ON THE BOUNDARY, by Paul Tillich (Scribners), and THE FUTURE OF RELIGIONS, by Paul Tillich (Harper & Row). These two small posthumous volumes cast a sympathetic backward light upon a somewhat puzzling figure. Tillich, though possessed of a personal radiance that penetrated even the speckled fog of a television interview, seemed in his writing pervasively ambiguous and tortuously euphemistic. In "On the Boundary," a terse autobiographical sketch, he declares that for all of his long life he considered his proper place to be on both sides of the fence. Theologian and philosopher, conservative and socialist, German and American, he felt himself a mediator in a world of fragmentation, and



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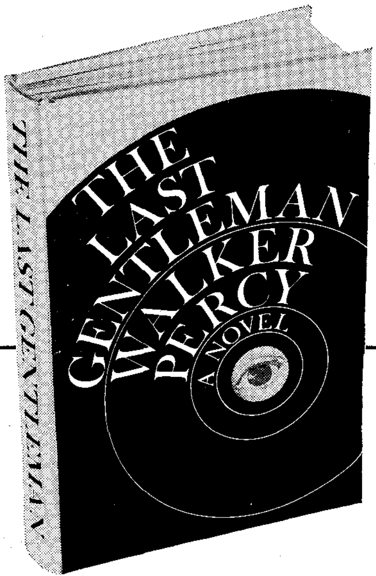

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entertained atheism in the church parlor. It took an exceptional serenity to do this: "The man who stands on many boundaries experiences the unrest, insecurity, and inner limitation of existence in many forms." His tolerance of uncertainty and of contradiction was perhaps specifically Lutheran, and Tillich may have been the first Lutheran voice in American intellectual history. Lutheranism (whose existence in the United States is a matter of geographical enclaves whose strangeness, oppressive and stagnant and idyllic, can be tasted in the novels of Conrad Richter) is itemized by Tillich as "a consciousness of the 'corruption' of existence, a repudiation of every kind of social Utopia (including the metaphysics of progressivism), an awareness of the irrational and demonic nature of existence, an appreciation of the mystical element in religion, and a rejection of Puritanical legalism in private and corporal life." In the second book, which contains, amid much eulogistic padding, four short addresses, he more specifically relates Utopianism and the concept of progress to the Calvinism that has informed American ideals. On the other hand, Lutheranism, with Greek Orthodoxy, is a church of "withdrawal from history." One wonders, considering the exhaustion of the frontier, where Puritanism had point, whether the future of Christianity in America does not lie with some such withdrawal. History is proving to elude apotheosis, and Tillich's remarkable rapport with young students appears prophetic of the mystical, latitudinarian, antinomian, and rather Asian new wave of American religious expression.

NOTE: Richard N. Goodwin's "Triumph or Tragedy: Reflections on Vietnam," first printed in this magazine, has been published by Random House. A postscript and a documentary appendix have been added to the original text.

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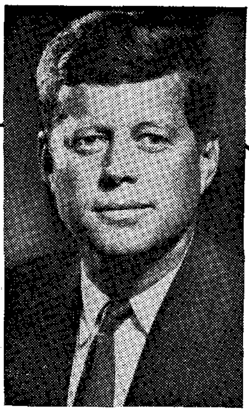
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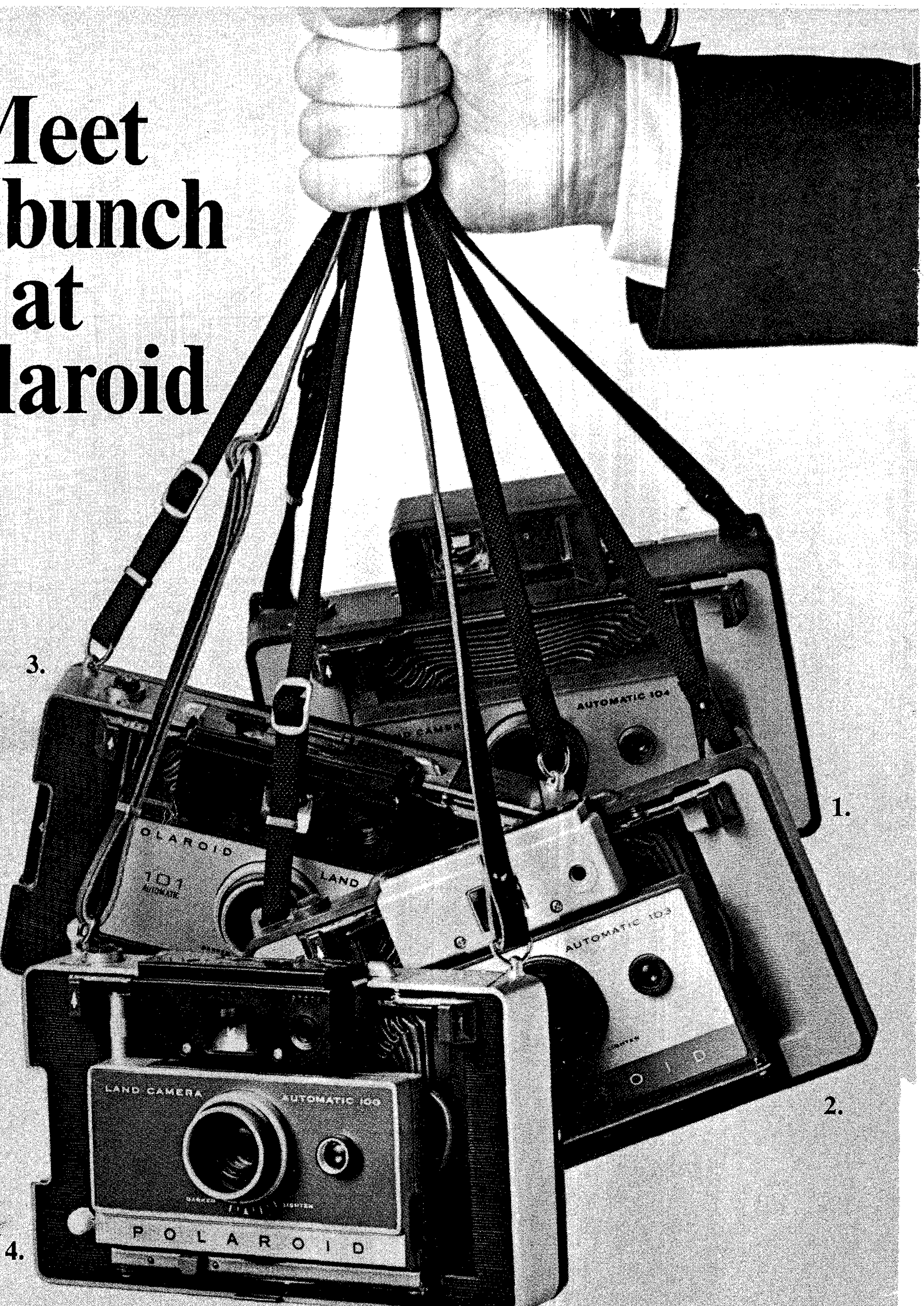

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